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SIR WALTER SCOTT:

The Story of his Life.

BY

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

"Whate'er thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited ;
And all the living world that view
Thy works give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted."

Prior.

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TO
THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE,
WHOSE
GENIALITY AND GENIUS
WOULD HAVE CHARMED
"THE ARIOSTO OF THE NORTH,"
This Volume
IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

BELIEVING that a biography of Sir Walter Scott, full but not diffuse, reliable as well as popular, would be acceptable to the public, I have attempted such a work. Immediately after Scott's death, several writers of that time hastened to publish memoirs of the great departed. Several years later appeared the well-known Life of Sir Walter Scott by his son-in-law and literary executor, which ranks among the best and most interesting works of its class. It is too bulky, however, for general readers; and its author, unconsciously perhaps, is often as much the apologist as the biographer.

Taking Lockhart as my main authority, as I should take Boswell if I desired to write a Life of Dr. Johnson, I have written the story of Sir Walter's life; correcting details, availing myself of all recent incidents and anecdotes which seemed worthy of preservation, and endeavoring to exhibit a faithful view of his character and writings. The subject has been on my mind for many years; and I have treated it as well as I could.

Independent of much never before collected, there will be found

in this volume some things of no ordinary interest, hitherto unpublished. Among these, I may particularly mention Miss Edgeworth's long-lost letter on the publication of "Waverley," authenticated by herself; and Scott's correspondence on Mr. E. Bird's painting of the battle-field of Chevy Chase.

It is proper that I should here thank my friend Dr. S. A. Allibone, not only for a great deal of information in the *catalogue raisonné* of Scott's works (in his great "Dictionary of British and American Authors"), but for his kind counsel. On his suggestion, I have narrated, more fully than I first intended, my own personal relations with Scott.

Here too, in common justice, I have to state that my own occasional lapses of memory have been supplied, and new information copiously given, by "The Lands of Scott," by James F. Hunnewell, published since I began this work. It has not surprised me to learn that Mr. Hunnewell's volume, which is the master-key to Sir Walter's writings, and the various localities, home and foreign, which they describe, has already been reprinted in Edinburgh. It literally is a guide-book *through* Scott's life and works.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE.

PHILADELPHIA, July 1, 1871.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

The Romance of his Life. — Genius and Education. — Self-Teaching. — Legend and Song. — Historical Element in his Writings. — Creative Power. — Popularity. — Abbotsford. — Honor Saved, and Life Lost. — The Romancist at Home.

1771—1832.

OF all the romances, in poetry or prose, which Walter Scott produced between 1796, when his first translations from Bürger appeared, to 1831, when "Count Robert of Paris" was published, none was more remarkable than the story of his own life. Scott, more than any other writer, realized the fanciful idea that every man has a double nature. In the present century, he displayed a luxuriance, an affluence, of imagination, far greater than any rival had exhibited; and "the spell o'er hearts," which is said to be the actor's peculiar faculty, was *his* through a more extended reign than other monarchs of Parnassus had ever enjoyed. His genius was largely directed by circumstances; but his character, strongly individualized, was mainly formed by himself. Nature had liberally endowed his mind; but, as one of his humble friends said, "he had built himself up," almost from infancy, by self-cultivation; and, when the opportunity came, he was found capable of seiz-

ing and improving it. His childhood was a period of bodily suffering, so prolonged and acute, that he received his education only by fits and starts, and had no chance of fair competition with boys of his own age and standing. Thus he was backward in the routine of his school-studies, even while he was storing his mind with varied knowledge of a higher character. At the moment when the professor of Greek reproved his positive disinclination to learn the language of Homer, he had voluntarily made himself familiar with French, Italian, and Spanish, which were not in the school curriculum; and when he was a law-student, kept close at work in transcribing official documents, he also was acquiring a knowledge of the noble German language, — familiar to few practised men of letters even of that time. Walter Scott, in truth, was a student all his life. He achieved great successes, but had taken great pains to prepare himself for them.

Sprung from the middle class in Scotland, — a country where the peasantry honor respectable lineage, even in the persons of men of fallen fortunes, — Scott had the advantage of being kin to a numerous line of namesakes, scattered over the south-eastern border counties; of being able to claim cousinship, remote or near, not only with “the bold Buccleugh,” himself a Scott, with ducal estates literally stretching from sea to sea, across the whole south of Scotland, but also with many others, who were called “lairds” while they retained their own estates, however small, and were “laborers” or “herds,” according to circumstances, when they worked for others. In his own way, the herd was as independent as the laird, and the laird as independent as the noble. What is called clanship was the connecting link. This created an equalizing feeling, which levelled the barriers of station and caste. The peer would greet the peas-

ant, when they met, with a kind and natural courtesy; and the peasant would converse with the noble with a respect which was tinged with familiarity, feeling, with Burns, that

“The *rank* is but the guinea’s stamp:
A man’s a man for a’ that.”

Walter Scott, who passed many years of his life in the counties of Selkirk and Roxburgh, had made himself at home among the rural population, who knew the boy well. Most probably, even then they could trace back his pedigree far beyond any period then within his own knowledge. From the lips of ancient crones, intelligent shepherds, educated ploughmen, and bright-eyed lassies, he heard many a ballad of border chivalry, of passionate love, of tearful sorrow, of ruthless wrong, of deep revenge. His memory retained these lays; and his persevering curiosity eagerly inquired into the traditions and the history upon which they were founded. There was ever a kindly feeling at the cottage fireside for the intelligent boy, whose lameness, if he lived to manhood, would probably prevent his engaging in the active business of life.

The years rolled on, and he had to return to his birthplace, — that Edinburgh, formerly the seat of royal rule, which, in the enthusiasm of affection, he once addressed as

“Mine own romantic town.”

There the springs of health were renewed; and the boy was able to join with wild delight in the athletic games and exercises of his age, ever and anon, as time crept on, feeling the strong impulse to obtain that knowledge of books which would place him on

a level, at least in one respect, with his fellow-students. With one chosen friend, he would ascend the Calton Hill, then, in a manner, out of the city; or climb up Arthur's Seat, which towers above it; or, in the grassy vale of St. Leonards, read books of romance or history; or sometimes, throwing the volume down, weave strange stories, like an improvisatore, to delight his admiring companion; or, pacing slowly through the ancient halls of Holyrood Palace, gaze on the pictured faces which were supposed to represent the ancient Scottish kings; or, in hushed awe, silently steal into the very bed-chamber of Mary Stuart, which remains precisely as she left it; or, in the cabinet where Rizzio was slain, see the dark marks of his blood, which popular belief still declares to be ineffaceable. Edinburgh is a city of legends and traditions; and none knew it and them more thoroughly than Scott.

After he had quitted college, where his course of study had been extremely desultory,—for he read every thing except what was set down in the regular programme,—he was apprenticed to his father, a Writer of the Signet. The family property in the country, though not large, constituted a lairdship; and, hitherto, the army, the navy, and (more rarely) the church had received the younger sons. Scott's father was the first who had condescended to become a lawyer. If Scott himself had not been lame from infancy, he would almost certainly have become a soldier. His tastes, wishes, and feelings were intensely military. He grew, ere his legal servitude was ended, into vigorous manhood, and was a skilful and fearless horseman; but his physical defect, which compelled him at most times to have the assistance of a sturdy stick, disqualified him for the army. After he had become eminent, his mother used to speak of his infirmity as a *blessing*; adding, that but

for it he would have been a soldier, and might have fallen in battle.

From his sixteenth year, until he married, in his twenty-sixth, Walter Scott spent most of his leisure hours in wandering through the romantic scenes familiar to him in his childhood, and in visiting most of the places in his native land memorable in history, song, or legend. He continued to collect the relics of ancient poetry, which he regarded so highly ; and his means then being limited, and chiefly devoted to the purchase of old books, he was content to live, in his wanderings through the country, in a homely manner among the peasantry, — particularly during his annual visits to Liddesdale, a pastoral district, with remains of the castles of the old border chiefs, and many stories about them. There were no inns and few roads in this district, but a great deal of hospitality. Scott made himself at home among the simple inhabitants, who knew little of the outer world, and were charmed with his genial manners and familiar anecdotes. Years afterwards, when he was a renowned author, and, what they thought much higher of, sheriff of the county of Selkirk, one of his former companions said, “He spoke to every man as if he were one of his family.” There may have been the pride of condescension in this ; but that species of pride is sometimes akin to virtue.

From these sources came, first, a few imitations of the ancient ballads ; next, that great work (literally a labor of love ; for it was not expected the utmost possible sale would do more than repay the expense of production), “The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border ;” after that, a series of national narrative poems, which at once gave their author unprecedented popularity, and were produced with so little apparent effort, that they closely resembled improvisation ; and lastly, in company with heavy labors of editorship, criticism,

biography, and history, "The Waverley Novels," which founded a new order of fiction, — the historical romance. These novels, with the exception of "Guy Mannering," "The Pirate," "The Black Dwarf," and "The Bride of Lammermoor," are historical: even "The Antiquary" includes scenes arising out of the expectation of the French invasion of England. The series may be said to commence, chronologically, towards the close of the eleventh century, — in the time of William Rufus, — and to terminate on the eve of the present century. The author varied his scenes from Great Britain to France, Germany, Switzerland, Greece, Turkey, Syria, and India. He wrote of foreign lands and peoples as if he had lived among them, and drew materials for romance from each.

Independent of the historical characters of note whom he has presented in his poems, Walter Scott reproduced as many in his novels as would suffice to fill a gallery. In "Ivanhoe," we have Richard the Lion-hearted, false-hearted John, and Robin Hood; in "The Talisman," Richard again appears, in company with Saladin; in "Count Robert of Paris" are Alexius Commenus, Emperor of Greece, and that fair pedant, Anna Commena, his daughter; in "Castle Dangerous," we have "the Black Douglas;" in "The Fair Maid of Perth," Robert the Third of Scotland, his court, and family; in "Quentin Durward," Louis the Eleventh of France, Charles the Bold of Burgundy, the brave Dunois, Cardinal Balue, Philip des Comines, and Oliver le Dain; in "Anne of Geierstein," Louis of France and Charles of Burgundy, with Margaret of Anjou, Edward the Fourth, and Richard the Third of England, René the minstrel-monarch of Provence, and the Emperor Sigismund of Austria; in "The Monastery" and "The Abbot," the Regent Murray, Mary Stuart, the Lady of Lochleven and George Douglas, bold Ruthven, Lady

Mary Fleming, and courageous Catherine Seyton; in "Kenilworth," Elizabeth Tudor, with crafty Cecil, Leicester and Amy Robsart, Shakspeare and Spenser, Sussex and Walsingham, and gallant Sir Walter Raleigh; in "The Fortunes of Nigel," James the First, Prince Charles (afterwards "the Martyr"), Buckingham, and Master George Heriot the Edinburgh goldsmith; in "A Legend of Montrose," the Earl of Montrose, Prince Rupert, Argyle, and Burleigh; in "Woodstock," Charles the Second, Oliver Cromwell and his daughter, Buckingham, Rochester, Sir Charles Sedley, the Marquis of Montrose, General Monk, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Sir William Davenant, John Milton, Patrick Carey the poet, Queen Eleanor, Rosamond Clifford, and the patriarchal royalist Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley; in "Peveril of the Peak," Charles the Second and Queen Catherine, Queen Henrietta Maria, James the Second and his daughter (afterwards Queen Anne), Ormond, Shaftesbury, the fair Duchess of Richmond, La Belle Louise de Queronnaille and Nell Gwynne, Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey and Sir Geoffrey Hudson, Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Elkanah Settle, Thomas Chiffinch and Titus Oates, the Countess and Earl of Derby, Chief-Justice Scroggs, and Colonel Thomas Blood, who attempted to steal the king's crown out of the Tower of London, and was pensioned for his audacity, the faithful keeper who prevented the theft being left to starve; in "The Betrothed," Henry the Second of England, Richard and John Plantagenet, and Sir Hugo de Lacy; in "Old Mortality," John Balfour of Burleigh, Archbishop Sharpe, the Duke of Monmouth, Claverhouse, and the Duke of Lauderdale; in "Rob Roy," the famous raider from whom the tale is named; in "The Heart of Mid Lothian," Queen Caroline and her court, the Duke of Argyle, and Captain Porteus; in "Waverley," the Young Chevalier, Col-

onel Gardiner, and the butcher-duke of Cumberland ; in "The Surgeon's Daughter," Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo Saib ; in "Redgauntlet," the Chevalier Charles Stuart, Miss Walkinshaw, and "Black Colin Campbell."

The original creations of Scott's own genius were even more numerous than these : perhaps it would be more accurate to say, without detracting from his invention, that he scarcely ever drew any character, not historical, without having some one in his mind whom he had met, or read or heard of. The introduction of small traits and peculiarities gave a marked individuality to the various fictitious persons whom he presented. When he drew from history, he seized the salient points which contemporaries had noticed, and freely used them for his purpose. The general accuracy of this class of characters is freely admitted by his most severe critics. His poetic temperament invested the pictures of memory with the glow of imagination ; yet he rarely lost sight of Nature. Hence his descriptions of scenery have breadth as well as detail, and are accurate as well as vivid.

His poetic temperament, which almost justified him in believing that, from an ascending series of successes as a writer, as he told Wordsworth, he could easily make any amount of money that he required, made him resolve to become a lord of the soil, at vast cost, and on a large scale, and plan a residence for himself. He was not content with a mansion, but erected that singular imitation of the olden style, which as it stands on the estate of Abbotsford, overlooking his well-beloved Tweed, well deserves the designation of "a romance in stone and lime." This stately dwelling, which is estimated to have cost thirty thousand pounds sterling, may be said to exhibit a great deal of the genius of its designer. It united the picturesque, castellated architecture of a remote

period, with the elegance, the convenience, and the comfort, of modern times. Abbotsford is as characteristic of Walter Scott as "Waverley" or "The Antiquary."

This gifted man was distinguished as much for his amiable character and unaffected manners as for his great genius. He was charitable without ostentation, delicate in the manner of giving, liberal in the value of the gift. He often did kindnesses which occupied his mind, engaged his time, and imposed considerable trouble upon him. It was his desire to live in charity with all men; and he passed through life without a single personal quarrel. He ever avoided what is called "a paper war," and, when severely dealt with by the critics (which was not often), did not challenge the verdict, but, if he saw that it was a correct decision, quietly altered in the next edition whatever had been condemned, and took care not again to run into a like error. In his own criticisms, nothing of ill nature is to be found. He was courteous as well as candid, and, in pointing out faults, rather suggested than reproved. He noticed all the good points of a work, and quoted the finest passages.

In the discharge of his official duties, which were more responsible than exacting, Walter Scott was punctual, precise, and laborious, as became a lawyer of the old school. From the time when his writings made him famous, he was looked up to by his native city with pride and affection, particularly selected for honor on public occasions, placed at the head of numerous public institutions, and relied upon in all cases of emergency. Did "the fair city" desire to present an address to the Sovereign, it was Scott who was solicited to compose it. Was a distinguished personage to receive a tribute of public gratitude, admiration, or respect, it was Scott who was expected to preside, because no one dispensed the honors so

gracefully. When more than a century and a half had passed without any British sovereign visiting Edinburgh, and George the Fourth came to see his Scottish subjects, the whole arrangements for his reception and entertainment were confidently left to Sir Walter Scott; and it is doubtful, so successful was the result, which was most satisfied and grateful, the monarch or the people. For quarter of a century, Scott was the most popular man in Britain: his fame extended to foreign countries, and was greatest in our own. His visits to London were ovations: from palace to parlor, all were proud to receive him, and to listen to his words. Never was author more enthusiastically lionized, — not even Byron in his brief season of personal triumph, — and never was author more modest in his popularity. He was unspoiled by great success.

From the time that his reputation was established by the success of his first great poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," hastily written, at the request of a distinguished lady whose friendship he prized, Scott was the "observed of all observers" by all who visited Edinburgh. In times gone by, pilgrimages have been made by enthusiastic piety to the shrines of those who had won a saintly reputation by pure and pious lives; in later days, places identified with the illustrious dead, who have served mankind by word or deed, are visited by devoted admirers, — just as Mount Vernon and Stratford-upon-Avon have, in a manner, become hallowed ground: but it was reserved for Scott to receive a sort of canonization during his lifetime. The scenes which he had described in song and story became increasingly crowded, year after year, by lovers of his writings. No stranger in Edinburgh thought that he had seen all its attractions, until he had a glance, at least, at "the Ariosto of the North," — at the "Great Magi-

cian," from whose mind, with the proverbial profuseness of genius, were constantly welling out the productions which charmed while they instructed, and which, in the guise of fiction, also conveyed lessons of sagacity and truth. To return home from Scotland without being able to describe, from personal observation, what manner of man "the Great Unknown" was, argued a want of taste which was certain to lower the tourist in the estimation of his friends. Those who had not opportunity or ability to obtain speech of the illustrious author would visit the Court of Session, in which, during the legal terms, he daily sat,—an official immediately below the judges,—and gaze at that stalwart, shrewd-looking man with the towering forehead, who, as his pen rapidly passed over the paper, with

"The ease
Which marks security to please,"

might even then be composing what the world would not willingly let die. It is known that the gathering-song, "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," which has a wondrous rapidity and action, was dashed off "at a heat," while Jeffrey was making a vehement speech in court; Scott, in his clerk's seat, eagerly listening until the tempest of eloquence literally drove him into song.

To all who had the slightest claim upon it, and to very many who had none, the hospitality of Abbotsford was extended through a series of years, with a liberality scarcely paralleled among the possessors of vast hereditary wealth, who, as regarded expenditure, need take no heed for the morrow. When Scott became a landed proprietor, it seemed as if he had resolved to keep open house. The public did not balk such a purpose. His son-in-law states, that from the time of his removal to Abbotsford in 1812,

until the commercial catastrophe of 1826, Scott entertained at least one-sixth of the entire nobility of Great Britain and Ireland. To sustain the enormous expense of this, which also involved a great waste of precious time,—to him at once health and money,—the labor of one head and one hand had to provide.

When worldly trouble smote him severely in his closing years (and he bore it manfully), the lord of Abbotsford had to learn, like others, that to win fortune is one thing, to retain it is another. He had received as compensation for his writings a sum much larger, in the aggregate, than, up to that time, had ever been paid for literary labor,—a greater amount, I believe, than even Mr. Dickens obtained during his remarkable career. Sir Walter Scott, who could so well advise others, who knew so well how to regulate the affairs of others, who was at once shrewd and practical, was not a man of business for himself. Between his publisher and his printer, he became responsible for large debts of theirs, of the existence of which he was ignorant. In 1826, at the advanced age of fifty-five, after a life of unprecedented mental labor, he found himself involved to the enormous extent of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. With a chivalrous feeling which the world has always honored, he resolved to liquidate the debt by his pen alone, feeling, that,

“Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day,”

and doggedly sat down to do it. He labored through five weary years, until at last, when his purpose was nearly accomplished, the strain proved too great, and he was struck down by apoplectic paralysis. The Government, widely at variance with him in politics, had the noble grace to offer to clear his embarrassments out of the public treasury; but he gratefully

declined. He sought renewal of health in the south of Europe, but returned home to die. At the age of sixty-one, body and mind were alike prostrated; and he breathed his last at home, to the murmur of the gently-rolling Tweed, which he had loved so well. He fulfilled his promise, — all his liabilities being paid off by his pen, — at the cost of a life so valuable to literature, to society, to the kindred who so dearly loved that great and tender-hearted man, and to fair humanity itself.

The domestic relations at Abbotsford were true and tender, genial and loving. Few men were so free from vice as Scott; few had a deeper trust in the mercy and love of the Almighty. At the close, when he was passing into the valley of the shadow of death, — when for a moment his mind awoke to a fleeting consciousness and memory, — his few parting words to his son-in-law conveyed the lesson, more impressive and touching than a homily, that nothing but religion would give him comfort on the death-bed. It might be said, —

“He taught us how to live, and (oh, too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.”

On the occasion of his centenary, when the memory of Walter Scott will be socially and publicly honored in every land wherein is spoken the language in which he wrote, I here essay to tell the story of his life. Its renown was won, not in camp, senate, or forum, but in the wide realm of exhaustless fancy. In his perfect work was realized Milton's true saying, that

“Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.”

His genius has enriched the literature of the world, and at the same time given a new direction to

thought and imagination. Among those who may be said to have created, early in the present century, a revival of letters in England, Scott was in the van, and became the most renowned. His poems obtained a great popularity, and produced a host of imitators, among whom Lord Byron may be included; and, when he found his attraction and his poetical powers diminishing, his mind took another direction, and won higher triumphs than before, by producing the historical romance. The man was so identified with the author, that the story of his life and of his writings is one and the same. In the present volume, I shall relate that story, avoiding diffuseness, rejecting all but well-ascertained facts, and stating many particulars within my own knowledge and recollection.

CHAPTER II.

Ancestry. — Scotts and Rutherfords. — The Flower of Yarrow. — Scott's Father. — A Lamester. — Infancy at Sandy-Knowe. — Smallholme Tower. — At Bath. — Poets as Readers. — Early Studies. — Jacobite Traditions. — Monkbarns and Ensign Dalgetty. — Power of Memory.

1771—1778.

WALTER SCOTT, who was born in the old town of Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, on the 15th of August, 1771, and died at Abbotsford, in the county of Roxburgh, at the age of sixty-one, was third son of Mr. Walter Scott, W.S. (These initials indicate the second grade in the legal profession in Scotland; the others being advocate or barrister, and attorney or solicitor, as at the English and Irish bar.) In a fragment of autobiography, composed in 1808, discovered in an old cabinet at Abbotsford, and coming down to the year 1792, at which time he was called to the bar, Scott gives a rather extended account of his family, prefaced with the statement: "Every Scottishman has a pedigree. It is a national prerogative, as unalienable as his pride and his poverty. My birth was neither distinguished nor sordid. According to the prejudices of my country, it was esteemed *gentle*, as I was connected, though remotely, with ancient families, both by my father's and mother's side." His grandfather, a cadet of the family of Scott, very numerous in the southern or border counties of Scotland, was descended from that Scott of Harden whose fair wife long has borne

the title, in song and story, of the "Flower of Yarrow." After an unsuccessful attempt to obtain a humble living as a merchant-seaman, this grandsire became a tenant-farmer upon the lands of Sandy-Knowe, belonging to Mr. Scott of Harden. His eldest son, Sir Walter's father, the first of his family who was bred to a town-life, duly served his time as apprentice to a writer to the signet, was taken in as a partner, and, on the death of his principal, succeeded to the business, in which his great simplicity of character was counterbalanced by severe probity, great shrewdness, and untiring zeal for the interests of his clients. Careful and prudent, he did not marry until he was in his thirtieth year, taking as "helpmeet" to himself, Anne, eldest daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh. She was maternally descended from the Swintons of Swinton. The achievements of one of this family, highly commended in the vivid and graphic pages of Froissart, supplied materials for the dramatic sketch of "Halidon Hill," the time being in the early part of the fifteenth century. Through his mother, Sir Walter Scott also claimed affinity with William, Earl of Sterling, the poet, who called Drummond of Hawthornden and Ben Jonson his friends.

Scott is the family name of the ducal house of Buccleugh; but, like a true clansman, Sir Walter acknowledged Scott of Harden (his own kinsman, who established his claim to the ancient barony of Polwarth in 1835) as chieftain of all the Scotts in North Britain. Wat of Harden, who figures in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," was husband of the bonny Flower of Yarrow, of whom it is related, that, when the last bullock which he had provided from the English pastures was consumed, she placed upon her table a dish, which, when the cover was

lifted, was found to contain only a pair of clean spurs, as a hint to the hungry company — moss-troopers of Harden, and followers of the chief — that they must bestir themselves for their next dinner. For the most part, the Scotts were warm adherents of the Stuart dynasty after the accession of James to the throne of the Tudors. The grandson of the fair and strong-minded Flower of Yarrow bore the name of “Beardie,” from the then unusual practice which he adopted, after the manner of Samson, of leaving his hair untouched by razor or scissors, in token of his regret for the banished house. Many of the Scotts had been “out,” as it was called, against the Hanoverian ruler in 1715 and 1745 ; and thus Walter Scott, mixing freely with his kin in childhood, youth, and early manhood, became familiar with their adventures as partisans of the prince “over the water,” and involuntarily became, even at an early age, a Jacobite in sentiment. In maturer years, he exhibited in his own person the somewhat curious anomaly of being a warm adherent of the dethroned Stuarts and a very loyal subject of the reigning dynasty. It was doubtful whether his regard for “bonny Prince Charlie,” long since in his foreign grave, was as great as his devotion to George the Fourth, who treated him with distinguished and even familiar kindness.

The autobiography already referred to says, “My father and mother had a very numerous family, — no fewer, I believe, than twelve children, of whom many were highly promising ; though only five survived very early youth.” The father, eldest son of a Scott of Sandy-Knowe, chose wisely in selecting the particular department of the law intrusted to writers of the signet, who at that time, and even largely to this hour, flourished by their administration of the property of the numerous class known as squires in England and lairds in Scotland. Owing to the great

number of his kindred scattered through the counties of Selkirk and Roxburgh, the W. S. who was confidential business-man to most of them obtained a handsome income. His character is confessedly sketched in that of Mr. Fairford the lawyer, in "Redgauntlet." He was so fortunate as to have a wife who had received, as became the daughter of an eminently learned physician, the best education then bestowed upon young gentlewomen in Scotland.

Four sons and two daughters, born to this "comfortable couple" between 1759 and 1766, perished in infancy. Some years later, six other children came to supply the void. These were five sons and one daughter. Walter was the third of this family afterwards; but the race could not have been very vigorous, he alone reaching the limits of old age. His father died in April, 1799, aged seventy, broken down in mind and body by a series of paralytic attacks. His mother survived her husband more than twenty years. Having thus stated, as concisely as was consistent with clearness, some leading facts relating to Sir Walter Scott's ancestors and immediate family, I now proceed to tell the story of his youth.

Walter Scott was born on Aug. 15, 1771. He says, "I was an uncommonly healthy child, but had nearly died in consequence of my first nurse being ill of a consumption, — a circumstance which she chose to conceal, though to do so was murder to both herself and me. She went privately to consult Dr. Black, the celebrated professor of chemistry, who put my father on his guard. The woman was dismissed, and I was consigned to a healthy peasant, who [1808] is still alive to boast of her *laddie* being what she calls a *grand gentleman*. I showed every sign of health and strength until I was about eighteen months old. One night, I have been often told, I showed great reluctance to be caught and put to bed, and,

after being chased about the room, was apprehended, and consigned to my dormitory with some difficulty. It was the last time I was to show such personal agility. In the morning, I was discovered to be affected with the fever which often accompanies the cutting of large teeth. It held me three days: on the fourth, when they went to bathe me as usual, they discovered that I had lost the power of my right leg." The closest anatomical examination failed to ascertain the nature and extent of the injury. There was no apparent strain or dislocation; and various topical applications were ineffectual, during several years. At last, on the recommendation of Dr. Rutherford, his grandfather, the boy was taken to Sandy-Knowe, where his father had been born. It was hoped, rather than believed, that free exercise in the open air, and good country diet, might have a curative effect.

Sandy-Knowe, five or six miles from the ancient town of Kelso, and nestling at the foot of a line of crags which push through an ungrateful soil, was a farm-house. On the highest of these crags stands a narrow fortalice, once inhabited by border moss-troopers, but now a ruin. This is the Tower of Smailholme, which was not dismantled, nearly a century back, when Walter Scott, then three years old, first knew it. This ruined tower, the scene of one of Scott's earliest ballads, — "The Eve of St. John," — looks over Mertoun, the principal seat of the Scotts of Harden, over "Tweed's fair flood, and all down Teviotdale," and, among other places of note, over the venerable Abbey of Dryburgh, within whose precincts rests all that was mortal of the poet and his wife, of his daughters, and others of the family.

In 1832, when Scott died, there yet remained in the neighborhood of Sandy-Knowe two aged women, who remembered when the boy arrived there, in the

spring of 1774, before he had completed his third year. One of these reported him to have been "a sweet-tempered bairn, — a darling with all about the house." In that locality at that time, there were more sheep than kine; and the young ewe-milkers used to carry him on their backs among the flock. He was quick, "and soon kenned every sheep and lamb by headmark as well as any of them." He particularly attached himself to an aged "hind," or shepherd, who was chief in charge of the flocks, and would rest by his side, listening to old stories and snatches of border-song, as the old man lay on the velvet sward, watching the flock. Scott told his friend, Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, when spending a summer-day in his old age among these well-remembered crags, that he delighted to roll about on the grass all day long in the midst of the flock, and that the sort of fellowship he thus formed with the sheep and lambs had impressed his mind with a degree of affectionate feeling towards them which had lasted throughout life. There is a story of his having been forgotten one day among the knolls, when a thunder-storm came on; and his aunt, suddenly recollecting his situation, and running out to bring him home, is said to have found him lying on his back, clapping his hands at the lightning, and crying out, "Bonny, bonny!" at every flash.

For some time, the boy could only crawl about the house, the farm-yard, and the green valley. But it was at Sandy-Knowe, amid the eternal beauty of natural scenery, the gray rocks, the hoary ruin, the shifting clouds, the leafy trees, the winding river, the murmurs of insect-life, the gentle breath of the zephyr, the rushing sound of the tempest, the glory and greenery of summer and autumn, that, even thus early, he began to observe, to admire, and, unconsciously, to treasure in his memory for future days.

It was there, thus early, that the consciousness of his being became sentient, and that his mind awoke to something akin to thought. The impressions thus obtained abode with him through life, and remained to the last.

In his fourth year, the boy was taken to Bath to try whether the use of the waters there might be of some advantage to his lameness. Already, indeed, Nature, left to herself, had gradually been recuperative. His own words are, "My health was by this time a good deal confirmed by the country air and the influence of that imperceptible and unfatiguing exercise to which the good sense of my grandfather had subjected me; for, when the day was fine, I was usually carried out, and laid down beside the old shepherd, among the crags or rocks round which he fed his sheep. The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity; and I began by degrees to stand, to walk, and to run. Although the limb affected was much shrunk and contracted, my general health, which was of more importance, was much strengthened by being frequently in the open air; and, in a word, I, who in a city had probably been condemned to hopeless and helpless decrepitude, was now a healthy, high-spirited, and, my lameness apart, a sturdy child, — *non sine diis animosus infans.*"

The journey to Bath with his maiden aunt, Miss Janet Scott, as his escort, was made by sea to London, where, during a short stay, he was taken to the Tower and Westminster Abbey. Twenty-five years afterwards, when he revisited them, he wrote, "I was astonished to find how accurate my recollections of these celebrated places of visitation proved to be; and I have ever since trusted more implicitly to my juvenile reminiscences." He remained about a year in Bath, where he met the venerable John Home, author

of "Douglas," and Capt. Robert Scott, his uncle, who introduced him to the little amusements which suited his age, and, above all, to the theatre, where he first was charmed with the witchery of spoken dialogue, scenery, and dramatic costume. The play was "As You Like It;" and his own *naïve* report is, "I made, I believe, noise more than enough, and remember being so much scandalized at the quarrel between Orlando and his brother, in the first scene, that I screamed out, 'Ain't they brothers?' A few weeks' residence at home convinced me, who had, till then, been an only child in the house of my grandfather, that a quarrel between brothers was a very natural event." At Bath, too, above all, he went to a dame-school for about three months. An occasional lesson from his aunt supplied the rest. Afterwards, when a big boy, he had a few lessons at Edinburgh; "but," he adds, "I never acquired a just pronounciation, nor could I read with much propriety."

In explanation of this may-be adduced the fact, that, no doubt from early association with all sorts of persons in the country in his youth, who were not very particular in their manner of speaking, Walter Scott usually had a very marked Scottish pronounciation. This, which he could, and generally did, subdue, became irrepressible when he spoke with earnestness. He recited all poetry but his own very effectively. To be sure, poets rarely do justice to their own compositions. As Mrs. Browning has finely, because truly, written in "Lady Geraldine's Courtship,"

"Poets ever fail in reading their own verses to their worth;
For the echo in you breaks upon the words which you are speaking,
And the chariot-wheels jar in the gate through which you drive them forth."

I have heard poets — ay, and some great ones — read their own compositions; and I confess that I wished some other persons had done it. To hear Coleridge, with half-closed eyes, and a measured, sing-song intonation, repeat that exquisite poem of love, beginning,

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,”

was more strange than agreeable; for one might have smiled had any one but the author of the melodious and exquisitely-tender lines so uttered them. Southey would square his elbows, and, if you asked him (for he was chary in presenting his effusions even to private friends), read page after page from “Roderic” or “Thalaba,” evidently without exhibiting any of the author’s proverbial self-appreciation. Wordsworth, on the other hand, read his compositions as if his desire was to make the listener believe that they were ordinary prose. Moore, whose musical utterance of his own lyrics subdued his listeners into silence and tears, would *read* them in a see-saw manner, as if he were ashamed of them, and desired to get rid of the task-work, and dip into a beaker of champagne. . Lover would warble his songs like a bird, — only too palpably imitating, without catching, Moore’s grace and tenderness; but, when he tried to *read* them, his monotony was melancholy. Byron, I have heard from those who knew him well, always preferred that others should read his poetry, knowing that his own way of doing it was the reverse of good. Charles Dickens, whose prose so often was poetry, read his own writings admirably. The art of concealing art was exhibited, to a great degree, in his case: he read with a fine disdain for the practised professional elocutionist, who impresses on his pupils the necessity of giving a separate and distinct action with

every word. I heard Walter Scott repeat a few lines of his own composition, and, with all my admiration for him, felt that he accentuated the wrong words, and failed to bring out the full meaning of the passage. Once, also, heard him repeat with infinite feeling and effect a few stanzas from one of the old ballads which he loved so well. To the poetry of others he could do justice, and did. Years after this, but before he had "shuffled off this mortal coil," I read, and could understand then, a passage in Sir Walter's letter (in Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*) which runs thus: "Lord Byron's reading did not seem to me to have been very extensive, either in poetry or history. Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is little read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him the fine poem of 'Hardyknute,' — an imitation of the old Scottish ballad, — with which he was so much affected, that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated."

That same ballad had been taught him before he was four years old; and he used to shout forth the stanzas, even thus early, no matter how inconvenient the noise might be to the moods or ailments of some of his auditors. In after-years, on the blank leaf of his copy of Allan Ramsay's "Evergreen," in which the ballad is printed, Sir Walter wrote, "'Hardyknute' was the first poem that I ever learnt, the last that I shall forget." No wonder that he repeated it to Byron with an earnestness and force which deeply affected that wayward Childe, — himself a monarch of song. There is an entry in Byron's Diary, in 1821, as follows: "I have found out the seal cut on Murray's letter. It is meant for Sir Wal-

ter Scott; but it does not do him justice. Scott's — particularly when he recites — is a very intelligent countenance."

At Sandy-Knowe, after his return from Bath, he resumed his outdoor amusements, eagerly listening, now and then, by his Aunt Janet's knee, to what — with equal patience and kindness — she read to him from such books as were accessible. Among these Allan Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany" (a choice collection of Scottish and English poetry, which passed through twelve editions in half as many years), a strange work of fiction called "Automathes," and, at a later period, an odd volume of the "Wars of the Jews," by Josephus. He was not very fond of reading as a task-work; but, after he had acquired sufficient proficiency, that repugnance vanished. He read the Bible through more than once.

He soon became very strongly prejudiced in favor of the Stuart family. Listening to the songs and stories of the Jacobites, which abounded in that part of the country, and hearing descriptions from eye-witnesses of the cruelties exercised in the executions at Carlisle and in the Highlands after the battle of Culloden, he eagerly drank in an abundance of facts and prejudices. The defeat at Culloden (April 16, 1746) was no mere tradition, like most of the border-legends which charmed him, but had occurred only thirty years before; and many of those who described it, and the events which followed it, had themselves borne arms in the contest. As for the remoter past, old songs were chanted, old legends told, as was the custom in country-houses at that time, which fixed themselves in the eager memory of the listening boy. His grandmother, whose own recollections carried her back to the beginning of the century, told him many a legend of border warfare. Every hill, burn, and ruin had a story and a hero;

and one of his own ancestors usually figured as the bold and successful adventurer. Young Lochinvar, about whom he wrote that stirring ballad of love and audacity, which he made Lady Heron sing at the royal court in "Marmion," was not a mere poetic creation, but the embodiment of many a similar adventure in the far-off days when personal prowess won favor from the fair, and all stratagems which went to unite loving youth to youth were considered not only fair but honorable.

"Few books, but good," was the motto of a wise man, when he was educating his own children. The supply at Sandy-Knowe was small and imperfect; but it was occasionally eked out by borrowing from the neighboring families. Dr. Duncan, the clergyman of the parish, was a gentleman, who, though throughout life he "enjoyed bad health," lived to be nearly ninety. In his youth, he had been domestic chaplain to the Earl of Marchmont, ancestor of Scott of Harden, now Lord Polwarth, and at that time was intimate with many illustrious characters in the Augustan age of Queen Anne. He had seen Pope, and delighted to talk to the lame boy, who was such an intelligent listener, about the men who were leaders in war and politics, and of those who even then were helping to build up the fabric of British literature. Within a few days of his death, in 1795, when "the lamester," then a stalwart man in rude health of mind and body, paid a visit to this reverend veteran, he found him correcting a "History of the Revolution of 1688," which he left for posthumous publication.

In his seventh year, Walter Scott was taken to Preston-Pans, a few miles below Edinburgh, for sea-bathing. There, the scene of a noted conflict between the Stuart and the English forces in 1745, in which Col. Gardiner received his death-wound, he

met with a military veteran named Dalgetty, who had served in all the German wars, had finally retired into the honorable poverty of an ensign's half-pay, and had settled down in the little sea burgh, because living there was of the cheapest. This veteran, who was fond of relating his military experiences, found "audience few, but fitting," in the person of young Walter Scott, whom he took to see Gardiner's grave. Here, too, was Mr. George Constable, a friend of the family, who took very kindly to the boy, probably because the wealthy old bachelor had a sort of *tendresse* for Aunt Janet, "who," Scott says, "was even then a most beautiful woman, though somewhat advanced in life;" and who, "to the close of her life, had the finest eyes and teeth I ever saw." Then and later, this gentleman, who had retired from the practice of the law, supplied his young friend with a great deal of curious information, and was the first who told him about Falstaff and Hotspur, and other characters in Shakspeare. Scott's subsequent confession was, "What idea I annexed to them, I know not; but I must have annexed some, for I remember quite well being interested on the subject. Indeed, I rather suspect that children derive impulses of a powerful and important kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend, and, therefore, that to write *down* to children's understanding is a mistake: set them on the scent, and let them puzzle it out." Information communicated to the youthful mind in an intelligible manner does not resemble seed that fell by the wayside, nor upon stony places, nor among thorns, but rather, in most cases, takes root in a fruitful soil, and brings forth fruit,—some a hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty-fold. In Scott's case, what he saw, heard, read, and noticed in his youth, appears to have pervaded his mind to the close of life.

The very name of Dalgetty reminds us of the mercenary soldier, selling his sword to the highest bidder; indulging in interminable reminiscences of his experiences in the German war; invariably exhibiting personal courage in action, though attending rather too much to the victualling department; sagacious and prompt in counsel, when his advice as an experienced man-at-arms was required; and finally, having survived the Revolution of 1688, settling down—a belted knight—on his paternal estate in Aberdeenshire, “cruising about in that country, very old, very deaf, and very full of interminable stories about the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North and the bulwark of the Protestant faith.” This Preston-Pans veteran subsequently re-appeared in another phase of character, as Capt. Clutterbuck, the retired half-pay officer, who, residing at the village of Kennequhair, which was none other than fair Melrose, becomes so well acquainted with the architecture and history of the venerable place as to become installed as its cicerone.

The other character, whom Scott the boy met at Preston-Pans, re-appeared in “The Antiquary;” and Scott wrote in 1826, “He had many of those peculiarities of temper which long afterwards I tried to develop in the character of Jonathan Oldbuck. It is very odd, that, though I am unconscious of any thing in which I strictly copied the *manners* of my old friend, the resemblance was, nevertheless, detected by George Chalmers, Esq., solicitor, London, an old friend both of my father and Mr. Constable, and who affirmed to my late friend, Lord Kinnedder, that I must needs be the author of ‘The Antiquary,’ since he recognized the portrait of George Constable.” Inasmuch as, at Preston-Pans, Constable was “constantly philandering about” Scott’s still handsome maiden aunt, it is evident that he was not, in fact, so

decided an enemy of womankind as his representative Monk barns. It is an instance of Scott's general carelessness as to making a mystery of the authorship of the novels, that, in the opening scene, the Antiquary is introduced as travelling from Edinburgh to the Queen's Ferry (where to this day there is a passage-boat for crossing the Frith of Forth), which is the direct route to Dundee, near which George Constable, when retired from the law, had purchased an estate, on which he generally resided. This was one clew towards the identity of Monk barns with the retired lawyer, who carried his tastes for literature and archæology into his rural retirement, but retained an unconquerable fancy for exhibiting his ability as a legal man.

Scott was familiar in his manhood with George Constable, and had ample opportunity of studying his personal and mental traits in social life; but it is remarkable that his accidental meeting, before he was eight years old, with Ensign Dalgetty at Preston-Pans, bearing his peculiarities in mind, and reproducing them in an historical novel more than forty years afterwards, has evaded the notice of previous biographers. The only incident in literary history at all resembling this, and still more surprising, is related of Charles Dickens in connection with his story of "Dombey and Son." It is said, that, when Mr. Dickens's sister read that tale, she said to the author, "In Mrs. Pipchin you have closely described the appearance, the manners, and the character of a terrible old creature under whose care all of us children were placed for a short time. But you were only three years and a half old when this occurred; and I cannot understand how you could have so closely noticed her strange, unpleasant ways, and her very remarkable appearance, and have remembered every thing so well, that I recognized her in the book at once." This

power of observation, remembrance, and reproduction, is, in fact, a peculiar attribute of what is called genius. Invention of character or incident oftentimes is but an adaptation, by some peculiar process in the mind, of what resembles, but is something more than, memory.

Returning from Preston-Pans, the lad went home for some weeks to Mrs. Cockburn, a kinswoman, author of a beautiful modern version of the Scottish "Flowers of the Forest," then visiting in the neighborhood of Edinburgh; and occasionally spent an evening with Mrs. Scott, her kinswoman and friend. Writing to the minister of Galashiels, her native parish, in November, 1777, she said, —

"I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on: it was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone!' says he: 'crash it goes! They will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he: 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is, that Adam, just new come into the world, should know every thing! that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But, when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why, Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a *virtuoso* like myself.' — 'Dear Walter,' says Aunt Jenny, 'what is a *virtuoso*?' — 'Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know every thing.' Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray,

what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. 'Why, twelve or fourteen.' No such thing: he is not quite six years old. He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath; and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came; and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic."

At this time, the child was six years and three months old to a day. Mrs. Cockburn somewhat exaggerated his ability, — unconsciously, no doubt; for he never had an English pronunciation. At this time, too, he paid a flying visit to his relative, Mrs. Keith of Ravelstone (she was born a Swinton of Swinton), by whom, also, his precocious talents were observed, and whose picturesque mansion, with its venerable gardens and their massive hedges of yew and holly, was always considered by him as the ideal of the art. In "Waverley," many of the quaint and picturesque features of Ravelstone were adopted into his "Tully Veolan," now so well known as "The Manor-House of Baron Bradwardine of that Ilk."

By Christmas, 1777, the boy was back again at Sandy-Knowe, — not long to remain; for when it was reported in the family-circle at Edinburgh that he was strong enough to ride with address and boldness a little Shetland pony which his Uncle Thomas had given to him, and which he had taught to follow him into the house and feed out of his hand, it was thought that he now was capable of taking the second step in life, — that of going to school. Accordingly, ere he was seven years old, he was once more among his brothers, under the paternal roof in Edinburgh.

With equal truth and patriotism did Scott, in the prime and pride of his genius, apostrophize "Caledonia, stern and wild," as "meet nurse for a poetic child." His early childhood in the country had given

him more than health of body. He had imbibed, not merely the invigorating air of his fathers' home, but the poetry and romance of his fathers' wild modes of living. In this case, distance lent enchantment to the view; and the rough raiders of the Border, who sometimes had to wait for their dinners until they had stolen the beeves or sheep, were considered by him, as he sat in his grandsire's ingle-nook at Sandy-Knowe, as bold and gallant fellows, near akin to heroes! As the years glided on, this feeling of admiration became mitigated, but not materially so until after he had relieved his mind by giving the Border ballads to the world, and by writing that original "Lay," in which William of Deloraine, that "stark moss-trooping Scott," occupies a prominent position.

In middle age, he joyed to remember and record these early days, when, as he wrote,

"Ever by the winter hearth
Old tales I heard of woe and mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight, and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When, pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er;
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
And still the scattered Southern fled before."

In fact, in his childhood, Scott's imagination, even more than his reason, had been impressed with themes of historic romance; and his treating of them, when his intellect and fancy and memory had grown, was precisely what was to have been expected. Out of that fulness of his mind he produced song and story.

CHAPTER III.

High School of Edinburgh.—Early Story-telling and Verses.—Omnivorous Reading.—The Ballantynes.—University Studies.—Foreign Languages.—Incapacity for Greek.—Exhausting Libraries.—Napoleon under Arrest.—Rural Wanderings.—Leaves the University.

1778—1786.

AT the age of seven, Walter Scott, though he could read fluently enough, and had already stored in his memory a great many Border ballads, was first sent to a little private school; and, after being “coached” by a tutor at home, he was considered sufficiently prepared for joining the class of Mr. Luke Fraser, in the High School, in October, 1778. Here his progress was eccentric and creditable; his quick apprehension and wonderful memory enabling him to learn without difficulty. In October, 1782, Scott was advanced into the class of Dr. Alexander Adam, subsequently author of several elementary works on history and geography, and of one on Roman antiquities, which still holds its place in schools and upon bookshelves in Scotland. Such a teacher, who was superior to mere routine and technicalities, was not ill adapted to such a pupil as Scott, who, though never attaining a high permanent standing in the school, was already so quick and accurate on dates and facts, that Dr. Adam constantly referred to him, as occasion arose, while under examination, and honored him with the title of “historian of the class.” Now and then, he made a brilliant *coup* with some prompt

and unexpected reply. For example, some dullard, who, boggling at *cum*, being asked, "What part of speech is *with*?" answered, "*A substantive.*" The Rector, after a moment's pause, thought it worth while to ask his *dux*, "Is *with* ever a substantive?" But all were silent until the query reached Scott, then near the bottom of the class, who instantly responded by quoting a verse of the Book of Judges: "And Samson said unto Delilah, If they bind me with seven green *withs* that were never dried, then shall I be weak, and as another man."

Bright boys are not always very popular with their schoolmates; but, though Walter Scott had the advantage in some things, he was not envied, and was much liked. He had some qualities which youth admires. He was brave, and he was a capital storyteller. Notwithstanding his lameness, he excelled in climbing, lifting weights, and using muscular force. He was always ready to fight (the great test of manliness at school), provided his antagonist would meet him on even terms, — face to face, each strapped to a plank. Then he was the romancist of his division; narratives of his own ready coinage, interminable, and crowded with wild and wonderful adventures, drawing his class-fellows to listen even in school-hours, at the risk of punishment from the "taws;" and, before and after these hours, the lads would crowd around him, eagerly listening to his tales.

The elder Scott, not content with placing his sons in the High School to scramble for such learning as they could pick up, gave them the great advantage, in the evenings, of being carefully prepared by a competent private tutor, who had been educated for the sacred ministry. From him the future author learned writing and arithmetic; to him were repeated the French lessons; and with him the classics were studied. Tutor and pupil used to argue, when time per-

mitted, on the early history of the Church of Scotland, the wars and sufferings of the Covenanters, and so forth. "I, with a head on fire for chivalry, was a Cavalier," said Scott; "my friend was a Roundhead: I was a Tory, and he was a Whig: I hated Presbyterians, and admired Montrose with his victorious Highlanders; he liked the Presbyterian Ulysses, the dark and politic Argyle: so that we never wanted subjects of dispute; but our disputes were always amicable. In all these tenets, there was no real conviction, on my part, arising out of acquaintance with the views or principles of either party; nor had my antagonist address enough to turn the debate on such topics. I took up my politics at that period, as King Charles II. did his religion, — from an idea that the Cavalier creed was the more gentlemanlike persuasion of the two.

Writing in 1826, Scott declared that he was never a dunce, nor thought to be so, but an incorrigibly idle imp, who was always longing to do something else than what was enjoined him. From Dr. Adam he first learned the value of the knowledge which had hitherto been considered a burdensome task. Under him, the difficulties of the Latin writers were conquered; and the boy began to be sensible of their beauties. Encouragement and praise were the rewards of this successful labor; and a proud day came when the Rector declared, that, though many of the pupils understood the Latin better, "Gualterus Scott was behind few in following and enjoying the author's meaning." Next followed attempts at poetical versions from Horace and Virgil. One of these little pieces, carefully preserved by his mother, and affectionately indorsed, "*My Walter's first lines, 1812,*" which had been considered the second best on that occasion, ran thus: —

"In awful ruins, Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky

Black clouds of smoke, which still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing fire;
At other times huge balls of fire are tossed,
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost:
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne
With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies;
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna, thundering, from the bottom boils."

When Scott had achieved greatness, Adam repeatedly reminded him of his obligations to the High School. His renowned pupil said of him, "He was indeed deeply imbued with that fortunate vanity which alone could induce a man who has arms to pare and burn a muir to submit to the yet more toilsome task of cultivating youth. As Catholics confide in the imputed righteousness of their saints, so did the good old doctor plume himself upon the success of his scholars in life; all of which he never failed (and often justly) to claim as the creation, or at least the fruits, of his early instructions. He remembered the fate of every boy at his school during the fifty years he had superintended it, and always traced their success or misfortunes entirely to their attention or negligence when under his care. His 'noisy mansion,' which to others would have been a melancholy bedlam, was the pride of his heart; and the only fatigues he felt amidst din and tumult, and the necessity of reading themes, hearing lessons, and maintaining some degree of order at the same time, were relieved by comparing himself to Cæsar, who could dictate to three secretaries at once,—so ready is vanity to lighten the labors of duty." Stricken with palsy while teaching his class, he survived a few days, but, becoming delirious before his dissolution, conceived he was still in school; and, after some expressions of applause or censure, he said, "But it

grows dark ; the boys may dismiss," — and instantly expired. He had preserved among his papers, in an envelope, indorsed "Walter Scott, July, 1783," three short pieces, of which this quatrain may serve as an example : —

" We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold."

These lines, written by a boy of twelve, though not equal to the early effusions of Cowley and Pope, who

" Lisped in numbers, for the numbers came,"

may safely bear comparison with Lord Byron's " first dash into poetry " (to use his own words) at an equally mature age. As this, though published in the first edition of Moore's " Life of Byron," is not to be found in any subsequent issue, it may be worth repeating. An old lady who had been on a visit to his mother, and believed, that, after death, the soul, like Astolfo's lost wits, would fly to the moon, had offended Byron ; and, on her repeating the contumely, he broke out into this impromptu : —

" In Nottingham County, there lives at Swan Green
As cursed an old lady as ever was seen ;
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon."

In 1783, Scott completed his time at the High School, and, according to local custom, ought at once to have passed into the University of Edinburgh ; but his health, though greatly improved, was not good, and it was resolved to give him the advantage of country residence near Kelso. His aunt, Miss Janet Scott, lived there in a small house, then the

property of his father, which stood in a large and pleasant garden. He went to school in Kelso for four hours in the day; and the rest of his time was wholly at his own disposal. The teacher, Lancelot Whale, an excellent scholar, welcomed a pupil with higher attainments than ordinary, and devoted so much attention to him, that the youth's advancement was considerable.

Whale had such an unconcealed dislike for polite literature, that he thought it almost a sin to open "a profane play or poem." Scott, on the contrary, read every thing, — history, poetry, voyages, travels, and romance, including fairy-tales and Oriental stories. He had already made some acquaintance with Shakespeare, having found some odd volumes in his mother's dressing-room, where at one time he slept. "Nor," he says, "can I easily forget the rapture with which I sat up in my shirt, reading them by the light of a fire in her apartment, until the bustle of the family rising from supper warned me it was time to creep back to my bed, where I was supposed to have been safely deposited since nine o'clock."

Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet, one of the first afterwards to discover and proclaim the genius of Robert Burns, appears to have taken a fancy to Scott before he had left the High School, and recommended him to read Ossian and Spenser. He did not relish the repetitions of the Ossianic inflated phraseology, but said that he could have read Spenser forever, utterly disregarding the allegory, but considering all the knights and ladies and dragons and giants in their outward and exoteric sense, and delighted to find himself in such society. Having a wonderful facility in remembering verses, the quantity of Spenser's stanzas which he could repeat was "really marvellous." But this faculty of memory was in force only to retain what Scott liked. "It seldom failed," he has recorded,

“to preserve most tenaciously a favorite passage of poetry, a playhouse ditty, or, above all, a border-raid ballad; but names, dates, and the other technicalities of history, escaped me in a most melancholy degree.” Later, he began to understand and apply the philosophy of history.

At the age of twelve, when Walter Scott left the High School, he possessed an unusually large quantity of general information, — ill arranged, indeed, as he confessed, and collected without system, yet deeply impressed upon his mind, readily assorted by his power of connection and memory, and gilded by a vivid and active imagination. In the country, his studies now were even less properly directed. There a respectable subscription-library, a circulating-library of ancient standing, and some private bookshelves, were open to his random perusal. “I waded into the stream like a blind man into a ford,” he said, “without the power of searching my way, unless by groping for it. My appetite for books was as ample and indiscriminating as it was indefatigable; and I since have had too frequently reason to repent that few ever read so much, and to so little purpose.” Of course, few will assent to this; though, no doubt, the method, or want of method, in his reading, was the reverse of good. Among the treasures of literature which became open to the schoolboy at Kelso was Bishop Percy’s “Reliques of Ancient Poetry.” The book was a new revelation to him, bringing assurance that the legends which had been dear to him from infancy, so far from being valueless, as many persons gravely asserted, were deemed by a ripe scholar, and a clergyman of high rank in his church, worthy of sober research, grave commentary, and apt illustration, by an editor who showed his poetical genius was capable of emulating the best qualities of what his pious labor preserved. In his Autobiography (that

precious fragment) he says, "I remember well the spot where I read these volumes for the first time. It was beneath a huge *platanus*-tree, in the ruins of what had been intended for an old-fashioned arbor in the *garden* I have mentioned. The summer-day sped onward so fast, that, notwithstanding the sharp appetite of thirteen, I forgot the hour of dinner, was sought for with anxiety, and was still found entranced in my intellectual banquet. To read and to remember, was, in this instance, the same thing; and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm." In 1820, when he revisited the garden, he became sad when he found that the *platanus* was no more.

At Kelso, he became acquainted with the writings of Samuel Richardson, Henry Mackenzie (the latter subsequently became his warm friend), Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollett, and other of the best novelists. There, too, he met one, who, for good and evil fortune, was to exercise a great influence over his maturer life. This was James Ballantyne, subsequently associated with him, during over thirty years of authorship, as printer, corrector of manuscript, and confidential friend. He was one year younger than Scott, near whom he had his seat at the grammar-school of Kelso. Scott, who had the reputation of being the best story-teller in the High School of Edinburgh, did not let his talent rust in the country. "He soon discovered," Ballantyne has stated, "that I was as fond of listening as he himself was of relating; and I remember it was a thing of daily occurrence, that

after he had made himself master of his own lesson, I, alas ! being still sadly to seek in mine, he used to whisper to me, ‘ Come, slink over beside me, Jamie, and I’ll tell you a story.’ ” In the intervals of school-work, the two friends would walk together on the banks of the Tweed, — one always telling stories, which he invented as they went along ; the other being a rapt listener.

In November, 1783, Walter Scott entered the College of Edinburgh, where he found many youths, some of them of rank and fortune, who had been his classmates under Dr. Adam. It seemed as if every one with whom he was familiar in youth was to become his warm friend through life. In the college, his most familiar companion was Mr. John Irving, afterwards writer of the signet. They took long walks together, read out of the same books of poetry and romance, conversed together, criticised what they read, and, to secure themselves from interruption, enthroned themselves, as it were, on such eminences as Arthur’s Seat, Salisbury Crag, and other unfrequented places, —

“ The most remote and *inaccessible*
By shepherds trod,”

as Home, making something very like a bull, has made young Norval say. They sought out the most difficult places, where they could sit sheltered from the wind ; and often, though Scott was an expert climber, had trouble in clambering down. Scott’s rapid glance took in the contents of each page much sooner than his friend, who says, “ The number of books we thus devoured was very great. I forgot great part of what I read ; but my friend, notwithstanding he read with such rapidity, remained, to my surprise, master of it all, and could even, weeks or months afterwards, repeat a whole page in which any

thing had particularly struck him at the moment. After we had continued this practice of reading for two years or more together, he proposed that we should recite to each other, alternately, such adventures of knight-errants as we could ourselves contrive; and we continued to do so a long while. He found no difficulty in it, and used to recite for half an hour or more at a time; while I seldom continued half that space. The stories we told were, as Sir Walter has said, interminable; for we were unwilling to have any of our favorite knights killed."

These were not idle nor useless hours; for the passion for romance, thus fostered, led these two friends to learn Italian together. After a time, they read it with fluency, and then copied such tales as they had met with in that language, being a continued succession of battles and enchantments. Among his mother's papers were found some stanzas written by Mrs. Cockburn, who had thought him a prodigy, after his return to England, some years before, and addressed to him on reading his poem of "Guiscard and Matilda," which indicates his having written poetry on the Italian model prior to his translating any of Burger's German ballads.

In Greek, though his instructor in college was Prof. Dalzell, a perfect master of that ancient and sonorous tongue, Scott made little progress. In an English university, a student cannot matriculate without showing that he can translate from one or more Greek authors. It was different in the four Scottish universities (and, I believe, is different to this day), where it is understood that the student hopes to learn the Greek language as part of the college *curriculum*. Scott tells the facts, as usual, with a great deal of candor. "Almost all my companions who had left the High School at the same time as myself," he says, "had acquired a smattering of Greek before they came to college.

I, alas! had none; and, finding myself far inferior to all my fellow-students, I could hit upon no better mode of vindicating my equality than by professing my contempt for the language, and my resolution not to learn it." Fellow-students remonstrated, touching his *amour propre* by telling him that he was distinguished by the name of the *Greek blockhead*, exhorting him to redeem his reputation while it was called to-day, and offering to assist him in his studies, so that he would come forward with the foremost of his class. Scott continued stubborn. "All hopes of my progress in the Greek were now over," he says; "in-somuch, that, when we were required to write essays on the authors we had studied, I had the audacity to produce a composition in which I weighed Homer against Ariosto, and pronounced him wanting in the balance. I supported this heresy by a profusion of bad reading and flimsy argument. The wrath of the Professor was extreme; while, at the same time, he could not suppress his surprise at the quantity of out-of-the-way knowledge which I displayed. He pronounced upon me the severe sentence, that dunce I was, and dunce was to remain; which, however, my excellent and learned friend lived to revoke over a bottle of Burgundy at our literary club at Fortune's, of which he was a distinguished member." The poor lad was compelled by illness to leave the University in the middle of the session, and so entirely forgot even the letters of the Greek alphabet, that Lockhart says "he was puzzled with the words *αιδος* and *παισις*, which he had occasion to introduce, from some authority on his table, into his 'Introduction to Popular Poetry,' written in April, 1830; and, happening to be in the house with him at the time, he sent for me to insert them there in his manuscript."

His second illness, which was very serious, partly arose, Scott has told, from his having burst a blood-

vessel; and motion and speed were, for a long time, pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks he was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. At this time he was a growing boy of fifteen, and suffered greatly under the severe regimen which was necessary. His only amusement, only occupation, was to read. One of his school-fellows reported in after-years, that, at this time, young Scott, when visited by any of his classmates, could scarcely be seen amid the piles of books which covered the bed. Allan Ramsay, the poet, had established in Edinburgh a circulating-library, which flourished at this time, and contained a large and respectable collection of books of every description, and particularly of works of fiction, "from the romances of chivalry, and the most ponderous folios of Cyrus and Cassandra, down to the most approved works of later times. I plunged," he said, "into this great ocean of reading, without compass or pilot; and, except when some one had the charity to play chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read from morning to night. I was, in kindness and pity, which was perhaps erroneous, however natural, permitted to select my subjects of study at my own pleasure, upon the same principle that the humors of children are indulged to keep them out of mischief. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe I read all the romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and, no doubt, was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed." Satiety followed; and the lad then began to seek histories, memoirs, voyages, travels, and the like, — nearly as wonderful as those which

were the work of imagination, with the additional advantage that they were at least true. This exercise of his own free will was followed by a temporary residence in the country, where he would have been very lonely but for the amusement which he derived from a good but old-fashioned library. In the opening chapters of "Waverley" and "Rob Roy," he has described this desultory course of reading.

This unconscious storing of the future man's mind reminds one of the reply which Napoleon gave to the question, how he, a man of the sword, exhibited a thorough knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence in the discussions in the Council of State upon the celebrated code which still bears his name: "When I was sous-lieutenant in the regiment of La Fêre," he said, "I was placed under arrest for three weeks for some breach of discipline, and had to confine myself to my quarters in an old house in a small city. There was a pile of old books in a corner of my room; and, to pass away the heavy hours of inaction, I read these books incessantly. Among them, rendered into very ancient French, were the 'Pandects of Justinian,' which contain the elements of codification. By the time that I was ordered back to duty, I had fully mastered that work; and, when the time and occasion came, I was able to apply my knowledge."

Slowly recovering from his severe illness, young Scott was again taken to Kelso, where, as he said, he had the run of a better, because less miscellaneous, library than that which he had exhausted in Edinburgh. His distaste for the Greek language continued; but he read the histories by George Buchanan and Matthew Paris, and many monkish chronicles in Latin. His uncle, Capt. Thomas Scott, now received him at Rosebank on the Tweed, below Kelso, and was consulted by him, from that time, on

all things literary, including his own aspirations. Not until the early part of 1786 did young Scott return to his father's. As soon as he was strong enough to walk, he wandered through the county of Roxburgh, endeared to him by its natural beauty, and by its manifold associations with the local ballads and legends which he had loved from the dawn of intellect. Thus Scottish scenery and Scottish song were associated together in his mind; and his admirable descriptions of the former, in later years, were transcribed, as it were, from a memory, of which it is not too much to say, that it was observant as well as retentive. If he had only once beheld a place, it rose up around him at his wish, no matter how great the lapse of time, with all the force of reality. So, too, with history: events, dates, costume, manners, once known to him, were forever unforgotten. If he examined a map, it was not to ascertain a locality, but to learn the distances.

Returning to Edinburgh early in 1786, he studied mathematics for a time so short, and with an instructor so worn-out, that he only obtained a smattering of that foundation of the exact sciences. He applied to the study of logic, besides attending Dugald Stuart's class of moral philosophy, and Prof. Tytler's of history. He was intended for the law; and it was thought that these studies would tend to give him the desired "legal mind." Of course, he could not, and did not, profit to any extent by lessons so few and slight.

Walter Scott quitted the University of Edinburgh, I believe, without graduating. His utter ignorance of Greek would prevent his passing the examination for his degree. Twenty years later, in that fragment of autobiography which has supplied many particulars of his early life, he said, "So that, if my learning be flimsy and inaccurate, the reader must

have some compassion even for an idle workman, who had so narrow a foundation to build upon. If, however, it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember, that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth ; that, through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance ; and that I would at this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

CHAPTER IV.

Apprentice of the Law. — A Copying Machine. — Athletic Exercises. — Wanderings in the Highlands. — Word and Look from Robert Burns. — Adam Fergusson. — Paper Lords. — Youthful Friends. — Literary Waiters. — Scottish Hospitality. — Speculative Society. — Flodden Field and Chevy Chase. — Putting on the Advocate's Gown.

1786—1792.

ON the 15th of May, 1786, exactly three months before he had completed his fifteenth year, Scott was indentured for five years as apprentice to his father, who had not determined whether the boy should become a writer of the signet, like himself, or pass into the higher grade of advocate. In one case, he might be able to continue the good business which had been formed, chiefly by family connection: in the other, he would exclusively be eligible for the office of sheriff, clerk of session (both of which he held subsequently and simultaneously), and even for a seat on the judicial bench, — an object of very high ambition in Edinburgh, where the *noblesse de la robe* has always ranked high. In the days of Louis XIV., the great chancellor of France, D'Aguesseau, wrote that the profession of the lawyer conferred “nobility without title, rank without birth, and riches without an estate.” While in England, and also in Ireland, low birth has proved no obstacle to advancement at the bar, in Scotland, family connection, as much as merit, helped to success. The Lords of Session, “The Fifteen,” as these principal Scottish judges were then familiarly called, were almost always se-

lected, in and long after Scott's time, from lawyers of ancient lineage. To have personal interest with the dispensers of these high offices, and to be on "the right side" in politics, was the best passport to the bench. By bringing Walter Scott up as a W. S. in his father's office, he would acquire a knowledge of the technicalities and practice of the law which would be highly useful. He finally passed into the higher grade.

Entering into the study of the law chiefly to please his father, to whom he was much attached, and disliking the drudgery of the office, still Scott did not shirk his duty. There was the ambition, too, of doing as well, at least, as his mates in harness; and there was payment, though not much, for copying law-papers, which furnished a little fund for the *menus plaisirs* of the circulating-library and the theatre; and this, he confesses, "was no trifling incentive to labor. When actually at the oar, no man could pull it harder than I; and I remember of writing upwards of one hundred and twenty folio pages with no interval either for food or rest." This long job of twenty-four hours would put thirty shillings into his pocket, — a large sum for a lad of fifteen to have in Scotland at that time. He read a great deal, and having become healthy, muscular, and tall, was rather disfigured than disabled by his lameness, which did not prevent his taking much exercise on horseback, or walking from twenty to thirty miles a day. "These excursions on foot or horseback," he said, "formed by far my most favorite amusement. I have all my life delighted in travelling, though I have never enjoyed that pleasure upon a large scale. It was a propensity which I sometimes indulged so unduly as to alarm and vex my parents. Wood, water, wilderness itself, had an inexpressible charm for me: and I had a dreamy way of going much farther than I intended;

so that, unconsciously, my return was protracted, and my parents had sometimes serious cause of uneasiness." His main object was the pleasure of beholding romantic scenery, or, what afforded him at least equal pleasure, the places which had been distinguished by remarkable historical events. Unable to draw, after some instruction and repeated efforts, "I endeavored," he says, "to make amends for my ignorance of drawing by adopting a sort of technical memory respecting the scenes I visited. Wherever I went, I cut a piece of a branch from a tree: these constituted what I called my log-book; and I intended to have a set of chess-men out of them, each having reference to the place where it was cut, — as the kings from Falkland and Holyrood, the queens from Queen Mary's yew-tree at Crookston, the bishops from abbeys or episcopal palaces, the knights from baronial residences, the rooks from royal fortresses, and the pawns generally from places worthy of historical note. But this whimsical design I never carried into execution." *Apropos* of chess, though he played it when a boy, during his last great illness, he abandoned it in riper years, from a conviction, that, as an amusement, it subjected the mind to too great a strain, and that it also was a waste of time. He liked backgammon, because it really was a relaxation. In chess, he said, a man got angry and ashamed when he was beaten; while in backgammon the conquered could always throw the *onus* of defeat on the dice. Long after he was fifty, writing to a friend about his puny and then only grandchild, he drew an image from this game, saying, "An only child is like a blot at backgammon, and Fate is apt to hit it."

Scott's wanderings about the country were submitted to by his father, who, finding that he could place confidence in the youth, often sent him to distant places on business. Thus employed, he first pene-

trated to the Highlands, and formed those friendships among the surviving heroes who had been "out" with the Young Chevalier in 1745 which laid the foundation for one great class of his works. This was at a time when the Highlands were little visited. The old men were willing, at the request of the earnest youth, whose interest in the affair appeared genuine, to "fight all their battles o'er again." In due season, these tales were remembered, recast, and reproduced with a success utterly unprecedented. In his General Preface to the revised edition of "The Waverley Novels," — in itself a charming chapter of autobiography, — Scott says, that, while studying the law, he "travelled through most parts of Scotland, both highland and lowland;" and had from his infancy free and unrestrained communication with all ranks of his countrymen, from the peer to the ploughman.

In the spring of 1787, when Robert Burns, having arrived to bring out a new edition of his poems, which had gone into the general heart of his country at once and forever, had become the lion of Edinburgh, it happened that Scott met him in society for a short time on one occasion, and, attracting his notice, obtained from him a kind word, which was also a prophetic one. In 1827, he communicated an account of this meeting for publication in Lockhart's "Life of Burns." This is too characteristic of Burns and Scott not to be given here.

"As for Burns" (he writes), "I may truly say, *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen in 1786-7, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, — the two sets that he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word; oth-

erwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Prof. Fergusson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked and listened. The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns's manner was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on the one side, on the other his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:—

‘ Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain:
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops, mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years, —
The child of misery baptized in tears.’

Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were; and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of ‘The Justice of the Peace.’ I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

“His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, not clownish, — a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school; i.e., none of your modern agriculturists, who keep laborers for their drudgery, but the *douce gude* man who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments. The eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, and glowed (I say, literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men in my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and,

when he differed in opinion, he did not hesitate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognize me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh; but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

"I remember, on this occasion I mention, I thought Burns's acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited; and also, that, having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Fergusson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models: there was doubtless national predilection in his estimate."

When Lockhart wrote (in 1836), the very print over which Scott saw Burns shed tears was still in the possession of Dr. Fergusson's family; and Scott had often told the story in the room where the precious relic hangs. It appears, from a communication made to Mr. Robert Chambers by Sir Adam Fergusson, that it was he, then a youth also, who took Scott with him to one of the literary *conversazioni* which his father, Dr. Fergusson, had at his house in the Sheens, once a week, for his principal literary friends. Burns had been brought by Dugald Stewart. John Home, author of the tragedy of "Douglas," and Profs. Black and Hutton, were also present. Burns, as above related (I quote Sir Adam's words), "seemed at first little inclined to mingle easily in the company: he went about the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. The print described by Scott arrested his attention: he read aloud the lines underneath; but, before getting to the end of them, his voice faltered, and his big black eyes filled with tears. A little after, he turned with much interest to the company; pointed to the picture, and with some eagerness asked if any one could tell him who had written those affecting lines. The philosophers were silent; no one knew: but, after a decent interval, the pale lame boy near by said, in a negligent manner, 'They're writ-

ten by one Langhorne.' An explanation of the place where they occur followed; and Burns fixed a look of half-serious interest on the youth, while he said, '*You'll be a man yet, sir.*'" These were the look and the word which Scott had pleasure in remembering in his own decline of years.

The words used by Burns were part of a familiar west-of-Scotland phrase, — "Well done, my lad: you'll be a mon yet before your mither!"

In January, 1796, nine years after Scott's kind word from Burns, it was his fortune, he then being a lawyer, to be opposed to the poet on a political subject. There was a contest for the legal office of Dean of Faculty: and Scott voted for Mr. Henry Dundas, the lord-advocate, afterwards created Viscount Melville; the other candidate being Mr. Henry Erskine, brother of the future chancellor of England and of the eccentric Earl of Buchan. At that time, Erskine was considered to be the ablest man at the Scottish bar; but it was a trial of party strength between Whig and Tory, and the latter had a majority of a hundred and twenty-three against thirty-eight votes. Burns, not being a lawyer, had no vote; but, after the election, he wrote a satirical ballad upon the contest, and against the victor.

Adam Fergusson, who gave Scott the chance of seeing and speaking to Burns, was a son of Prof. Fergusson of the University of Edinburgh, who previously, as chaplain to the Black Watch, or 42d Highland Regiment, had served in Flanders, and, at the Battle of Fontenoy, appeared at the head of the column with a drawn broad-sword in his hand. Commanded to go to his place in the rear with the surgeons, and reminded that his commission did not entitle him to be present in the post which he had assumed, the fighting chaplain drew his commission from his breast, and, with an adjuration which was

strangely like a malediction, threw it at his colonel. He fought in that day's battle ; but his breach of discipline was condoned on account of his bravery. He was a respectable teacher in the chair of moral philosophy ; but his reputation rests upon a " History of the Roman Republic," originally published in three volumes quarto, and even yet, after Niebuhr, Arnold, and Mommsen, considered a standard work. Scott and young Fergusson were drawn very closely to each other by mutual liking from their first meeting ; and death alone dissolved the tie. Scott envied his friend the experience of war which he subsequently had during several of the Peninsular campaigns ; and Fergusson watched the dawn and noon, and chastened gloaming, of his friend's fame. After the war closed, it was at Scott's suggestion, and through his influence, that Fergusson, in 1818, was appointed keeper of the then newly-recovered Scottish regalia, — a respectable sinecure, which conferred competence upon this intelligent, lively, simple-minded, and eccentric half-pay officer. Four years after this, when George IV. was leaving Scotland, he expressed his gratitude to Scott by authorizing him to name two candidates for knighthood ; and Adam Fergusson was one of these.

At Prof. Fergusson's, where he was a frequent visitor after the Burns night, Scott met the highest literary society in Edinburgh. Among these, then and during the remaining years of his legal servitude, were John Home, author of " Douglas ;" Dr. Blacklock, the blind poet and divine ; his uncle, Dr. Rutherford, who used to scold him for reading at breakfast, — a habit which more or less he indulged in to the last ; Henry Mackenzie, author of " The Man of Feeling," whose criticisms on Burns in " The Mirror," a periodical which he conducted, assured Scotland, that, in the Ayrshire ploughman, it had a great poet ;

Robertson, the historian; Beattie, author of "The Minstrel;" Dr. James Gregory, one of a family long distinguished, like that of the Bernouilli, in the history of science; and Dugald Stewart, then commencing his brilliant and useful career. Now and then some of the law lords were there, as well as distinguished visitors from England and the Continent, and, though less rarely, — for in that purely literary resort mere rank was not regarded, — members of the ancient Scottish nobility, who had been educated in Edinburgh, and, though there was no longer a parliament in the royal city, retained their old family mansions, and inhabited them in the winter. At Dr. Fergusson's it was remembered by many visitors there, that Scott, though yet only "an apprentice of the law," who approached, but had not attained, manhood, was received by all upon terms of intimacy unusual in these days of formal manners. He had passed out of the usually awkward period of boyhood, was an intelligent listener, and when called upon, as he often was, for a fact, date, or anecdote, was able to respond without hesitation and without mistake. Each Lord of Session whom he met was well acquainted with his father: and, among the real Scottish nobility, — for the law dignitaries* were commonly called "paper lords," — some were related to him in blood; and some, his father's clients, had often been under obligation to him, as their law-agent, for pecuniary advances.

Thus fortunate in his senior acquaintances, he was not less so in his youthful friends of this transition period, from whom he soon met with great indul-

* The Scottish judges of the Court of Session were called "paper lords." Like English bishops, their professional title did not extend to their wives. Thus it would be "Lord Benholme and Mrs. Robertson," or "Lord Neaves and Mrs. Neaves." The ladies said that this distinction was invidious.

gence and regard. He may be said to have held his own in general society. He was comely at that time, though not handsome, and, though lame, was active without being clumsy. At no time was he a squire of dames, but, by the time he was eighteen, had lost the *mauvaise honte* of the indefinable age when the individual is neither a man nor a boy. He was gentle in his manner to young ladies, and ever willing, at their call, to tell a story or recite a ballad. He had no unpleasant feeling, like Byron, on account of his bodily infirmity, which permitted him to do "all that might befit a man," except dance. Byron was ever haunted by the idea that every one who saw him must remark that he was lame, though active. Scott appears to have scarcely given a thought, beyond regret, to his infirmity. Long after he had passed middle life, he was asked how he managed to get on with the lasses in his youth, and answered, "I was pleasant with them; and, after we came to talking together, I was as much their favorite as the finest fellow in the room."

The years glided on, Scott, as usual, reading a great deal; though now he mixed a good deal in society, but not so omnivorous as in his school-days. He might say, "How happily the days of Thalaba went by!" He was member of several literary societies, at which the exercises were debate and composition; and distinguished himself by his companionable qualities. His own report is, that he spoke badly, except on some subject which strongly animated his feelings; and was totally unsuccessful in his compositions, which he never attempted except when the rules of the society compelled him to write. His memory of events, he says, was of great advantage to him, and occasionally, employed with success, did him "yeoman's service."

In addition to the young gentlemen of about his

own age, who had become Scott's friends while studying the law, were several others, high in birth and connection, most of whom became distinguished in after-life. Two of these — Cranstoun and Abercromby — eventually occupied the judicial bench as Lords Corehouse and Abercromby; the habit, as exemplified in the case of these dignitaries, being to assume a title from some territorial property, when it was not prefixed to the family name. At present (1871), of the twelve occupants of the Scottish bench, seven bear their family names, and five have taken territorial titles. The great critic under whom "The Edinburgh Review" obtained a world-wide reputation did not conceal his proper name when he was made judge, preferring to be known as Lord Jeffrey.

These new acquaintances introduced Scott to their several families, which were highly aristocratic; and thus he obtained a status in society from which he had hitherto been greatly debarred in consequence of the retired habits of his parents.

At the literary society which these young gentlemen formed, Walter Scott is reported, by others, to have acquitted himself very well. The great extent and variety of his knowledge, and his apt readiness in bringing it to bear upon a subject, must have made him formidable in debate, though he never was a brilliant speaker. Mr. Lockhart says, "He had a world of knowledge to produce; but he had not acquired the art of arranging it to the best advantage in a continued address: nor, indeed, did he ever, I think, except under the influence of strong personal feeling, even when years and fame had given him full confidence in himself, exhibit upon any occasion the powers of oral eloquence. His antiquarian information, however, supplied many an interesting feature in these evenings of discussion. He had already dabbled in Anglo-Saxon and the Norse sagas: in his

‘Essay on Imitations of Popular Poetry,’ he alludes to these studies as having facilitated his acquisition of German. But he was deep especially in Fordun and Wyntoun, and all the Scotch chronicles; and his friends rewarded him by the honorable title of *Duns Scotus*.” In another association, less ambitious and more convivial, called “The Club,” which assembled on Friday evenings for discussion, followed by oysters, which always were plentiful and cheap in Edinburgh, Scott’s *sobriquet* was “Col. Grog.” The members dined together twice a year; and, during thirty years, he was rarely absent on these occasions. Of the original nineteen members, four became lords of session, one succeeded to an earldom, two were baronets, one was created baronet, one was a foreign nobleman, three were landed proprietors, one was made professor of law at Glasgow, and one (Adam Fergusson) was knighted. In 1836, only five out of the original members had died. “The Club,” which probably took its name from the well-known literary association founded more than a century ago by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Oliver Goldsmith, is still flourishing, like its namesake in London.

There was a Teviotdale Club founded in Edinburgh about this time, of which Scott became a member through the intervention of James Ballantyne, who, having completed his apprenticeship to a solicitor in Kelso, had arrived in Edinburgh to complete his professional education. Scott was pretty regular in attending the monthly meetings, which had a convivial close: and Ballantyne has reported that he obtained a remarkable ascendancy over his companions; was the most temperate of the party; and, there being a good deal of quarrelling where there was a good deal of drinking, often exercised his influence as a peace-maker.

Almost every summer during these years, he visited the Highlands, — sometimes on his father's business, sometimes to gratify his own overpowering desire to become well acquainted with that part of Scotland. The legal "long vacation," occupying the period between the middle of June and the beginning of November, gave Scott a long holiday-time of over four months. If his pecuniary means were small on these excursions, the hospitality of the Highlanders was great. Besides, his father was man of business to many of the landowners, and was related in blood to more. Even so early as the year 1790, one of Scott's friends, who had high expectations of his eventual success in literature, urged him to write a History of the Clans.

Portions of this vacation were given, as of old, to visit his relations in the Lowlands. The old homestead at Sandy-Knowe, in which his helpless infancy had been passed, often received him then, and at other times when he could obtain a few days to himself. His bodily health had become vigorous; and in the country, with William Clerk and other companions, he could walk, with little fatigue, for twelve hours in the day, at the rate of three miles an hour, despite of his lameness. Now and then he found his way to his kind uncle at Rosebank; which villa, with thirty acres of the finest land in Scotland, became his own, by bequest from the owner, in 1804, and sold for five thousand pounds, — itself no inconsiderable sum for a poet in any time or place. His Uncle Robert occasionally corrected his nephew's papers written for the Literary Society; and mention is made, in the autumn of 1790, of one upon the "Feudal System," of which Dugald Stewart thought well. Another, of a later date, on "The Manners and Customs of the Northern Nations," had the honor of being publicly commended before the ethical stu-

dents, of whom Scott was one. We shall find the young man writing recondite essays, soon after this, for the Speculative Society, of which he became a member in January, 1791. Of this society, composed of law-students about to be admitted to the bar, and of young advocates who had not yet been able practically to quote,

“Thou great *first cause*, least understood!”

Scott was soon elected librarian on account of his reputation as a business-man; and the minutes, in his handwriting, show how carefully and systematically he had attended to the affairs, literary and financial, of the club. In “Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk,” one of the ablest and most satirical works of personalities, Lockhart gives a saucy description of the Speculative Society. Lord Jeffrey informed Lockhart that he was struck, the first night he spent at the “Speculative,” with the singular appearance of the secretary, who sat gravely at the bottom of the table, in a huge woollen night-cap, and, when the president took the chair, pleaded a bad toothache as his apology for coming into that worshipful assembly in such a ‘portentous machine.’ He read that night an essay on ballads, which so much interested the new member, that he requested to be introduced to him. Mr. Jeffrey called on him next evening, and found him “in a small den, on the sunk floor of his father’s house, in George’s Square, surrounded with dingy books,” from which they adjourned to a tavern, and supped together. Such was the commencement of an acquaintance, which by degrees ripened into friendship, between the two most distinguished men of letters whom Edinburgh ever produced.

During the long vacation in 1791, having made a raid into Northumberland, Scott first visited Flodden

Field, Otterburn, Chevy Chase, and many other memorable places. Seventeen years later, he described in poetry the battle of Flodden and the death of Marmion. Before this date, he consigned to the flames a manuscript poem on the conquest of Granada, in four books, each containing about four hundred lines. It had been written at the age of sixteen.

Early in 1790, his father had called upon him to decide whether he would become an advocate, or a writer to the signet. For some time previous, he had attended the lectures on civil law, which were requisite, whether he chose the higher or the lower, that is, the more honorable or the more lucrative, branch of the profession. His father offered, if he chose the secondary branch of the profession, immediately to take him into partnership, which would secure a respectable income; but did not conceal his desire that Thomas Scott, one of the younger sons, should have that chance, Walter adopting the more ambitious profession of the bar. This was done; and to that object his studies were directed with great ardor and perseverance during the years 1789, 1790, 1792. In his choice, he was influenced, he admits, by a feeling that the advocate occupied a higher and more (personally) independent position than the attorney, and, in addition, might cultivate general literature without being told that it was incompatible with legal business; seeing, Lockhart says, that, for the higher class of forensic exertion, some acquaintance with almost every branch of science and letters is a necessary preparative.

As we have seen, he had applied himself, on deciding to become an advocate, to the studies necessary to give him a competent knowledge of the principles and practice of the law,—a higher flight than a writer's apprentice usually essays. He had had three years' probation in his father's office, and now was

promoted to a little parlor in the dwelling-house, where were passed, to use his own words, "the only years of my life in which I applied to learning with stern, steady, and undeviating industry." He pursued his studies in conjunction with his friend William Clerk (whose elder brother became a judge long after, with the name of Lord Eldin); and, having creditably passed the necessary examinations in Scots' Law and Civil Law, both were called to the bar on the 11th of July, 1792. Scott wanted over a month of his legal majority at that time. His father, who had felt anxious, and even nervous, as to the result, believing that the rank and fame of a well-employed lawyer were the proudest of all distinctions, was gratified by the report, from authority, that he "had passed his private Scots' Law examinations with good approbation." Others besides himself had thought that in young Walter they saw

"A clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
And pen a stanza when he should engross."

But his mother, an intellectual and highly-educated woman, never lost the conviction, that his taste for polite literature ought to be encouraged, rather than repressed. She was the *confidante* of his early effusions, and survived to see him the most honored man of letters of his time. She lived to read "The Waverley Novels" up to "The Bride of Lammermoor."

The father, writing to a friend on the eve of Walter's "call," said, "On Friday he puts on the gown, and gives a bit chack of dinner to his friends and acquaintances, as is the custom. Your company will be wished for there by more than him. P.S. — His thesis is on the title, *De periculo et commodo rei venditæ*; and is a very pretty piece of Latinity." Over thirty years after this, in "Redgauntlet," in which Darcie Latimer and the two Fairfords were drawn from

William Clerk, Scott's father, and himself, the novelist, quoting the above lines, makes the elder Fairford write, "On Friday he puts on the gown, and gives a bit chack of dinner to his friends and acquaintances, as is, you know, the custom." And he makes this letter end with, "P.S. — Alan's thesis is upon the title, *De periculo et commodo rei venditæ*." The novel in question was published in 1824; at which time Scott had become careless as to his *incognito*, and wore his mask loosely. Any curious person at that time, who had taken the trouble of referring to the minutes of the faculty of advocates, would have seen that the title of Scott's thesis in 1792 was the same as Alan Fairford's in the novel.

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CHAPTER V.

Retrospect. — Cultivating the Graces. — Raids in Liddesdale. — Border Ballads. — At the Bar. — The Stove School. — Dressing up a Story. — Learning German. — A Client's Advice. — O'Connell. — A Young Man's Acquirements. — Mangled French. — Brougham and Arago. — Accomplishments. — Horsemanship. — Field Sports. — Angling. — Chess. — Billiards. — A Pair of Cards.

1792.

IN the preceding pages, fully believing in Wordsworth's declaration, that "the child is father of the man," I have given details of Scott's early life, extending to the time when, on the eve of his legal majority, he entered the world of action, wearing the advocate's gown. In his case, very particularly, the transition-period of his life has to be noted. When John Home, then well advanced in years, saw him at Bath, a helpless, sickly child, he said to his aunt, who had charge of him there, "I grieve for that poor little fellow with the withered limb. What a painful sight to his anxious parents to witness a loved one so suddenly doomed to a life of inertness and mortification!" At that time, the child was only four years old: and the kind-hearted poet may have thought that the vigorous sports and exercises of boyhood were not for him; that, be his life long or short, he would probably be inactive and feeble; that for him, if he attained manhood, there would not be the smile of beauty and the tender endearments of love; that he would be a burden on his family; and that, in short, his death would be rather a relief than a deprivation. He lived to see him, through the recu-

perative power of Nature, aided by strong personal will, a living refutation of the darkly-prophetic thought; thrown by the feebleness of his body into fellowship with elder associates, in scenes peculiarly suitable for impressing the fancy, and developing the intellect; next running the gantlet, as it were, through a crowd of vigorous boys in a public school, and taking part in all their sports, invigorating, if rough; attaching many of his companions to him by that natural *bonhomie* which remained one of his leading characteristics to the last; drawing his youthful friends around him to listen to the romantic stories which he composed as he related them; again prostrated by heavy illness, and, at a time when he was forbidden to raise his voice above a whisper, literally reading through a large library; again exulting in renewed health, which this time became permanent; teaching himself modern languages which were not in his college-course; diligent, as an act of duty, in the study of the law; and at last, when he put on the *toga virilis* of the profession, starting in life, manly in mind and body, equal to any fortune, and admitted by all to be of singular promise. In fact, though I anticipate in saying so, John Home the poet, who had so pityingly regarded the afflicted, sickly child, lived to see him honored above all others in the land, not merely for the zeal and success with which he had collected, and the judgment and ability with which he had edited, the *Border Minstrelsy*, but also to witness and rejoice in the unprecedented popularity of “*The Lay of the Last Minstrel*,” and its brilliant successor, “*Marmion*.”

Some little time before his legal studies were completed, Walter Scott began to pay some attention to the graces. It was a period when a great deal was thought of dress; and, now to manhood grown, he

could not, if he would, continue the carelessness on that point which had previously been the source of some amusement to his gay companions. A lady of rank, who remembered him at fashionable gatherings in Edinburgh, described his personal appearance forty years after by the sentence, "Young Walter Scott was a comely creature."

The long vacation in the Scottish courts began the very day after Scott was called to the bar; after which, he went to his uncle at Rosebank, where promiscuous reading, on a seat which he constructed amid the branches of a large tree close to the Tweed, and occasional indulgence in coursing and shooting, occupied his time. He took courage, and attended the assize court in Roxburghshire, where he was one of the briefless. He meditated a visit to the lakes of Cumberland, but contented himself, instead, with a "raid," as he called it, into the then scarcely-explored district of Liddesdale, in company with a new acquaintance, Mr. Robert Shortreed, who, during the greater part of his subsequent life, was sheriff-substitute of Roxburgh. His wish to see the country, and to gather some of the ancient riding-ballads still remembered by descendants of the moss-troopers there. For seven successive years, — that is, up to his marriage, — Scott went into Liddesdale, where his frank manners, agreeable conversation, and facility of accommodating himself to those whom he encountered, made him always acceptable. The country was so rough, that it was only on the last of these raids (in 1799), that, for the first time, a gig was introduced; Scott using it during part of his journey. Inn or public-house there was none in that district at the time. They had to throw themselves on the hospitality, always warm, if sometimes rough, of gentle and simple, — now received in the minister's manse; anon in the farmer's homestead or the shepherd's hut.

In these excursions, Scott was picking up copious materials for "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and met many persons with such marked individuality, that by and by they glided naturally, as it were, into his prose fictions. Here, for example, was found the original of Dandie Dinmont, who is as much a gentleman in his way as the high and mighty Col. Mannering was in his. But the scenery, even more than the people, became impressed upon his mind. Liddesdale was made the scene of many an incident, romantic and familiar, in his poetry and tales. In his apprenticeship, he had thrice explored the Highlands, and also the north-eastern Scottish counties, even to the extremity of "Aberdeen awa," besides visiting Argyll and the midland counties of Perth and Stirling; but, once his own master, he devoted his leisure hours, year after year, to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the country traversed by the Tweed, — the border-lands of Scotland and England.

In November, 1792, Scott commenced practice as an advocate in Edinburgh, continuing to reside in his father's house in Queen Square. To him, always an early riser, the necessity of being in what is called "the Outer House" at nine o'clock in the morning, as if waiting to be hired, was no penalty. The young Scottish lawyer was and is expected to walk the boards of this legal gathering-place, when not joining the crowd around a great stove in the centre, every court-day, from nine until two. Hence the briefless have received the appellation of "Brethren of the Stove School." Many young gentlemen of fashion, who became advocates without intending to pursue the profession, did not object to meeting their friends in the outer hall, duly robed and wigged, passing the time in conversation, — sometimes it happened not of a very grave or elevating character.

Walter Scott was not minded thus to waste five hours daily ; though he submitted to it for a time. He devoted his available time to study, and, after two years' experience of stove-school *idlesse*, threw himself as much as possible into other pursuits. Through his father's connection, he had some professional practice, — part of it of a class not well paid ; part of it in pleading for clients who were *in formâ pauperis*, and by whom nothing was to be gained in purse, and not much in reputation. In "Redgauntlet," his graphic description of the case of poor Peter Peebles was drawn from something akin to actual experience of his own. Among his friends of the "Outer House," so long as he lounged around the Stove, he continued the story-telling which had bewitched many of them at the high school and at the university. When accused of repeating a story which one of his friends had told him a little before, and of having disguised it, he retorted, "As for his stories, I only put a cocked-hat on their heads, and stick a cane in their hands, to make them fit for going into company."

For some years after Scott became a lawyer, he was one of a class, which included many of the stove-men, for learning the German language. Henry Mackenzie, shortly before, had suggested this ; and William Erskine, then a young lawyer of considerable attainments and excellent taste, may be said to have kept Scott up to the mark. The result was, that, though he never acquired a grammatical knowledge of German, Scott soon was able to translate it with sufficient facility, and was a close and delighted student of the works of Schiller and Goethe, both of whom were then enjoying a certain fulness of fame. German books were scarce in Edinburgh at that time ; but Scott got into his possession the works, so far as they existed, of Goethe, Schiller, and Bürger.

Having little else to do, as he afterwards said, he translated right through them, not pausing to polish his versions, but putting into English a broad outline of the sense of the author. "Goetz of Berlichingen," which he translated with more care, had great influence, no doubt, in determining his mind to literary achievements. "The Tragedy of Egmont," also by Goethe, contains scenes somewhat resembling some in the romance of "Kenilworth."

There are memories of Scott's practice at the assizes in the country circuit. On one occasion, having defended to the best of his ability a notorious house-breaker whom no skill could save, the culprit expressed a desire to see his advocate before he quitted Jedburgh. They were left alone in the condemned cell, when the appropriator of others' property said, "I am very sorry, sir, that I have no fee to offer you: so let me beg your acceptance of two bits of advice, which may be useful, perhaps, when you come to have a house of your own. I am done with practice, you see; and here is my legacy: Never keep a large watchdog out of doors, — we can always silence them cheaply; indeed, if it be a *dog*, 'tis easier than whistling, — but tie a little tight yelping terrier within. And, secondly, put no trust in nice, clever, gimcrack locks: the only thing that bothers us is a huge, old, heavy one, — no matter how simple the construction; and, the ruder and rustier the key, so much the better for the housekeeper." This reminds one of the advice given to O'Connell, the Irish lawyer, by a grateful cattle-thief whom he had saved from the gallows: "If ever *you* want to steal a cow, Mr. O'Connell, go into the field of a wet night, when the cattle crowd under the hedge: take the beast that is farthest from the hedge, because that one is sure to be the fattest." Experience, perhaps, had told him this.

In 1794, though "no orator, as Brutus is," Scott, who now had ranged himself in politics on the Tory side, spoke twice in his debating club strongly against the principles of the French Revolution, which then were causing considerable alarm among a large class of the Scottish population. In consequence of this alarm, it was proposed to raise a regiment of volunteers, in which Scott's younger brother Thomas, as became his stature and strength, became one of the grenadier company, while his own lameness excluded him from the corps. However, he suggested the formation of a cavalry company, which was accepted by the government, and embodied early in 1797, when a French invasion was expected; and he had the satisfaction of being elected paymaster, quartermaster, and secretary. He had a firm seat on horseback, and was a fearless as well as a skilful rider, and perhaps was the best trooper in the corps.

Before his volunteering, Scott had made his first public essay in authorship.

When he quitted the university, in his sixteenth year, Scott had read more in the English language than most men usually get through during a long life. His reading had been desultory, wholly without the discipline of proper direction; but it had filled his mind with miscellaneous information, and he retained it by means of an unusually tenacious memory. He was a reasonably good Latin scholar; had no liking for, and the scantiest knowledge of, Greek; wrote and read French with ease, though he pronounced it oddly, and spoke it without much regard to grammatical construction or idiomatic expression; and had taught himself Italian, so that he could convert Ariosto and Dante very fluently into his mother-tongue. After he was called to the bar, he learned German, as we have seen. In a letter from Scott to Wilhelm Grimm in 1814, there is this postscript: "I read

the German language with facility, as you are so good as to use the Latin characters; but I dare not attempt to write it." Mr. Lockhart informs us that Scott also was a fair Spanish scholar, able to read and enjoy "Don Quixote" in the original, — an accomplishment which would have recommended him to Lord Chesterfield.

Of Scott's inability to speak French with fluency, an illustration is given by his son-in-law, who says that some of the courtiers of Charles X. visited Abbotsford after that unfortunate prince had been compelled, in 1830, to seek, a second time, an asylum in Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh. As one or two of his guests did not understand English, Scott made an effort to converse with them in their own language after the champagne and burgundy had been passing briskly around the table. Next morning, Lockhart was amused with the expression of one of the party, who, alluding to the class of reading (the ancient chronicles) with which Sir Walter seemed to have chiefly occupied himself, said, "Mon Dieu! comme il estropiait, entre deux vins, le François du bon Sire de Joinville!" They *had* cause to wonder at the manner in which the author of "Quentin Durward" had mangled (*estropiait*) the stately French of De Joinville, who wrote and fought six hundred years ago.

This anecdote reminds me of an incident, which I now print for the first time, of which Lord Brougham, who was Scott's fellow-townsmen, is the hero. In or about the year 1849, his lordship, who long had been a member of the Institute of France, read a paper, on the flexion and deflexion of light, before that learned body in Paris. Fifty years before, he had distinguished himself by philosophical researches upon the same subject. He read his essay, written in French, with considerable ease, every now and

then extemporizing short additional notes and comments. Next morning, a gentleman, who frequently gave clerical assistance to the veteran ex-chancellor, went, a little before the appointed time, to the residence of M. Arago, a man of note in Paris at that time, who had also invited the English noble to a *déjeuner*. After examining the documents which he had desired to see, the stranger took the liberty of saying, "May I ask what sort of French did you hear last night? Lord Brougham piques himself on speaking at least as well as a Parisian." M. Arago paused for a little space, and answered, "My lord speaks the French of Racine, of Corneille, I might say of Mézeray the historian. It is what one would call old-fashioned. It is so grammatical and formal, that one knows at once that it was not obtained in this generation. My Lord Brougham must have learned it from some very aged French person." This was true to the letter. After the Revolution of 1789, several of the emigrant nobility of France resolved to reside in Edinburgh, — a few, who had means, preferring it because of its select society; more, because the cheapness of living there was of importance to them. Such of the latter class as had accomplishments exercised them to obtain subsistence. A noble of the old *régime*, ancient in years, and with an enormously long pedigree as his chief remaining property, was Brougham's instructor in the popular language of Europe, and taught him the French, stately and measured, of the court and the stage during the reign of Louis XIV. When this was explained to M. Arago, he smiled in approbation of his own shrewdness, and five minutes after, when most of the guests had arrived, might be heard liberally complimenting Lord Brougham on the excellence of his composition and the purity of his pronunciation and accent; concluding with the ob-

servation; that some of the distinguished audience of the previous evening had believed with difficulty that his lordship was not a Frenchman. Scott, who had picked up, rather than learned, what French he knew, pronounced it "after the manner of Stratforde le Bow," and assuredly could never have been complimented on his Parisian or even his Provençal accent. In this respect, however, he sinned in good company: for Charles James Fox, though he wrote and spoke French with ease, insisted on giving it an English pronunciation; calling "Bordeaux" *Burdux*, for example.

Among his other accomplishments, that of dancing could not be included, of course, owing to his lameness,—a defect which Shakspeare and Byron also had. His personal activity and endurance were very great. Few places were so steep that he could not climb. He said in his final "Introduction to the Lay," that, after the improvement of his health, he had, since the incapacitating circumstance of his lameness, distinguished himself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback; having often walked thirty miles a day, and rode upwards of a hundred, without resting. He was an excellent horseman, a good judge of the "points" of a steed; and was handy enough to saddle, and even, at a pinch, to groom, the animal that had borne him. He also knew, and highly valued, a good dog; and was keen and skilful in field-sports. In his prosperity, he assembled his friends and neighbors of all degrees, once a year at least, at what was called the Abbotsford Hunt, by which the hares on the estate were very much thinned; for Lockhart writes, "We had commonly, as we returned, hares enough to supply with *soup* for a week following the wife of every farmer that attended." Scott was not a follower of Izaak Walton after his youth was over, though he relished the

enthusiasm, simplicity, and quaintness of that idyllic writer. He used to justify himself by quoting Johnson's definition of an angler, — "a stick with a worm at one end, and a fool at the other," — but would sometimes confess that he had not the patience necessary for success in that art, and, instead of watching for a *rise* or a *bite*, would let his thoughts run away with him into the realms of poetry and romance.

He was a good chess-player in his youth, but abandoned it soon after he entered the university. It was a sad waste of brains, he said; a throwing-away of time, in which a man might acquire a new language, upon a game, which, however ingenious, was only *a game*. He objected, too, to a mere amusement absorbing and perplexing the mind, which might require, not exercise, but repose. As I have already said, he preferred backgammon, which he played indifferently, but often with vociferous glee. I do not remember whether there was a billiard-table in Abbotsford; but Scott either did not or would not play. In a letter to his son Walter in 1819, soon after he had become a cornet of hussars, he said, "In every point of view, field-sports are preferable to the indoors amusement of the billiard-table, which is too often the lounging-place for idle young officers, where there is nothing to be got but a habit of throwing away time, and an acquaintance with the very worst society: I mean, at public billiard-rooms; for unquestionably the game itself is a pretty one when practised among gentlemen, and not made a constant habit of. But public billiard-tables are almost always the resort of blacklegs and sharpers, and all that numerous class whom the French call *chevaliers d'industrie*; and we, *knights of the whipping-post*." As for cards, though he certainly could play whist, which was a game much more popular "sixty years since" than now, they were never used in Abbotsford. Once, when it

was proposed to have a rubber, Scott smiled, and answered, "Certainly: have as many games as you please: here is a nice quiet table. But" (and there came a merry twinkle into his eye) "I think there was a *pair* of cards somewhere in the house four or five years ago, and not more than half of them have been lost."

CHAPTER VI.

Study of German Literature. — Bürger's "Lenore." — Taylor's and Scott's Translations. — Goethe's "Goetz." — First Love. — Pursuit. — Encouragement. — Rejection. — End of a Romance. — Caught in the Rebound. — Die Vernon at Gillsland. — The Popping-Stone. — Mystery of a Bride's Parentage. — Benedick the Married Man.

1793—1798.

IN an introduction to one of his own poems, Scott has stated with exact care the very day and year on which the literary persons of Edinburgh "were first made aware of the existence of works of genius in a language cognate with the English, and possessed of the same manly force of expression. They learned, at the same time, that the taste which dictated the German compositions was of a kind as nearly allied to the English as their own language." Upon the 21st April, 1788, when Scott was in his seventeenth year, Henry Mackenzie read in Edinburgh, to the Royal Society, an essay on German literature, which produced a powerful effect. The majority of his auditors, with minds highly cultivated, then first heard something of the productions of Lessing, Klopstock, Schiller, and other German poets of eminence. They had probably read a translation of "The Sorrows of Werther" (a sentimental novel founded on Goethe's own love for a betrothed lady, and the suicide of a young man named Jerusalem), which, being more sensational than English fiction of that period, was in every one's hands. Mackenzie's essay treated chiefly of the German drama, which chiefly consisted

of tragedies in prose until Schiller showed that blank verse was the proper medium for this kind of composition.

One effect from Mackenzie's revelation was a desire, on the part of Scott and some of his friends, to study German. Dr. Willich, a German medical gentleman then living in Edinburgh, who undertook to instruct them, soon lost his patience with Scott, who, even more than the others, desired to master the masterpieces of German literature without the trouble and delay of learning the language from the grammar. Gesner's "Death of Abel," which Scott called a pietistic story, was put into their hands, as very easy German to begin with; but they had no sympathy with the characters and incidents of that antediluvian idyl. They contrived, however, to acquire sufficient knowledge of the language to interest them in it; and, by laborious private study, most of the class became able to read Lessing, Kant, and Gerstenberg, whose tragedy of "Ugolino" is said to have inspired Schiller, Goethe, and Klinger. Scott took very kindly to the modern imaginative literature of Germany: it best suited his taste, and the language was less difficult. He translated all that he could procure of the poetry of Goethe, Schiller, and Bürger, putting them into plain English prose. Mr. Gillies says that he also dealt in this manner with some of the now-forgotten romances of Spiess, then an eminent manufacturer for the Minerva press of Germany. These translations were mere exercises; but they broke him into the manner of authorship. About this time appeared the first translation of "The Robbers" of Schiller, by Mr. Tytler; and the enthusiasm with which it was received greatly increased the general taste in Scotland for German compositions.

Scott's legal practice, whether in Edinburgh or

on circuit, was so small, as to leave him abundant time to devote himself to literature; though the opinion then prevailed, and is not yet exploded, that Law, like Art, was a jealous mistress, who' would not brook the divided attention of her votary. When a young man has nothing to do, and declines a descent into dissipation, he usually commits poetry. Thus it happened with Scott soon after he had completed his twenty-fourth year.

At that time, among the few writers in England well acquainted with German literature was William Taylor of Norwich, whose first public essay in that vast field was a vigorous rendition into English metre of Bürger's "Lenore." In the autumn of 1795, Miss Letitia Aiken, afterwards Mrs. Barbauld, visited Edinburgh, and one evening, in the family circle of Dugald Stewart, drew from her pocket-book a copy of Taylor's translation, not then in print. The original, though published twenty years, had never before been done into English. The wild character of the tale was such as struck the imagination of all who heard it, although Scott says the idea of the lady's ride behind the spectre-horseman had been long before hit upon by an English ballad-maker. Miss Aiken read the translation to the company, who were electrified by the tale. Taylor had copied the imitative harmony of the German, and described the spectral journey in language resembling that of the original. Bürger had thus painted the ghostly career : —

“ Und hurre, hurre, hop hop hop !
Ging's fort in saussendem Galopp,
Dass Ross und Reiter schnoben
Und Kies und Furken stoben ; ”

and Taylor had rendered the kindred sounds into English, thus : —

“Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
 Splash, splash, across the sea.
Hurrah! the dead can ride apace:
 Dost fear to ride with me?”

Miss Aiken would give no copy of the ballad; and when Scott, who was absent from town when she was in Edinburgh, heard of it, he found all his friends in rapture with the spirited translation which she had read to them. He was interested by their sketch of the story, and their recollection of two out of the four lines just quoted, and much desired to see the poem. A German lady, allied to him by marriage, obtained for him a copy of Bürger's works from Hamburg. The perusal of the original excited him; and he says, “When the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad metre.” This was his first attempt at verse, save his school-exercises. He adds, “I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about daybreak the next morning; by which time, the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retained in my translation the two lines which Mr. Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity.”

In the “Life and Writings of William Taylor,” by J. W. Robberds, is a letter from Miss Lucy Aiken, dated December, 1841, containing a note of what she had heard Sir Walter Scott say to Mrs. Barbauld, her sister. It reads thus: “After reminding her, that, long before the ballad was printed, she had carried it with her to Edinburgh, and read it to Mr. Dugald Stewart, he (said Scott) repeated all of it he

could remember to me; ‘and *this*, madam, *was what made me a poet*. I had several times attempted the more regular kind of poetry without success; but here was something which I thought I could do.’ ”

The person for whom Scott made his rhymed translation of “Lenore” was Miss Cranstoun, afterwards Countess of Purgstall of Styria, sister of one of his friends. She was delighted and surprised. Others thought highly of it also. In April, 1796, a few copies of the poem were printed; and in the following October it appeared in a thin quarto in company with a translation of “*Der Wilde Jäger*,” a romantic ballad, also by Bürger. This publication was principally distributed, in presentation-copies, to friends, who, in such cases, prove their regard for an author’s interests by not purchasing his work, but by kindly allowing themselves to be supplied, usually on their own earnest solicitation, at his expense.

It has been imputed to Scott that his translations were merely paraphrases of Bürger’s ballads; but “Lenore” (called “William and Helen” in Scott’s works) was given only as imitated from the German original, and “The Wild Huntsman” was similarly labelled.

The publication, though a failure in the sale, increased Scott’s prestige, and advanced his reputation among friends. He applied himself more diligently than ever to the study of the German language, and he says, “though far from being a correct scholar, became a bold and daring reader, nay, even translator, of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.” Among his manuscripts marked 1795 and 1797 were found several translations of German plays, all in prose, like the originals. To this period, too, may be referred that translation of Goethe’s well-known tragedy of “Goetz von Berlichingen of the Iron Hand”

(not published until January, 1798), and some lyrical fragments from Goethe. It was the German ballad which most interested him; and, having discovered that he had a facility for verse-making, he soon had the confidence to attempt the imitation of what he admired. Leaving him thus occupied, we must retrace his path a little to give a glimpse of the romance of his real life.

When Scott was a law-student, he made several excursions into the country north of Edinburgh. At the age of nineteen, on one of these trips, he fell in love. There is ground for believing, from references and hints in his correspondence with William Clerk, his most confidential friend, that the incident of his meeting with the fair object of his regard suggested that scene in "Redgauntlet" where the lady in the green mantle visits Alan Fairford, the young lawyer, — a character obviously drawn from Scott himself. A virtuous passion thus created, which remained in his heart through the whole of his life, protected and saved him from any low and corrupt debauchery in his most trying years of opening manhood. The lady was a baronet's only child. The acquaintance began by her being caught in a shower of rain in a churchyard in Edinburgh as the congregation were dispersing, the acceptance of a proffered umbrella, and the walk together to the fair one's residence. In one of his latest articles in "The Quarterly Review," Scott wrote, "There have been instances of love-tales being favorably received in England, when told under an umbrella, and in the middle of a shower." To return from church together had, it seems, grown into something like a custom before they met in society, Mrs. Scott being of the party. It then appeared that she and the lady's mother had been companions in their youth; though, both living secludedly, they had scarcely seen each.

other for many years; and the two matrons now renewed their former intercourse. But no acquaintance appears to have existed between the fathers of the young people until things had advanced in appearance further than met the approbation of the good clerk to the signet. He (Scott's father) did what was right. "Being aware that the young lady, who was very highly connected, had prospects of fortune far above his son's, the upright and honorable man conceived it his duty to give her parents warning, that he observed a degree of intimacy, which, if allowed to go on, might involve the parties in future pain and disappointment. He had heard his son talk of a contemplated excursion to the part of the country in which his neighbor's estates lay, and, not doubting that Walter's real object was different from that which he announced, introduced himself with a frank statement, that he wished no such affair to proceed without the express sanction of those most interested in the happiness of persons as yet too young to calculate consequences for themselves. The northern baronet had heard nothing of the young apprentice's intended excursion, and appeared to treat the whole business very lightly. He thanked Mr. Scott for his scrupulous attention, but added, that he believed he was mistaken. And this paternal interference, which Walter did not hear of till long afterwards, produced no change in his relations with the object of his growing attachment."

The acquaintance continued for several years; and Walter Scott visited her father more than once in the shooting-season at his seat in Kincardineshire,—in which, by the way, is a very ancient ruin called "Fenella's Castle," in which Kenneth III. is said to have been murdered in the tenth century. (This, most probably, supplied the title to the mischievous imp and impostor who figures in "Peveril of the

Peak.”) The young lady is said to have always treated him with particular and even delicate attention. Her mother, daughter of a countess, certainly favored his suit. Scott, with that confidingness of love which is at once foolish, natural, and irrepresible, often spoke of her, and of his hopes and fears, to his dearest friends of both sexes, who became highly interested in these love-passages. The lady, not much younger than himself, is said to have been very handsome, with blue eyes, fair complexion, and light brown hair. She was well educated, was fond of literature, played and sang well, and danced with grace and ease. In an impulsive moment in 1793, Scott, being in St. Andrew’s, — a decayed city on the eastern seaboard, in which the most ancient university in Scotland was established in 1411, — carved the name of his beloved in Runic letters on the turf beside the castle-gate; and had a heavy heart thirty-four years afterwards, when he revisited “The Silent City” (as St. Andrew’s is often called), which, however, though now decayed, at one time could boast of having the *largest* cathedral in Europe.

When the lady visited Edinburgh in the winter, she was very kind to Scott, writing him pretty non-committal letters, counselling him to be patient, for both their sakes, until time should have swept away the difficulties in their path, impressing him thereby (to use his own words) with “new admiration of her generosity and candor;” accepting from him with apparent gratification a copy of his translation of “Lenore,” richly bound and blazoned, which he presented to her; and finally almost driving him to despair, after more than seven years’ wooing, by giving her hand to another.

In October, 1796, he knew his fate. On the 19th of January, 1797, Williamina, sole child and heir, by the Lady Jane Leslie his wife, of Sir John Stuart,

baronet of Fettercairn, near the foot of the Grampians, in the maritime county of Kincardine, was married to William, eldest son of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo in Aberdeenshire, biographer of Beattie the poet. Four sons and two daughters were the fruit of this union. By the death of his father in 1806, Mr. Forbes became seventh baronet. The lady died not long after the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," having seen the man with whose affections she had trifled become the most honored in the land. Sir William Forbes, who died in October, 1828, succeeded his father as head of the greatest bank in Scotland, and, during the darkest hours of Scott's career, gave him sympathy and assistance. They were friends from youth to age; the incident in Forbes's life which had wrecked Scott's tenderest hopes never being the cause of ill feeling between them.

In November, 1827, Scott paid a visit to Lady Jane Stuart, the aged mother of his first love, who then was in Edinburgh. In his Diary he wrote, "I went to make a visit, and fairly softened myself, like an old fool, with recalling old stories, till I was fit for nothing but shedding tears and repeating verses for the whole night. This is sad work. The very grave gives up its dead; and time rolls back thirty years to add to my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow case-hardened; and, like a stag turning at bay, my naturally good temper grows fierce and dangerous. Yet what a romance to tell! — and told, I fear, it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming, and my two years of wakening, will be chronicled, doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain." Three days later he records, "At twelve o'clock, I went again to poor Lady — — — to talk over old stories. I am not clear that it is a right or healthful indulgence to be ripping up old sores; but it

seems to give her deep-rooted sorrow words, and that is a mental blood-letting. To me these things are now matter of calm and solemn recollection, never to be forgotten, yet scarce to be remembered with pain." So closed the first love of Walter Scott, — deep and unforgotten.

It has been thought that its fair object, many years afterwards, was exhibited in character and personal attractions as Matilda in "Rokeby." In a letter to Miss Edgeworth, in January, 1813, Scott says, "This much of Matilda I recollect (for that is not so easily forgotten), that she was attempted for the existing person of a lady who is now no more." The poem was written, it may be noted, very soon after Lady Forbes's death. Mr. Lockhart had no doubt that Matilda was the object of the poet's own unfortunate first love; and as little, that in the romantic generosity both of the youthful poet who fails to win her higher favor, and of his chivalrous competitor, we have before us something more than a mere shadow.

After his great heartquake, Scott threw himself more intensely than ever into literature, — perhaps to distract or divert his thoughts. His translations from Bürger were read, if not purchased. Dugald Stewart and other literary magnates took kind care to tell him how very highly they regarded them; and among the acknowledgments from the south was one of heartiest commendation, and just, but delicate criticism, from William Taylor of Norwich, — himself the first of over fifty translators of the "Lenore." By this time, too, he had resolved to collect and edit "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," — a labor of love, for which, indeed, he had long been preparing.

At this time, too (the spring of 1797), he was so fortunate as to meet Mr. Skene of Rubislaw, several years his junior, who knew German exceedingly

well from his many years' residence in Saxony, where the language is spoken in its utmost purity; and who had brought home with him a better collection of German books than Scott had been able to read. Their tastes were similar in many points, particularly in the love of letters and their love of horsemanship. Their friendship lasted through life.

In the Edinburgh Light Horse Corps, formed then, with Scott as quartermaster, the cornets were Forbes of Pitsligo (the successful wooer of Miss Stuart), and Skene of Rubislaw. The corps went through the usual cavalry drills; and the genial quartermaster, who towered over most of them in stature, and had somehow obtained the *sobriquet* of "Earl Walter," contributed by his wit and humor to keep all these gentlemen in excellent temper, both on the field (or rather the sands of Musselburgh) and at the dinner-table in quarters. There were many lawyers in this volunteer corps, who had to attend drill at five in the morning, appear in costume in court by nine, and attend to chamber-practice in the afternoon. Besides doing all this, Scott found time to continue his translation of German plays.

All this time, he was advancing very slowly in his profession. His fee-book shows that he made by his first year's practice £24. 3s.; by the second, £57. 15s.; by the third, £84. 4s.; by the fourth, £90; and in his fifth year at the bar, — that is, from November, 1796, to July, 1797, — £144. 10s., of which £50 were fees from his father's chamber.

In July, 1797, after the rising of the court of session, he went to see the lakes of Cumberland, accompanied by his second brother John, and Adam Fergusson. They explored the scenery, which was long afterwards made celebrated in "The Bridal of Triermain," and, after making the usual lake-tour, settled down for a time at Gilsland, — a small place,

with mineral waters of some repute, north-east of Carlisle, and near the Scottish border.

“The heart is caught in the rebound,” says an ancient adage; which seems to have been verified at Gilsland. Riding some miles from Gilsland, the Scotts and Fergusson one day “met a young lady taking the air on horseback, whom neither of them had previously remarked, and whose appearance instantly struck both so much, that they kept her in view until they had satisfied themselves that she, also, was one of the party at Gilsland. The same evening there was a ball, at which Capt. Scott produced himself in his regimentals; and Fergusson also thought proper to be equipped in the uniform of the Edinburgh Volunteers. There was no little rivalry among the young travellers as to who should first get presented to the unknown beauty of the morning’s ride; but, though both the gentlemen in scarlet had the advantage of being dancing-partners, their friend succeeded in handing the fair stranger to supper. And such was his first introduction to Charlotte Margaret Carpenter. Without the features of a regular beauty, she was rich in personal attractions, — ‘a form that was fashioned as light as a fay’s;’ a complexion of the clearest and lightest olive; eyes, large, deep-set, and dazzling, of the finest Italian brown; and a profusion of silken tresses, black as the raven’s wing; her address hovering between the reserve of a pretty young Englishwoman who has not mingled largely in general society, and a certain natural archness and gayety that suited well with the accompaniment of a French accent. A lovelier vision, as all who remember her in the bloom of her days have assured me, could hardly have been imagined; and from that hour the fate of the young poet was fixed.”

This beautiful and early vision of Die Vernon —

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1800
Life of a Slave

and all accounts unite in describing her as even lovely in her youth and early matronage — was daughter of M. John Charpentier of Lyons, who held a government office there (*Ecuyer du Roi*), and died at the beginning of the Revolution. She and her only brother had been educated in the Protestant faith of their mother, who succeeded in escaping with them to England, and found a friend in Arthur, second Marquis of Downshire, who had become an intimate acquaintance of M. Charpentier during his travels in France. M. Charpentier had, in his first alarm as to the coming Revolution, invested four thousand pounds in English securities, — part in a mortgage upon Lord Downshire's estates. On the mother's death, which occurred soon after her arrival in London, this nobleman took on himself the character of sole guardian to her children; and Charles Charpentier received in due time, through his interest, an appointment in the service of the East-India Company, in which he had by this time risen to the lucrative situation of commercial resident at Salem, on the Madras establishment.*

Miss Carpenter (as the name was Anglicized), who was over twenty-one at this period, was chaperoned at Gilsland by the lady, daughter of the Dean of Exeter, who had superintended her education. The young folks soon understood each other. In his very satisfactory and even necessary book, "The Lands of Scott," Mr. James F. Hunnewell, who had personally visited, and closely describes, Gilsland, says, that near the Spa, "perhaps an eighth of a mile distant, along the winding stream (crossed twice by stepping-stones), is a secluded spot, where may be found the most attractive popular antiquity of Gilsland, — a true

* Mr. Charles Charpentier remained in India until his death in 1818. He left all his property in life-rent to his sister, the capital to her children. It was this accession of wealth which induced Scott to accept a baronetcy. He allowed his sister five hundred pounds a year when Scott met her.

lover's shrine, accurately identified by tradition, and by that authority named — not in sweetest possible words — 'The Popping-Stone.' It is rather a large, flat boulder, shaped so as to give quite an endurable seat to two persons. Around it is charmingly-secluded and romantic vale-scenery, all so close, that admiring fancy and regard at once embrace the whole. While we sit upon this stone, as its worn top suggests that many others have sat, we may — best if we are the right two together — then gaze on the peaceful scene, and recalling the story of the meeting of Frank Osbaldistone and Die Vernon, and what that meeting brought, and thus thinking how near here Walter Scott met Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, we can imagine the story of our seat. From up the little valley comes the pure, brown, narrow Irthing, sweeping around a headland, and rippling and rustling musically over a stony channel, shaded by thick forests rising high along the opposite side, and, confronting these, by lofty, horizontally-stratified gray crags, or brown earth-banks relieving the rock-colors, and by close growths of trees and shrubs that crest both crags and banks. Abreast the seat, the stream, widening to a pool, smooth and mirror-like, flows slowly onward, reflecting the larches or firs, the oaks or ash-trees, above it. Below the pool, the stream bends reversely to the direction from which it first comes to sight, and thus reverses a similar view, through which, beyond a foreground strewn with flat or angular, small and large, gray stones, it disappears. And on this seat, in this fair scene, tradition tells us that Walter Scott sat beside Charlotte Margaret Carpenter when he asked her heart and hand, and when she in words joined her love and her fortunes with his, and gained both a noble and happy home, and name and place among the true 'Loves of the Poets.'"

The lovers had got their own consent; but parents

and guardian had also to agree. His father being in a very feeble state of health, Scott wrote to his mother, praising the good temper, good understanding, and religious principles, of the young lady, who, very properly, had removed from Gilsland (the future St. Ronan's Well) as soon as she had given Scott her "hand with her heart in it," — mentioning the amount of her fortune, her willingness to accommodate herself to *his* place in society, and his confidence, that, between her income and his own professional exertions, they could hold "that rank in society which my family and situation entitle me to fill." He bespoke his relations' and friends' kindness for a woman "who comes into Scotland without a single friend but myself."

A long correspondence ensued between Scott, the Marquis of Downshire, Miss Carpenter, and others. The young gentleman was at once ardent, serious, and sensible; the guardian, considerate and thoughtful. The young lady's letters are charming, *naïve*, and gently affectionate, just as a maiden might write when much in love, but a little afraid of the change she was going to make.* Lord Downshire was naturally anxious to ascertain the amount of Scott's actual income, and to have a settlement made on the lady; and it was finally arranged, that whatever provision Mr. Carpenter made for his sister was to be settled upon her and her children.

There was some demur upon the part of Scott's family, arising out of his extremely brief acquaintance with Miss Carpenter, their fear that he might have

* Here, from one of these missives, is a delightfully-coquettish paragraph, the badinage of a pretty woman, who knew her own power, and gently showed it: "Before I conclude this famous epistle, I will give you a little hint; that is, not to put so many *musts* in your letters: it is beginning *rather too soon*. And another thing is, that I take the liberty not to mind them much; but I expect you to mind me. You *must* take care of yourself; you *must* think of me, and believe me yours sincerely."

mistaken a passing caprice for the deeper feeling of love, and their ignorance of the connections and even parentage of his *fiancée*.

There naturally was anxiety and speculation as to the relations of the Marquis of Downshire, one of the highest nobles of the land, with this young lady. Scott's father, extremely ill, and sunk almost into "second childishness," was unable to make any investigation. Letters of inquiry, privately written to friends who happened to be at Gilsland Spa, elicited only the reply, that Miss Carpenter was handsome, young, and *piquante*, apparently in easy circumstances. In the first edition of the Biography by Lockhart, no allusion was made to this delicate question. In a note to the second edition, he states, alluding to "a rumor of early prevalence," that Mrs. Scott and her brother were children of Lord Downshire by Madame Charpentier. While any of Sir Walter's children survived, he had not thought it necessary to allude to this story. "There is not an expression," he says, "in the preserved correspondence between Scott, the young lady, and the marquis, that gives it a shadow of countenance. Lastly, Lady Scott always kept hanging by her bedside, and repeatedly kissed in her dying moments, a miniature of her *father*, which is now in my hands; and it is the well-painted countenance of a handsome gentleman: but I am assured the features have no resemblance to Lord Downshire or any of the Hill family." Obviously, if the rumor had been true, Scott would not have heard of it from Lord Downshire. There is a note in Mr. Gilfillan's recent Biography of Scott, which is worth notice here. After stating the usually-received account of the Carpenter family, he says, "Since writing above, we have been favored with some additional particulars of this event, which we believe are authentic. The Marquis of Downshire, going on his

travels, had a note of introduction from Mr. Bird, Dean of Carlisle, to Monsieur Carpenter of Paris. The unhappy result of the acquaintance was the elopement of Madame Carpenter, a very beautiful woman, with his lordship. The husband did nothing in the matter, except to transmit his two children, a boy and girl, to the care of his wife; and they lived for some years under her and Lord Downshire's protection. On her death, he placed the girl in a French convent for her education, and sent out the boy to a lucrative situation in India, with the stipulation that two hundred pounds of his salary should go yearly to his sister. Miss Carpenter returned to London, and was placed under the charge of Miss Nicholson, a governess. The young lady formed an attachment to a young man, whose addresses were not agreeable to his lordship. He sent her and her governess down to Mr. Bird's, at Carlisle, to keep her out of her lover's way. Mr. Bird had fixed previously to go to Gilsland; and he took Miss Carpenter and Miss Nicholson along with his family thither. They were placed, as usual, with new-comers, — at the foot of the table at the Spa; and it so happened, that a young Scotch gentleman, who had arrived later that day, was placed lower still, and thus brought into immediate contact with the Bird party. Mrs. Bird inquired at [*sic*!] him if he knew a Scotch military man of her acquaintance, Major Riddell. Scott (for it was he) knew him well. This formed instantly a link of connection: and the Birds invited him to tea with them in their own apartment; and, although his horse was ordered to the door to convey him on his journey, he at once consented. . . . The poet soon after found means to conciliate Lord Downshire to his views; and the marriage took place as related in the text. James Hogg insinuates that the marquis was Charlotte Carpenter's father." Inasmuch as Hogg never was a con-

fidant in Scott's family affairs, and was very loose in many of his statements, what *he* "insinuates" is of no account. Mr. Gilfillan, a clergyman, might have been more charitably employed than in thus raking up old slanders on the dead.

The marriage took place in St. Mary's Church (the cathedral), Carlisle, on Christmas Eve, 1797. Mrs. Walter Scott, the younger, was well received, and soon warmly appreciated, by her husband's family and friends. The bride's appearance was rather foreign, — dark brown eyes, black hair, and olive complexion, in a country of light-haired people; and, though partly educated in England, her manners (formed in France) were somewhat foreign too: she never lost the French accent in her speech. She was fond of show, and perhaps might have been more careful as to expense: but skill and judgment in house-keeping do not come by intuition; and Lockhart bears testimony to the fact, that, so long as their circumstances continued narrow, no woman could have conformed to them with more of feeling and good sense. When prosperity and honors came, she glided naturally into them, and did not affect to deny that she greatly enjoyed and valued them. Their first residence, in South Castle Street, became the resort of Scott's particular friends. Hospitality was far from costly, — on the scale which suited the position of this young couple, who did not pretend to give dinners or set evening-parties. Both of them frequently went to the theatre; * Mrs. Scott being very fond of the drama, or of the well-dressed audience,

* Sir Walter's father, a stern Presbyterian, strongly objected to theatres. According to old practice at the High School, the boys in the class of Dr. Adam, Rector of the High School, were expected to visit the theatre *en masse*, one night in each year, to obtain correct ideas of elocution! In reply to an intimation of this, the elder Scott sent three shillings to pay for his son Walter's ticket, with a curt note, that he thought the money would be much better disposed of if it had dropped into the poor's box at the kirk on the sabbath.

the lively music, the brilliant lights, the costumed performers, and the varied scenery. The society of which Scott and his lovely bride became the centre was cultivated to an eminent degree. Most of its members were of good family, station, and wealth; but they never were happier than in these early struggling, unostentatious days of friendship and affection.

An entry in Latin, made *secundum morem majorum*, in Scott's own writing, in the family Bible, records, that on the fourteenth day of October, 1798, Mrs. Scott gave birth to a boy, who died on the next day.

CHAPTER VII.

Summer Retreat at Lasswade. — Publication. — Visit to London. — The House of Aspen. — Death of Scott's Father. — Thomas Scott. — Monk Lewis. — Charles James Fox. — Origin of "The Border Minstrelsy." — Appointment as Sheriff. — Niebuhr mistakes the Man. — Octosyllabic Metre.

1799.

IT was the custom of Edinburgh lawyers, during the whole of Scott's life, to pass the vacation, from July to November, in the country, within reasonable distance of the city, for the convenience of occasional business. Railwayism has considerably extended the limits of the district thus occupied. The first summers of Scott's married life were spent in a cottage at Lasswade, a village on the Esk, six miles south-east of Edinburgh, which he occupied from 1798 to 1804 inclusive. Close to it were Melville Park, Dalkeith Palace, Roslin Castle, and Hawthornden, where Ben Jonson visited Drummond the poet. Here, within easy distance, and among Scott's immediate neighbors, were Henry Mackenzie, Lord Woodhouselee, and other dear friends.

Early in 1799, "Goetz of Berlichingen with the Iron Hand," a tragedy from the German of Goethe, by Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh, was published in London. Through the mediation of Monk Lewis, a publisher gave twenty-five guineas for the copyright, engaging to pay as much more in case of a second edition, which it did not reach until long after the copyright had expired. Well spoken of by

the critics, "Goetz" did not attract much attention. It has been thought that the death of Marmion, and Rebecca's description of the storming of Front-de-Bœuf's castle in "Ivanhoe," were suggested by recollections of passages in this drama.

Scott took his wife to London a few weeks after "Goetz" was published, and, through the introduction of Lewis, went into some fashionable and literary society; but his great delight was among the antiquities of Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London, and manuscripts of the British Museum.

On his return from London, he wrote a drama, entitled "The House of Aspen." It was founded on "Der Heilige Vehmé" ("The Secret Tribunal"), by a minor German dramatist, whose *nom de plume* was "Beit Weber." It was sent to Lewis in London, and was to have been produced at Drury-lane Theatre, with Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in the principal parts: but it was feared that an English audience would scarcely understand the German institution which pervaded the drama; and (Scott says) "there was also, according to Mr. Kemble's experienced opinion, too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of Tom Thumb, where all die on the stage." It was sold in 1828 to the proprietor of "The Keepsake," at that time a fashionable annual, literally "gleaming in crimson and gold;" and about the same time he introduced the Vehmé as part of the machinery of "Anne of Geierstein," but not very effectively.

In Lasswade, Scott soon became intimate with numerous noble and wealthy families of the neighborhood. Though not rich, he was in easy circumstances, and, even if it had been expected from him, was unable, from the limited extent of his dwelling, to respond to the stately hospitality of these magnates, each of whom, when *he* was named, might truly say, in Rosamond's words, —

"A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.
His eye begets occasion for his wit:
For every object that the one doth catch
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished:
So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Independent of the fact that Scott, himself of an ancient family, was of kin to many of the nobles and estated men between Edinburgh and the border, his profession entitled him to a place in the highest society, — just as the youngest officer in army or navy is entitled, by virtue of his commission, to be his sovereign's guest. Curran, the great orator and wit, once told the Regent of England that the profession of the law enabled him, an Irish peasant's son, to sit at the table of his prince. Scott's social relations with his aristocratic neighbors were those of complete equality. At that time he had only flirted with the Muses, and, after his father's death, laid himself out, more than before, for legal practice. He went circuit, where he had several cases, and appeared devoted to his profession. We have now to see what induced him to ingraft literature upon law; in euphemistic phrase, to marry Apollo to Themis.

Scott's return from London, in April, 1799, was hastened by his father's death. Mind and body had given way under a series of paralytic attacks, which took him off at the age of seventy. He left his family in easy rather than independent circumstances, — sufficient to make fair provision for his widow, who survived him more than twenty years, with property to be divided among his children. Long after his death, Scott characterized him as "one of the most

honest men, as well as gentlemanlike, that ever breathed." Thomas Scott, who had latterly wholly managed it, succeeded to his father's business. The agency for the Scottish property of the Marquis of Abercorn, long a liberal source of income to his father, and carrying a certain degree of position with it, was continued to him. He was social, hospitable, and genial, but did not know "how to make both ends meet" in his expenditure; and, ten years after his father's death, was in such pecuniary embarrassment, as made it prudent to withdraw from his creditors to the Isle of Man. There he obtained a commission in a local regiment, from which he was advanced into the regular army. In this, after a long service as paymaster, he rose to the rank of major. He died in Canada in 1823.

The thatched house, still called Lasswade Cottage, was small and unassuming, containing a few bedrooms, and a parlor of about twenty feet square. Attached to it were a few acres of meadow and a good garden; and it had abundant summer-shade of trees. China roses, honeysuckle, morning-glories, gay creepers, and dark ivy, covered the walls. It is some fifty feet from the road, out of the annoyance of public observation. Several years afterwards, Scott took a friend to see it, and told him, "It was our first country-house when newly married; and many a contrivance we had to make it comfortable. I made a dining-table for it with my own hands. Look at these two miserable willow-trees on either side the gate into the enclosure: they are tied together at the top to be an arch; and a cross made of two sticks over them is not yet decayed. To be sure, it is not much of a lion to show a stranger: but I wanted to see it again myself; for I assure you, that, after I had constructed it, *mamma* (Mrs. Scott) and I, both of us, thought it so fine, we turned out to

.

see it by moonlight, and walked backwards from it to the cottage-door in admiration of our own magnificence and its picturesque effect."

In Lasswade, which is believed to have been the "Ganderscleugh" of "The Tales of my Landlord," perhaps the happiest years of Scott's life were passed. In its charming seclusion he passed from obscurity to fame. Here he arranged "The Border Ballads" for the press, wrote the conclusion to "Sir Tristrem," and began "The Lay."

Towards the close of the last century, Matthew Gregory Lewis, a member of Parliament, whose father was deputy-secretary of war, and owner of considerable West-India property, had the good fortune to obtain great popularity as a writer, which has long since passed away. He was highly educated, well acquainted (even critically) with German literature, had a certain status as a man of fashion, — though his stature was almost dwarf-like, and his features at once homely and without expression, — and he was familiarly called "Monk Lewis," from a romance, entitled "The Monk," published in 1795, so prurient, and even licentious, that its author escaped prosecution by the government only on condition of recalling the work as far as he could, and omitting in subsequent editions the numerous passages justly objected to. This work had an enormous sale; and a pirated edition, containing all the objectionable parts, having been printed in Dublin, was surreptitiously and largely sold all over the British islands. Scott, who considered "The Monk" as a remarkably well-written book, condemned its leading characteristics, and was delighted with the lyrics which Lewis had introduced into the tale. He has recorded, too, that Charles James Fox "paid the unusual compliment of crossing the House of Commons, that he might congratulate the young author, whose work obtained high praise from many

other able men of that able time." Fox, who had considerable literary taste, was himself such a loose liver, that it is probable "The Monk" may have exactly suited his taste. All that can be pleaded on behalf of Lewis is, that he was only twenty when he wrote the book. He subsequently did other and better things. His "Tales of Wonder" substantially introduced Walter Scott to the English public; and his melodrama, "The Castle Spectre," is occasionally played to this day.

Scott's friend, Mr. William Erskine, being in London in the spring of 1798, became acquainted with Lewis, who had announced "Tales of Terror," afterwards published as "Tales of Wonder." Erskine showed him Scott's translations from Bürger, intimating that his friend had other specimens of German *diablerie* in his portfolio. Anxious to enlist such a promising recruit, Lewis wrote to Scott, who, sensibly awed by the literary reputation of his correspondent, sent him all the translations from German ballads which he had made. In his letter of acknowledgment, Lewis mentioned that he would soon be in Edinburgh, where he hoped to repeat his thanks in person. They met soon after; and mutual regard was the result. Scott was the senior by four years; but Lewis had the advantage of being a man of the world, with high literary reputation, ample means, and a political position. A little before this intercourse began, Scott had written two original ballads, — "Glenfinlas," a versification of an Ossianic fragment, and "The Eve of St. John," the incidents of which are entirely imaginary, though in the scenery he introduced Smallholme Tower, near Sandy-Knowe, at whose base he had read and lain and played and dreamed in childhood. These ballads, shown to the Duke of Roxburgh, procured many marks of attention and kindness, and the unlimited use of the celebrated

collection of volumes from which the Roxburgh Club derived its name. Lewis obtained permission to publish these ballads in his "Tales of Wonder," with others of less importance. Dr. John Leyden, who died young in India, — a man who never would concentrate his genius and attainments upon one object, — also contributed; and Mr. Southey, then beginning his literary career, gave "The Old Woman of Berkeley" and some other pieces. The work, from one cause or another, did not appear till 1801, and, because it contained too many pieces well known to the public (Parnell, and even Dryden, had been drawn upon to fill up), obtained, with general consent, the title of "Tales of Plunder."

Scott's acquaintance with Monk Lewis was of great advantage to him in one respect. Lewis, though an indifferent poet, knew what good poetry was, and was a martinet as to metre, rhyme, and prosody. Scott has said, "He had the finest ear for rhythm I ever met with, — finer than Byron's." He was a sharp verbal critic; weighing the different meanings of words, hunting for synonymes, searching for bad grammar, and able to justify every criticism he made. He was such a stern Rhadamanthus upon bad rhymes, that, had he lived in our time, he would doubtless have thrown one-third of our verses, careless as they too often are in that respect, into the fire. Scott, who was careless from his rapidity, and whose ear for music was not good, — though he has written exquisitely-melodious poetry, — wanted such a critic as Lewis, who, with quickness and taste, was able to justify his objections. Some of his remarks on the ballads have been printed; and their shrewdness and good sense are obvious. It was Scott's good fortune, all through his literary career, to have such a critic by his side. Lewis was the first; but from the time "The Border Minstrelsy" was passing

through the press, to the publication of "Count Robert of Paris," James Ballantyne was the critical "fidus Achates," to whose unceasing revision the poetry and prose of Scott owe a great deal of their correctness.

James Ballantyne, who had been Scott's school-mate for a time at Kelso, settled in that town, as a solicitor, in 1795. From his youth (as he was only twenty-three), and other causes, he did not obtain much business. In the year following, he undertook, on promises of support from the neighboring nobility and gentry, to establish a weekly journal, as an antidote to a paper strongly tinged with what were then called "French principles," circulating largely in Roxburghshire and the other border counties. On returning from the purchase of type in Glasgow, he met Walter Scott in the stage-coach. During the journey to Edinburgh, — now performed on the railroad within one hour, but then occupying five or six, — their acquaintance was renewed; and never again dropped. The first number of "The Kelso Mail" — a flourishing paper to this day — was published on the 30th April, 1797; and the opening editorial address, written by Ballantyne, was revised and rewritten by Scott, who frequently sent prose communications to the paper.

In the autumn of 1799, Scott made a short raid into Liddesdale, and, being on a visit of a few days to his uncle at Rosebank, was visited by Ballantyne, who begged him to write a newspaper article on some legal question of the day. Mr. Lockhart, who tells the story, says, "Scott talked of Lewis with rapture, and, after reciting some of his stanzas, said, 'I ought to apologize to you for having troubled you with any thing of my own when I had things like this for your ear.' — 'I felt at once,' says Ballantyne, 'that his own verses were far above what Lewis could

ever do; and though, when I said this, he dissented, yet he seemed pleased with the warmth of my approbation.' At parting, Scott threw out a casual observation,—that he wondered his old friend did not try to get some little bookseller's work 'to keep his types in play during the rest of the week.' Ballantyne answered, that such an idea had not before occurred to him; that he had no acquaintance with the Edinburgh 'trade;' but, if he had, his types were good, and he thought he could afford to work more cheaply than town-printers. Scott, 'with his good-humored smile,' said, 'You had better try what you can do. You have been praising my little ballads: suppose you print off a dozen copies or so of as many as will make a pamphlet, sufficient to let my Edinburgh acquaintances judge of your skill for themselves.' Ballantyne assented; and I believe exactly twelve copies of 'William and Ellen,' 'The Fire-King,' 'The Chase,' and a few more of those pieces, were thrown off accordingly, with the title (alluding to the long delay of Lewis's collection) of 'Apology for Tales of Terror: 1799.' This first specimen of a press, afterwards so celebrated, pleased Scott; and he said to Ballantyne, 'I have been for years collecting old border-ballads; and I think I could with little trouble put together such a selection from them as might make a neat little volume, to sell for four or five shillings. I will talk to some of the booksellers about it when I get to Edinburgh; and, if the thing goes on, you shall be the printer.' Ballantyne highly relished the proposal; and the result of this little experiment changed wholly the course of his worldly fortunes, as well as of his friend's."

Such, undoubtedly, was the origin of the "Border Minstrelsy," and of all that followed. Immediately after, a circumstance occurred which gave comparative independence to a man of Scott's moderate habits and desires at that time.

The office of Sheriff, which is of great antiquity, was originally the same in England and Scotland, and had high judicial functions attached to it. For a considerable time, it has been purely honorary and ministerial. It has been held by a female, and was hereditary in one family in Westmoreland until the extinction of the Earldom of Thanet in 1849. It is an office of great dignity. The appointments are made annually in England; and it often happens that some of the persons who are eligible for the office petition to be passed over, on the plea that they cannot afford the heavy expense. Refusal to serve is indictable. The actual duties are performed by an attorney, who is called the under-sheriff. In Scotland, the lord-lieutenant of each county is sheriff-principal, and, as such, ranks every man in his county. The actual duties are executed by a sheriff-depute appointed by the crown, and by a sheriff-substitute; both of whom, according to that good custom which secures the right men in the right places, retain their position for life, or during good behavior. None but a lawyer of a certain standing at the bar is eligible for either of these offices. Neither of them can practise in any cause originating in his county, — where, in fact, he is a local judge, — but may practise elsewhere. For the most part, these offices are bestowed, through political influence, upon lawyers in actual practice; the sheriff-substitute usually attending to his duty within the county; the sheriff-depute visiting it, for that purpose, only on higher occasions. Frequently the sheriff-depute is a man of letters as well as of law. Thus the late Prof. Aytoun was sheriff-depute of Orkney and Shetland; Alison, the historian, held the same office in the county of Lanark; and his successor, Henry Glasford Bell, was formerly editor of "The Edinburgh Literary Journal."

Towards the close of 1799, the office of sheriff-depute of the county of Selkirk became vacant. The third Duke of Buccleugh, with Lord Montagu, his brother, — both of whom took a great interest in Scott, — used their influence; and, other friends pressing the suit, Walter Scott was appointed on the 16th of December, 1799. The salary of three hundred pounds raised his income to over one thousand pounds a year, — a sum which, in Scotland, in that period of low prices, was equal to at least thrice the amount at the present day. The duties of the office were far from heavy, — the district, small, peaceful, and pastoral, was, in great part, the property of the Duke of Buccleugh; and Scott turned with redoubled zeal to his project of editing the ballads, many of the best of which belonged to this very district of his favorite border, — those “tales,” which, as the dedication of “*The Minstrelsy*” expresses it, had “in elder times celebrated the prowess and cheered the halls” of his noble patron’s ancestors. Her husband’s new dignity rejoiced the heart of Mrs. Scott, who, though she cared little for poetry, had a woman’s love for station and display.

To this period belongs a criticism by Niebuhr, who visited Edinburgh in 1799, and, being intimate with the Scott family, wrote to his father in Germany of “the eldest son, dull in appearance and intellect.” It has been common to apply this opinion to Sir Walter Scott (who, by the way, was then five years older than his critic), and quote it to show, that, like Sheridan and some other eminent men, Scott was a dull boy. But Niebuhr knew, not Walter Scott’s family, but that of Francis Scott, a cadet of the house of Harden (now represented by Lord Polwarth), who, having made a fortune in India, had settled in Edinburgh. Nearly thirty years after this, Niebuhr told a visitor at Bonn that he had wondered all his life

how Walter Scott could ever have become a distinguished author, and was much surprised when informed that he was entirely mistaken in the identity; for that the youth whom he had seen was only a namesake, and very distant cousin, of the great author.

At the time of Scott's appointment to the office of sheriff, he received a visit from Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart, who had just published translations of Schiller's "Fiesco" and "Don Carlos," and heard from his lips many of the then unpublished poems of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, including "The Ancient Mariner," "Love," and the never-to-be completed fragment called "Christabel." The latter, with its facile and tuneful metre, which Thomas Wharton had used before, made a great impression upon him, and led to the particular variety of rhyme and rhythm, which was so novel and attractive, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and Scott's other long poems.

CHAPTER VIII.

Origin of "The Border Minstrelsy." — Richard Heber. — John Leyden. — "Lucy's Flitting." — The Ettrick Shepherd. — George Ellis. — The Border Press. — "Sir Tristrem." — William Motherwell. — Pinkerton. — Ritson. — Bishop Percy. — Ballantyne's Removal to Edinburgh. — Visit to London. — Under the Oak in Windsor Park. — Bishop Heber. — Articles for "Edinburgh Review." — Removal to Ashestiel. — Succession to Rosebank. — Visit from Wordsworth. — "Lay of the Last Minstrel." — Melrose by Moonlight.

1800—1805.

THE publication — if such it were, when only a dozen copies were printed — of the translations and original ballads which ought to have appeared in Monk Lewis's "Tales of Terror," though primarily intended to show how well his Kelso friend, James Ballantyne, could print, appear to have awakened or confirmed in Walter Scott's mind the idea of making a selection from the border minstrelsy which he had been collecting, literally, since childhood. He wrote to Ballantyne, suggesting his migration from Kelso to Edinburgh, where he might edit and print a newspaper, and establish a monthly magazine and a Caledonian annual register; holding out the prospect of obtaining the printing of the session law-papers, and hinting, "The publication of works, whether ancient or modern, opens a third fair field for ambition." The newspaper in Kelso might be continued, and, if pecuniary assistance were required, "it might be procured, either upon terms of a share, or otherwise." Ballantyne did not then accept.

In the winter of 1800, Richard Heber, an excel-

lent scholar, but more famous as having left behind him the largest, most miscellaneous, and most valuable libraries ever collected by one man, made the acquaintance of Scott in Edinburgh; and congenial tastes drew them closely together. Through him Scott came to know John Leyden, himself a native of the border, who, with manners not only *brusque*, but *bizarre*, was an attractive companion, congenial and conversable, with boundless enthusiasm for Scottish characters of the olden time, for Scottish poetry, music, and scenery, for hard study in every department, and with an energy and perseverance which nothing could extinguish. If his pen did not tire after twelve hours' copying for Scott in the Advocates' Library, neither did he spare his horse's speed, nor his own fatigue on foot, if thereby a new old ballad was to be procured at a distance, and brought to his friend. His stores of knowledge, and even of learning, self-accumulated in a shepherd's cottage, amid penury and privation, were remarkably extensive; and his poetical feeling and taste were also very great. He knew, perhaps, more than Scott himself, about legend, tradition, and song; and had been picked up by Heber, who had made a raid on the obscure bookshop of Archibald Constable (then a young man with more energy than capital), and soon was hunting up old manuscripts for Scott. With his accustomed vigor, he threw himself into this pursuit, placed his own stores at Scott's disposal, and was a most useful assistant. His ambition was to go to the East, which Sir William Jones might be said to have conquered; but the only vacant appointment was that of assistant surgeon. In six months, he qualified himself to pass his examination as a doctor of medicine; in 1803 published a volume of poems, entitled "Scenes of Infancy;" sailed to India; raised for himself, within seven short years, the reputation of the most marvel-

lous of Oriental scholars; and died in 1811, in the midst of the proudest hopes, at the same age with Burns and Byron. In Scott's "Miscellaneous Works" is a biography of Leyden, whom he dearly loved, — at once a noble memorial and a tribute of affection.

Acknowledging the assistance that Leyden had given him in "The Border Minstrelsy," Scott added, "An interesting fragment had been obtained of an ancient historical ballad; but the remainder, to the great disturbance of the editor and his coadjutor, was not to be recovered. Two days afterwards, while the editor was sitting with some company after dinner, a sound was heard at a distance like that of the whistling of a tempest through the torn rigging of the vessel which scuds before it. The sounds increased as they approached more near; and Leyden (to the great astonishment of such of the guests as did not know him) burst into the room, chanting the desiderated ballad with the most enthusiastic gesture, and all the energy of what he used to call the *saw-tones* of his voice. It turned out that he walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed this precious remnant of antiquity."

Robert Shortreed of Jedburgh, in whose company he had traversed Liddesdale during seven successive years, was another great help in quest of the materials of legendary lore which Scott required. He was also greatly indebted to William Laidlaw, author of an exquisite homely poem, entitled "Lucy's Flitting," and to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

In the summer of 1801, in the Vale of Yarrow, Scott first saw Laidlaw, whose father, a respectable and wealthy sheep-farmer, had given him a good education. James Hogg had literally been a shepherd for ten years with Laidlaw's father. Scott's visit being expected, Laidlaw had prepared for it by writing down as many

old ballads as he could collect from the recitation of aged women in the neighborhood and the singing of the servant-lasses. Scott, then in his second year of official duty as Sheriff, held a position which the simple country-folks estimated as one of the greatest power and dignity. At Blackhouse, as the Laidlaw farm was called, Scott and Leyden were received with cordial hospitality, such as afterwards served to heighten the delightful traits of rustic character in the delineation of Dandie Dinmont's home at Charlieshope. There was a certain ballad, never put into print, named "Auld Maitland," which Laidlaw had taken down from the recitation or chanting of Hogg's uncle, who had learned it from *his* father; and there was "quite a scene" (as the saying is) when this treasure was produced. Leyden would have seized the manuscript; but Scott said gravely that *he* would read it. Instantly, both saw that it was undoubtedly ancient; and their eyes sparkled as they exchanged looks. Scott read with great fluency and emphasis. Leyden, like a roused lion, paced the room from side to side, and repeated such expressions as echoed the spirit of hatred to King Edward and the Southerners, or as otherwise struck his fancy. "I had never before seen any thing like this," said quiet Laidlaw; "and, though the Sheriff kept his feelings under, he, too, was excited, so that his *burr* became very perceptible." The party passed on to St. Mary's Lake, sent for Hogg to dine with them, had a jovial evening, and went with him to his cottage next day, where they heard his mother recite "Auld Maitland." Hence arose a friendship between Scott, Laidlaw, and Hogg, which ended but with life, — interrupted now and then by the petulance of the shepherd, as when he began a note with "Damned sir," ending it with "Believe me, sir, yours with disgust." Laidlaw, who was personally connected with Scott as grieve

(land-steward) and amanuensis, was the last person, except Lockhart, to whom he spoke, consciously, a little before his death.

About this time, Scott opened a correspondence with the venerable Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, whose "Reliques of Ancient Poetry" had deeply stirred his youthful spirit. All that he got from him was good wishes. Joseph Ritson, a noted antiquarian, critic, and collector of ancient poetry, who had bitterly assailed Bishop Percy for mutilating and modernizing the old ballads (and, it now appears, not without cause), surprised every one who was aware of his general discourtesy and asperity by opening to Scott the stores of his really valuable and extensive learning. Mr. George Ellis, a man of ample fortune, great accomplishments, and elegant taste, who had recently edited a translation of the "Faubliaux," and published "Specimens of the Early English Poets," followed in later years by "Specimens of Early English Romances in Metre," cheerfully assented to Scott's requests for advice and information, became one of his dearest friends, and introduced him to George Canning, afterwards prime-minister of England. In turn, Scott was able and willing to give assistance out of his own ample and rapidly-increasing stores of knowledge to the very persons whose help he had first requested.

The summer and autumn of 1800 and 1801 were spent in the little cottage at Lasswade. In the close of the latter year, Scott removed to the house (39 North Castle Street) which he continued to occupy until 1826. The Christmas of 1801 he passed at Hamilton Palace, the seat of the Duke of Hamilton, where a ruin on the banks of the Evan, with a legend attached, suggested the ballad of "Cadyow Castle."

Meanwhile, Ballantyne, who remained in Kelso, was proceeding with "The Minstrelsy of the Scot-

tish Border." Two volumes were published in February, 1802, and a third in the summer of 1803; and the metrical romance of "Sir Tristrem," by Thomas the Rhymer (with a conclusion by Scott), appeared in May, 1804.

Mr. William Motherwell, himself a poet of great tenderness (as witness his "Jeannie Morrison," and "My heid is like to rend, Willie"), and editor of "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," estimated that forty-three ballads were first published by Scott. The arrangement, in the later editions, was changed. The full title of the work is, "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; consisting of Historical and Romantic Ballads, collected in the Southern Counties of Scotland, with a few of Modern Date, founded upon Local Tradition." Lowndes, the bibliographer, has affirmed that many of the border-ballads in this collection first appeared in George Caw's "Poetical Museum," published at Hawick.

With all his knowledge of border ballads, Scott was repeatedly "sold" by one of his particular friends, — Mr. Robert Sartees, the historian of the County Palatine of Durham. In 1806, he received from this gentleman a professedly old ballad "On a Feud between the Ridleys and the Featherstones," which he had taken down (he said) from the recitation of an old woman on Alston Moor. Accepting it as genuine, Scott introduced a passage from it in "Marmion," and inserted the whole of it in the next edition of "The Minstrelsy." In 1807, Mr. Sartees sent a ballad entitled "Lord Ewrie," adding several historical notes; and Scott also accepted and published that. In 1809 came a ballad entitled "Barthram's Dirge," composed by Mr. Sartees as the others had been, and also published by Scott. This triple fraud was perpetrated by Scott's "own familiar friend," who, no doubt, would have been angry if

any one had questioned his being a man of honor ! Sir Walter never was aware of this impudent imposition, which did not become generally known until after Mr. Sartees' death, early in 1834. Some other ballads in "The Border Minstrelsy" may not be more ancient than these.

Ballantyne, though not a practical printer, had a good eye for typography, and was unsurpassed as a *reader*, which, in his case, included revision of the manuscript, and correction of the press. He purchased new and handsome type for "The Minstrelsy," and had it carefully printed on paper much better than was usual at that time. Scott says, "When the book came out, the imprint, Kelso, was read with wonder by amateurs of typography, who had never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the example of handsome printing which so obscure a town had produced." In the course of the year, eight hundred copies, of which fifty were on large paper, were disposed of; and Scott's share, on half-profits, brought him in £78. 10s. Subsequently, for the copyright of the whole work, he received five hundred pounds.

Independent of the fact that most of the ballads were new to the public, and that the text of the rest had been carefully revised and corrected, the graceful and intelligent prose interspersed throughout, rich with curious learning, and enlivened by many a pleasant traditionary anecdote, served to constitute the whole as a most agreeable *mélange*. In the notes to these collections, and to Scott's subsequent long narrative poems, will be found the germs of several of the Waverley novels, — incidents, traditions, glimpses of historical characters. Curious inquirers in after-days, who remembered these notes, had no difficulty in deciding who "the Great Unknown" really was.

Among the embellishments of the first series of "The Minstrelsy" was a view of Hermitage Castle, the history of which is thus told by Lockhart: "Scott executed a rough sketch of it during the last of his 'Liddesdale raids' with Shortreed, standing for that purpose, for an hour or more, up to his middle in the snow. Nothing can be ruder than the performance, which I have now before me: but his friend William Clerk made a better drawing from it; and from his a third and further-improved copy was done by Hugh Williams, the elegant artist, afterwards known as 'Greek Williams.' Scott used to say the oddest thing of all was, that the engraving, founded on the labors of three draughtsmen, — one of whom could not draw a straight line, and the two others had never seen the place meant to be represented, — was, nevertheless, pronounced by the natives of Liddesdale to give a very fair notion of the ruins of Hermitage."

The reception of "The Minstrelsy" in Scotland was very favorable. Praise from persons whose eulogy was valuable poured in from England. George Ellis, a laborer in a similar field, praised the literary and typographic execution. The Duke of Roxburgh gave hearty commendation from himself, as well as from Earl Spencer, a literary connoisseur, who was also a book-collector of high repute. Alexander Chalmers approved. Joseph Ritson, so difficult to be pleased, wrote that he looked on his presentation-copy as "the most valuable literary treasure in his possession." Anna Seward sent her gentle congratulations. And, to crown all, John Pinkerton, who, twenty years before, had published a collection of "Scottish Ballads, Tragic and Comic," and tried to pass off some of his own compositions as ancient, sent a message, that Scott had done a good work honestly and well.

Ballantyne, who had gone to no small expense to acquire a character of elegant printing at what he now called the Border Press, did remove to Edinburgh about the end of 1802, putting up his press in the precincts of Holyrood House. He soon got employment; and one of the first works which passed through his hands about this time was one of Ritson's, which nearly broke the hearts of compositors, readers, and publisher, by its author's persistency in spelling according to the pronunciation.

Having dismissed "The Minstrelsy" and "Sir Tristrem" from his hands, and now more of an author than before, —

" 'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's self in print," —

Scott seriously thought of writing an original poem of considerable length. In the winter of 1802, he mentions, in a letter to Ellis, "a long poem of my own. It will be a kind of romance of border chivalry, in a light-horseman sort of stanza." In another letter (January, 1803) he wrote, "I have called it 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and put it into the mouth of an old bard, who is supposed to have survived all his brethren, and to have lived down to 1690."

In April, 1803, after the second edition of "The Minstrelsy," Walter Scott and wife again went to London, reporting thence that the fine printing had given the work some *éclat* even there. His headquarters were in Piccadilly, under the roof of Mr. Charles Dumergue, surgeon-dentist to the royal family, who had been acquainted with Mrs. Scott's parents in France, and had warmly befriended her mother on her first arrival in England. Here, until his eldest daughter was established in London, he always lodged. He had a warm reception. Heber and Mackintosh, Rogers and William Stuart Rose,

with other men of literary eminence, welcomed him. He worked hard in the Duke of Roxburgh's library, making extracts from the manuscripts therein for notes to "Sir Tristrem;" and the collection of Mr. Francis Douce, the antiquary, was also placed at his command. After this, he spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis at Sunninghill, and, under an old oak in Windsor Park, read to these friends and his wife the first two or three cantos of "The Lay." From London to Oxford in company with Richard Heber, where Scott first saw his friend's brother Reginald, then only twenty years old, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, who had just been successful writer of the university prize-poem for the year, and read to Scott at breakfast, in Brazen-nose College, the manuscript of his "Palestine." Scott observed, that, in the verses on Solomon's Temple, one striking circumstance had escaped him; namely, that no tools were used in its erection. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines:—

"No hammer fell; no ponderous axes rung:
Like some tall palm, the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence," &c.

After a week at Oxford, which some one has happily entitled the land-Venice, Mr. Scott returned to Edinburgh in the middle of May; writing to Ellis, that he "should have been enchanted to have spent a couple of months among the curious libraries" of Oxford. Soon after his return, he wrote his first article for "The Edinburgh Review," which had been established in October, 1802, on the suggestion of Sydney Smith, under the editorship of Francis Jeffrey, with assistance from Henry Brougham, Francis Homer, and other young men of talent. Scott's

critique was upon Southey's "Amadis of Gaul." In the same number he reviewed four other works, including his friend Ellis's "Ancient English Poetry." He was a very gentle critic, little addicted to fault-finding, mild in his expression of disapprobation, never very analytic, and generally embroidering the subject, whatever it might be, with lively anecdotic illustration. Altogether, in 1803-6, he wrote fourteen articles for "The Edinburgh Review."

Lord Napier, then lord-lieutenant of Selkirkshire, regretted that Scott's active service in the Edinburgh Lighthouse Corps, and his non-residence within the limits of his shrievalty, had prevented his attendance at some county-meetings held to organize volunteer companies of Ettrick Forest; a French invasion being then anticipated. He declined giving up his military duties in Edinburgh, but resolved to obey the law, which required the sheriff to reside within his own jurisdiction at least four months in the year. This induced him to leave Lasswade, and remove to Ashestiel, the property of his cousin, who was in India. He leased the house and grounds on the bank of the Tweed, with a small farm; and changed his residence thither in June, 1804. In the same month, he succeeded, by the death of his uncle, Capt. Thomas Scott, to the villa of Rosebank, near Kelso, lower down on the Tweed, with thirty acres of some of the finest land in Scotland. It was at an inconvenient distance for the legatee, who declared he would dispose of it, "buy a mountain-farm with the purchase-money, and be quite the laird of the cairn and the scaur." The property sold, that year, for five thousand pounds; and Scott also inherited six hundred pounds more from his uncle's estate. The interest, independent of any proceeds from literary labor, raised his income to considerably above a thousand pounds a year. Mrs. Scott, before this,

had the satisfaction of riding in her own carriage (the original, modest proposal had been to pay some thirty guineas for a second-hand landau from London); and her husband had already resolved to purchase land, and, if necessary, build a cottage upon it. We shall see, by and by, how the farm became a large estate, and the cottage a castle.

Wordsworth the poet, and his sister, returning from a tour through the Highlands, paid Scott a visit at Lasswade in the autumn of 1803. At no time was the English poet much pleased with the song of the Scottish minstrel; but, when he heard the first four cantos of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," — partly read, and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant, — the novelty of the manners, the clear, picturesque description, and the easy, glowing energy of much of the verse, greatly delighted him. Together they visited Roslin Chapel with its beautiful architecture, and Melrose with the still lovelier aspect of romantic ruin. Together they traversed much of the border-land, which Scott knew and loved so well. According to Lockhart, the impression on Mr. Wordsworth's mind was, that, on the whole, he attached much less importance to his literary labors or reputation than to his bodily sports, exercises, and social amusements: and yet he spoke of his profession as if he had already given up almost all hope of rising by it; and, some allusion being made to its profits, observed, that "he was sure he could, if he chose, get more money than he should ever wish to have from the booksellers."

The imitations in "The Minstrelsy" set James Hogg to follow in the same path. It is an old story, that when in Edinburgh, being invited to dine with William Laidlaw at Scott's, he made himself very much at home, reclined at full-length on a sofa, in imita-

tion of Mrs. Scott, who, being something of an invalid at the time, found it necessary thus to repose ; became more than genial under the influence of the sheriff's hospitality, until, from "Mr. Scott," he familiarly advanced to "Sherra," and thence to "Scott," "Walter," and "Wattie," until at supper he fairly convulsed the whole party by addressing Mrs. Scott as "Charlotte."

Constable was induced to publish Hogg's verses, entitled "The Mountain Bard ;" and the book obtained considerable reputation for the shepherd when it became known that his school-education had not extended over six months, nor cost more than two or three shillings. At the age of seven, he had begun to herd cattle. At fourteen, he was advanced to the dignity of assistant-shepherd. He taught himself to play the violin, and to compose songs long before he could write them upon the slate ; and not until he was eighteen did he obtain the perusal of any book except the Bible. Next he met with "The Life of Sir William Wallace," and Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," and now and then saw a newspaper. From his eighteenth to his twenty-eighth year he was shepherd to William Laidlaw's father, who enabled him to remedy the defects of his very defective education. After the death of Robert Burns, he first heard of that poet ; first heard "Tam O'Shanter" repeated, and was delighted with it. The publication of "The Mountain Bard" produced him a profit of nearly three hundred pounds, — an immense sum to him, which he soon lost by sheep-farming on his own account.

Apropos of poetry, only a hundred and fifty copies of "Sir Tristrem" were published by Mr. Constable of Edinburgh, as the first edition, in May, 1804. To cover cost, the price was two guineas, being the first

experiment of that costly sort. Subsequent editions in 1806 and 1811 were respectively seven hundred and fifty and a thousand.

Ashestiel, to which the Scotts removed, was a residence not extensive, but considerably larger than the cottage at Lasswade, as required by an increasing family: for there now were three children, — viz., Charlotte Sophia, afterwards Mrs. Lockhart, born on Nov. 15, 1799; Walter, on Oct. 28, 1801; and Anne, on Feb. 2, 1803. Charles, the youngest and last, was born on Christmas Eve, 1805. Scott wrote to Ellis that his new residence was totally built in by mountains; that he was seven miles from kirk and market; that he killed his own mutton and poultry; and, to prevent the chance of his family turning pagan, had adopted the goodly practice of reading prayers every Sunday to his household. His father was a Presbyterian; but Walter Scott was a member of the Scottish-Episcopal Church. He had an idea, not responded to by Hogg, of placing him as manager of the farm, but installed in his place Thomas Purdie, originally brought before him, in his capacity of sheriff, on a charge of poaching; taken into employment, first as shepherd, and finally as grieve, or factotum, and proving himself true and trusty until death. Scott drove their little phaeton so clumsily as more than once to put his wife in danger of an overturn; and Tom Purdie's brother-in-law, Peter Mathieson, was made coachman, and, soon after, was the proud driver of the close carriage which Scott was persuaded to set up.

Late in 1804, "The Lay" was in the hands of James Ballantyne, to whom, on his advent to Edinburgh, a considerable sum of money had been lent by Scott to enable him to commence business there. He possessed considerable literary abilities. Scott

intrusted to him a close inquisition as to inaccuracies of composition, meaning, and spelling, in manuscript and proof-sheets ; and his efficiency in that respect was great. His judgment on other men's style was excellent ; and, with great intrepidity, he arraigned, not merely Scott's halting metre and careless rhymes, but what he considered to be errors of sense, sentiment, or expression. Scott usually adopted most of his shrewd suggestions. When in doubt, he referred to his friend William Erskine, whose high culture and exquisite taste were all that could be required. From this time to the close of his literary career, James Ballantyne rigidly exercised this critical vigilance over Walter Scott's works. The advantage to the author—who wrote very carelessly and hurriedly, usually sending his manuscript to the printer without reading it over—of the assistance thus rendered by James Ballantyne was indispensable and important.

In the first week of January, 1805, "The Lay" was published ; and, as Mr. Lockhart truly says, its success at once decided that literature should form the main business of Scott's life. In his original announcement to his friend Ellis, Walter Scott had spoken of this poem as being "in a light-horseman sort of stanza." Mr. Lockhart thinks that this description was suggested by the circumstances under which it was written. Scott "has told us, in his Introduction of 1830, that the poem originated in a request of the young and lovely Countess of Dalkeith [afterwards Duchess of Buccleugh, who died suddenly in 1814], that he would write a ballad on the legend of Gilpin Horner ; that he began it at Lasswade, and read the opening stanzas, as soon as they were written, to his friends Erskine and Cranstoun ; that their reception of these was apparently so cold as to dis-

courage him, and disgust him with what he had done; but that — finding, a few days afterwards, that the stanzas had, nevertheless, excited their curiosity, and haunted their memory — he was encouraged to resume the undertaking. While the troop were on permanent duty at Musselburgh, in the autumnal recess of 1802, the quartermaster, during a charge on Portobello sands, received a kick of a horse, which confined him for three days to his lodgings. Mr. Skene found him busy with his pen; and he produced, before these three days expired, the first canto of 'The Lay,' very nearly, if his friend's memory may be trusted, in the state in which it was ultimately published. That the whole poem was sketched and filled in with extraordinary rapidity, there can be no difficulty in believing. He himself says (in the Introduction of 1830), that, after he had once got fairly into the vein, it proceeded at the rate of about a canto in a week. 'The Lay,' however, like 'The Tristrem,' soon outgrew the dimensions which he had originally contemplated. The design of including it in the third volume of 'The Minstrelsy' was, of course, abandoned; and it did not appear until nearly three years after that fortunate mishap on the beach of Portobello."

Gilpin Horner, the dwarf, was no very poetical personage. He came, he made mischief, and he vanished. Scott probably thought, that, of the ordinary ballad metre, enough, and more than enough, had lately been placed before the public. The variety of diction and rhyme which had charmed him in Coleridge's unpublished "Christabel" had infused its music into his memory; and he resolved to employ that. At the first request of Lady Dalkeith, — of fair dame to minstrel, — perhaps he thought a single scene in Branksome Tower, disturbed by a mischievous imp, might answer; but, writing as it were to

the sound of the bugle, there may have arisen the purpose of reviving the hurry and scurry of the old border-life, when men passed half their time on horseback, and were familiar with peril and adventure; and the editor of "The Minstrelsy," whose mind was filled with the romantic records of that time and life, could have had no difficulty in rushing such a story on. To avoid tediousness, the natural division into cantos would suggest itself. Lastly came the idea of setting this picture of border-chivalry in an introduction, which should have for its own hero the venerable Latest Minstrel.

The measure of "Christabel" was adopted, because the singularly irregular structure of the stanzas, and the liberty which it allowed the author to adapt the sound to the sense, seemed exactly suited to such an extravagant story as he had to tell. "As applied to comic and humorous poetry, this mescolanza of measures had been already applied by Anthony Hall, Anstey, Dr. Wolcott, and others; but it was in 'Christabel,'" Scott said, "that I first found it used in serious poetry." He believed that the attempt to return to a more simple and natural style of poetry was likely to be welcomed at a time when the public had become tired of heroic hexameters, with all the buckram and binding which belong to them of later days.

The scene was familiar to him from youth. The tale was supposed to be related to the Duchess of Buccleugh, representative of the ancient lords of Buccleugh, and widow of the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, who was consigned to the scaffold in 1685. The time occupied by the action was three nights and three days; and the poem was put into the mouth of an ancient minstrel,—last of the race,—soon after the Revolution of 1688. Newark Castle, in which the minstrel sang, stood upon the banks of

the Yarrow, three miles from Selkirk, and had been the residence of the widowed duchess; and Branksome Tower, on the Teviot, near Hawick, was the principal seat of the Buccleugh family while security was any object in their choice of a mansion. Lord Cranstoun's "goblin page" was the Gilpin Horner of the legend, firmly believed by many in the borderland, which the Countess of Dalkeith suggested to Scott as the subject of a ballad. The boldest incident in the poem is the opening of the grave of the wizard Michael Scott by William of Deloraine, who took therefrom the magician's Book of Might, which the Ladye of Branksome Tower, herself a dabbler in theurgy, desired to consult. The combat between Lord Cranstoun and the trooper, in which the latter is wounded; the finding of the book by the goblin page, who reads sufficient of it to show him how to

"Make a ladye seem a knight,
And youth seem age, and age seem youth;"

his own transformation into the similitude of young Buccleugh, at Branksome, while the boy is really a prisoner in the hands of English Lord Dacre; the feuds between the Scots and the English, — are related with freshness and vigor; and the loves of Cranstoun and fair Margaret Scott are brought before the reader with a tenderness, which, at times, is almost pathetic. Scott's own lost love is said to have been described in Margaret. The evanishment of the goblin page and the apparition of the dead wizard are powerful and effective descriptions; and the climax, ending with the pilgrimage to Melrose Abbey, and solemn chant, "*Dies iræ, dies illa,*" form a conclusion at once imposing, new, and characteristic of the era of the legend.

The poetical introductions to each canto, with the minstrel's closing days, cheered by the bounty of Her of Buccleugh, constitute a charming feature of this poem. The diffidence of the wandering harper after he enters Newark Castle, his renewed confidence, which induces him to intimate, that,

“ Would the noble Duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear,”

is natural. And then follow perhaps the most expressive lines that Scott ever wrote : —

“ The humble boon was soon obtained :
The Aged Minstrel audience gained.
But when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied :
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
*His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please ;*
And scenes long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain :
He tried to tune his harp in vain.

The pitying Duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls.
He had played to King Charles the Good
When he kept court in Holyrood ;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
 And an uncertain warbling made;
 And oft he shook his hoary head.
*But, when he caught the measure wild,
 The old man raised his face, and smiled;
 And lightened up his faded eye
 With all a poet's ecstasy.*
*In varying cadence, soft or strong,
 He swept the sounding chords along:*
*The present scene, the future lot,
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot;
 Cold diffidence and age's frost*
 In the full tide of song were lost;
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,
 The poet's glowing thought supplied:
 And, while his heart responsive rung,
 'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung."

It would be difficult to match the truth of the couplets I have put in Italics; and the concluding paragraph is as exquisite a bit of word-painting as can be found in the whole range of modern poetry.

The opening of the third canto contains a passage much quoted formerly:—

"In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
 In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
 In halls, in gay attire is seen;
 In hamlets, dances on the green:
 Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
 And men below, and saints above;
 For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

The fifth canto opens with the touching lines:—

"Call it not vain: they do not err,
 Who say, that, when the poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies," &c.

And the commencement of the last canto, oft quoted though it be, is worthy of the highest praise. The first lines are, —

“Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
‘This is my own, my native land!’”

And not the imaginary minstrel of the romance, but the Poet, in his own person, speaks in the next stanza : —

“O Caledonia ! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child,
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand
Can e’er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand ?
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;
And thus I love thee better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow’s streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way ;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek ;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten, and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.”

Among the most admired, most quoted passages in this poem is the description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight. It is put into the mouth of the Wandering Minstrel, in the opening of the second canto, and reads thus : —

“If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight ;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;

When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower ;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave, —
Then go, — but go alone the while, —
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair."

There are two rather amusing anecdotes connected with these lines. The first I give on the authority of Miss Edgeworth, who declared, that in 1823, while she was visiting Scott at Abbotsford, she proposed, one moonlight night, that he should take her to see Melrose, quoting his own lines : —

"If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Scott readily assented, saying, "*By all means let us go ; for I myself have never seen Melrose by moonlight.*"

In one of his letters to Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, published in his Biography by Lucy Barton, his daughter, in 1856, Scott frankly confessed that he drew solely on his imagination for the picture ; not having seen Melrose, except in daylight, until many years after "*The Lay*" was written.

On another occasion, when a lady asked him to copy the lines into her album, he complied with his usual good nature ; but instead of the usual ending, —

"Then go, — but go alone the while, —
Then view St. David's ruined pile ;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair," —

the poet penned this variation, which was at once true and new : —

“ Then go, and meditate with awe
On scenes the author never saw ;
Who never wandered by the moon
To see what could be seen by noon.”

CHAPTER IX.

Reception of "The Lay." — Jeffrey, Thomas Campbell, Miss Seward, Wordsworth, Southey. — Fox and Pitt. — Partnership with Ballantyne. — Home Habits. — "Waverley" begun. — Helvellyn. — Rumor of Invasion. — Clerk of Session. — A Lion in London. — J. H. Frere, Canning, and Joanna Baillie. — "The Melville Ballad." — "Marmion." — The Introductions. — Tributes to Pitt and Fox. — "Rejected Addresses." — The Trial Scene. — Jeffrey's Critique. — Philip Freneau. — Edition of Dryden. — Morritt of Rokeby. — At Home.

1805—1808.

"THE Lay of the Last Minstrel" excited more attention, and won more admiration, than perhaps any narrative poem produced in England up to that time. It had been submitted in manuscript to Mr. Jeffrey, who graciously put his *imprimatur* upon it, and very warmly praised it in "The Edinburgh Review," No. VI. The introductory and concluding lines of each canto, the *setting*, as it were, were commended as being "in the very first rank of poetical excellence." The poem, as a whole, was greatly commended; but the Goblin Page was set down as its "capital deformity." Thomas Campbell, who had known Scott some years before in Edinburgh, and was indebted to him for kindness when he published "The Pleasures of Hope" at the age of twenty, had seen some of the more striking passages of "The Lay" in manuscript, and predicted its unbounded success. Miss Seward, a great authority at that time, praised it warmly; and Scott finally confessed to her that the dwarf page was an excres-

cence. Ellis and Frere, very competent southern critics, united in complaining that Jeffrey had not praised it sufficiently. Wordsworth condescended to commend it generally, with the reservation that it was written against *his* views of poetry ; and Southey, though warmer, seemed scarcely better satisfied, — so different was the rapid rush of the narrative from the heavy blank-verse march of “Joan of Arc” and the measured rhythm of “Thalaba.” The leading reviews rivalled Jeffrey in giving it high praise. Charles James Fox, a scholar who sometimes snatched a few hours for literature from his politics and pleasures, declared his satisfaction with the poem, though he protested against the eulogy upon Claverhouse. Last of all, William Pitt found or made time to read it, and at dinner with Dundas, Scott’s early friend, repeated the lines quoted in the preceding chapter, describing the minstrel’s embarrassment when asked to play ; saying, “This is a sort of thing which I might have expected in painting, but could never have fancied capable of being given in poetry.” He made inquiries as to the author’s position in life, and said to Dundas, who then regulated promotions and appointments in Scotland, “He can’t remain as he is : look to it.” The result was very favorable, shortly after, for the poet.

The first edition of “The Lay” was, to the number of seven hundred and fifty copies in quarto, immediately exhausted, and succeeded by sixteen thousand five hundred copies up to 1812, exclusive of another quarto edition of three thousand within these seven years. Before 1830, nearly forty-four thousand copies had circulated. This is nothing like the sale of some American publications : but the Americans are a nation of readers so numerous, that publishers can afford to supply their wants at low prices ; whereas the English, at the time in question, had to give

from two guineas to twelve shillings for a single poem. "The Lay," on half profits, gave Scott a payment of £69. 6s.; but, when a second edition was immediately called for, the publishers gave him five hundred pounds for the copyright, to which they added a hundred pounds subsequently. The whole profits of the author, then, were six hundred and sixty-nine pounds, — the largest amount, up to that time, ever paid for one poem in the English language.

There arose a demand for this money, and more. Ballantyne asked the loan of a considerable sum to enable him to carry on his printing-office; and Scott offered to make the required advance on condition that he was admitted to one-third share of the business. The amount, I believe, was five thousand pounds. A very unfortunate measure this partnership was, — on one hand, involving a heavy mental and pecuniary responsibility; on the other, initiating him into the facile process of putting the future in pawn, by raising money on notes, not merely "for value received," but for works not written, — works which were not yet even in the author's mind. After the publication of "The Lay," it would have been easy for Scott to have given up the practice of the law (which in his best year had yielded only two hundred pounds), and settle down in the country, with a thousand pounds a year from official income and personal resources, with the certainty, if he pleased, of making a large additional sum by very moderate exercise of his pen. His very success in literature was against him at the bar, where he was eclipsed by patient plodders, as well as by men of ability: so he resolved to leave the bar when circumstances would permit.

After this first great success, "I determined," he said, "that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch; and that the profits of my literary labor, however convenient otherwise, should not, if I could

help it, become necessary to my ordinary expenses." He resolved, that, without shutting his ears to true criticism, he would pay no attention to that which assumed the form of satire. The result was, he never was involved in a literary quarrel or controversy, and succeeded in gaining and retaining the personal friendship of his most approved contemporaries.

He kept concealed from all his friends, except Mr. Erskine, that he had embarked in the printing concern of James Ballantyne & Co., — partly, it may be, because, as his phrenological friend, Mr. George Combe, would have said, of a strong cranial development of the organ of secretiveness; but chiefly, I suspect, because it was considered unprofessional for a lawyer also to be a trader. The concealment gave him great advantages *as a trader*. He made a rule, that whatever he wrote or edited should be printed at the Ballantyne press; and it came to be understood that *his* co-operation in any literary scheme was contingent on this rule being rigidly observed. He suggested a variety of publications to his friends of "the trade" in London, among which was a complete edition of all the British poets, ancient and modern, — "at least a hundred volumes, to be published at the rate of ten a year," — an idea originating with Thomas Campbell, out of which came the "Specimens of English Poetry," illustrated with biographical and critical essays, by the Bard of Hope, and an edition and biography of Dryden, in eighteen volumes, by Scott. He was willing to edit what he called a "*Corpus Historiarum*," or full edition of the Chronicles of England, an immense work, beginning with Holinshed, for a small compensation, provided the printing was given to Ballantyne & Co. In short, he was keen after business. Fresh funds being required, he obtained the money, as if for Ballantyne individually, from Forbes's bank.

In 1805 he began, with the view of publishing it before Christmas, a Scottish novel, entitled "Waverley." When he reached the seventh chapter, he showed the work to a critical friend (William Erskine), whose opinion was unfavorable; and, being unwilling to risk the reputation he had gained by "The Lay," he put the unfinished sheets away. They did not turn up again for some years; after which, it must be confessed, the world heard of them.

Scott now was settled in Ashestiel. His friend Skene, who visited him there, discovered, that whereas his practice had been to work at his writing-table for some hours after he was supposed to have retired to bed, now, warned by his physicians, and resolved not to relinquish his habits of industry, he rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one (this was to spare a servant's labor), made his toilet with great deliberation (for he was very neat in his attire), and, eschewing the coxcombry of a dressing-gown, put on the morning-dress he meant to wear until dinner-time. He was at his desk by six, wrote until breakfast (between nine and ten), and resumed his labors until noon; by which time he would have really done a day's work. If the weather suited, he would be on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; would be ready to start by ten if a distant excursion was in view; but, on wet days, kept continuously at the desk, working double tides, he would say, so as to create a fund upon which he could draw for fine weather. He was very fond of dogs of all sorts and sizes; and was fond of having one *couchant* before him, within ready glance of his eye, when writing. Though lame, he was extremely active, and fond of athletic sports and exercises; as, indeed, the poems as well as the novels show.

This autumn (1805), Scott took his wife on a tour to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, the

finest scenery of which he visited with Wordsworth. Both climbed Helvellyn (a local mountain) in company with Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist; and both wrote stanzas on the death of a young gentleman, who, having lost his way, had fallen over a precipice; his remains being found three months afterwards, still watched by his dog. Scott carried his wife from Grasmere to Gilsland, the scene of their brief courtship in 1797. The land was full of rumors that a French force was about to land in Scotland. Scott, who fortunately had accompanied on horseback the carriage in which his wife travelled, mounted his steed, rode a hundred miles within twenty-four hours to the place of rendezvous, found that it was a false alarm, a beacon having been lighted by mistake, and, ten years afterwards, used the incident in "The Antiquary."

On his return to Ashestiel, he had a visit from Southey, whom he had hitherto only known as a correspondent. Soon after, at Edinburgh, his attention was engaged by the publication of his Dryden, to which he was urged by almost every one, including Wordsworth and Southey, whom he consulted. There was another subject too, — his appointment to a clerkship of the Court of Session, negotiations for which had been commenced immediately after William Pitt had desired his friend Dundas to look after Scott's interests.

There then were seven principal Clerks of Session in Edinburgh, each of whom received eight hundred pounds, afterwards increased to thirteen hundred pounds, per annum. Each clerk was liable to attend in court from four to six hours daily during rather less than six months out of the twelve. His principal duty was to sign his name to legal documents. Mr. George Home, a friend of Scott's, who had been a clerk for upwards of thirty years, was willing to

resign in Scott's favor, provided, there being no retiring pension, he was to receive the salary, Scott doing the duty, with a right of succession to the office on a vacancy by death or resignation. This arrangement was approved of, and a patent under the sign-manual duly executed, which, on examination, was found to make the appointment solely in favor of Scott, without any mention of Mr. Home, who would have been unprovided for had Scott died before him. Just then, William Pitt died; and a new government, of which Fox was really the head, was installed. Fearing, as he was known to be a strong Tory, that the incoming officials would refuse to rectify the mistake, Scott went to London early in 1806; saw Lord Spencer, to whose department the affair belonged; and was kindly received, with the assurance, that, as it evidently was a mistake, what he solicited should be done, rather as an act of justice than of favor. Accordingly, Scott was made Clerk of Session, immediately entering upon the performance of his duties; his predecessor receiving all the salary for the next six years, — after which he obtained a pension, — and remaining twenty-five years in office; almost until his death, in fact.

During his short visit on this official matter, Scott first realized what it was to be a London *lion* in fashionable circles. He was too true and honest to pursue the course of others, who, indebted for substantial favors to Lord Melville, virtual governor of Scotland under Pitt, neglected him, and worse, under the rule of Mr. Fox.

Among the notable persons whom he met in London at this time were Canning, Sotheby, and Frere. He made the acquaintance of Joanna Baillie the dramatist, and her eminent brother, Dr. Matthew Baillie; and dined with the Princess of Wales, afterwards the unfortunate Queen Caroline.

One of the first acts of the new Whig government was to try Lord Melville, by impeachment, for gross malversation as treasurer of the navy. Carelessness alone was proven, and he was acquitted. His friends in Edinburgh celebrated what they called his triumph by a public dinner, which Scott attended, and for which he wrote a song, entitled "Health to Lord Melville." The closing refrain is, —

"In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honor, slight difference forgive;
But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the Fox,
And drink Melville forever, as long as we live!"

Mr. Whitbread, a leading liberal M. P., was "the Brewer." The words, "Tallyho to the Fox," since understood to allude to the illness of Charles James Fox, which soon terminated fatally, gave great offence to many of Scott's personal friends among the upper ranks of the Whigs, and, it must be confessed, were in very bad taste. An opportunity soon came to make the *amende*; and he availed himself of it.

In November, 1806, having written three articles for "The Edinburgh Review," and edited a volume containing Sir Henry Slingsby's and Capt. Hodgson's Memoirs (in the civil war), Scott began a new poem, entitled "Marmion." Not succeeding in obtaining his own terms from Messrs. Longman, he accepted the offer of a thousand guineas, made by Constable of Edinburgh before he had seen a line of it, — before, in fact, much of it was written. Constable gave a share in it to two London publishers, — Mr. Miller of Fleet Street, and Mr. John Murray, afterwards so well known by his dealings with and friendship for Lord Byron. The imme-

diate pressure upon Scott to write this poem was to help his brother Thomas Scott, who, having succeeded to his father's business and connection as writer to the signet, was compelled to relinquish it. Much of this new poem was composed in solitary rambles through Ettrick, and musings by the Tweed. He told Lockhart that he had "many a grand gallop" among the braes between Ashestiel and Newark when he was thinking of "Marmion." His friend Mr. Skene said that many of the more energetic descriptions, and particularly that of the battle of Flodden, were struck out while he was in quarters again with his cavalry, in the autumn of 1807. "In the intervals of drilling," he said, "Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."

Very freely, as with "The Lay," he showed portions of the poem as it was in progress. In March, 1807, when he was again in London, making researches in the British Museum for his Dryden, he was much lionized, but worked on steadily at "Marmion," — alternately at Lord Abercorn's villa at Stanmore, and Mr Ellis's at Sunninghall. At last, "Marmion," on which he had bestowed unusual care, was published in February, 1808, in a quarto volume. The printing was begun before the work was finished, — before the author had determined on the actual *finale*. He liked, as he said, to have the press at his heels, and calculated largely on the plasticity of every fictitious story.

The effect of "Marmion" on the public mind was striking. It was said that the plot was better, the finish more polished, the interest more unflagging. It related the adventures of a fictitious person; was called "A Tale of Flodden Field," because the hero's fate is connected with that defeat and the causes which led to it; and the poem, opening about the commencement of August, concluded with the defeat of Flodden, Sept. 9, 1513. To each canto was prefixed a poetical introduction. Early in 1807, there had been announced "Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest," to be published separately. These, inserted in "Marmion," were addressed to William Stuart Rose, Rev. John Marriott, William Erskine, James Skene, George Ellis, and Richard Heber. The opinion of Mr. Ellis, which has been generally adopted, is, that these epistles, "though excellent in themselves, are, in fact, only interruptions of the fable; and, accordingly, nine readers out of ten have perused them separately, either before or after the poem." They are personal and characteristic, and, for the most part, in Scott's happiest manner. In the first of these, which has a strong poetical bearing, is a tribute to Pitt and Fox, the rival chiefs of party, who had both died in 1806. It concludes thus:—

"Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place:
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar:
Beneath its banner proud to stand,
Looked up the noblest of the land,
Till through the British world were known
The names of Pitt and Fox alone.
Spells of such force no wizard grave
E'er framed in dark Thessalian cave,
Though his could drain the ocean dry,
And force the planets from the sky.
These spells are spent; and, spent with these,
The wine of life is on the lees.

Genius and taste and talent gone,
Forever tombed beneath the stone,
Where — taming thought to human pride! —
The mighty chiefs sleep side by side.
Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
'Twill trickle to his rival's bier;
O'er Pitt's the mournful requiem sound,
And Fox's shall the notes rebound.
The solemn echo seems to cry, —
'Here let their discord with them die:
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom Fate made brothers in the tomb;
But, search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?'"

The great blot of the poem, which Scott attributed to haste, but could not rectify without making organic changes in the plot, was hit by Byron when he spoke in "English Bards" of

"The golden-crested, haughty Marmion, —
Now forging scrolls; now foremost in the fight;
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight."

There are many noble passages: such, for example, are the descriptions of local scenery; the trial and doom of Constance; the impressive story told by the Lord Lyon, King of Arms; the glance at Edinburgh, — "mine own romantic town;" the court-scene in which Lady Heron sings the ballad of "Lochinvar;" the defiance of Marmion to Douglas at Tantallon; the beautiful apostrophe, —

"O woman! in our hours of ease,
Fantastic, coy, and hard to please,"

which every one has by heart; and the death of Marmion, of which Southey wrote, "There is nothing finer in its conception anywhere." Well do I remember, years ago, hearing Braham, the great English tenor, who preserved his voice, at once strong

and sweet, up to his eightieth year, sing with thrilling effect the grand *finale* : —

“ The war, that for a space did fail,
Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale ;
And, ‘ Stanley ! ’ was the cry.
A light on Marmion’s visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye :
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted, ‘ Victory ! ’
‘ Charge, Chester, charge ! on, Stanley, on ! ’
Were the last words of Marmion.”

The able and amusing parody on Scott’s manner and mannerisms, entitled “ A Tale of Drury Lane,” in “ Rejected Addresses,” by Horace and James Smith, which Scott greatly admired for its *vraisemblance*, seized upon the above lines, and dealt with them thus : —

“ Still o’er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whirling water-pipe he waved :
‘ Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps !
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps !
Why are you in such doleful dumps ?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps !
What are they feared on ? Fools ! ’od rot ’em ! ’
Were the last words of Higginbottom.”

A very striking scene in the second canto is the trial of Constance de Beverley, “ sister professed of Fontevraud,” — Marmion’s light o’ love for three years, — and the monk who had some complicity in her guilt: *she* calm and fearless when the death-doom, —

“ Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;
Sinful brother, part in peace ;”

and *he* utterly craven. The contrast is most effec-

tive. Scott mentioned, in the presence of Sir Thomas Laurence, that this contrast was suggested by the behavior of two criminals whom he had himself seen, — one a woman who had poisoned her husband; the other a body-snatcher, who had brought a *subject* (a young child) to a surgeon in a bag, and, when surprise was expressed at hearing it cry, said, "Oh! you wanted it dead, did you?" and, stepping behind a tree, killed it. "The woman," Scott said, "who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast, stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence; while the man, on the contrary, yelled out, and showed the most disgusting cowardice."

The English reviewers expressed themselves well satisfied with "Marmion," particularly as the chivalry of their own country was represented in it; and, ere long, British artists were making pictures out of its vivid scenes. It was dramatized too, but more as a spectacle than a dialogue-play. "The Edinburgh Review" was unfavorable. Jeffrey had not been advised with, as on a former occasion, while the poem was being composed: at any rate, in his critique, praise and censure were curiously balanced; but it was evident that some pique underlaid the whole. In the passage relating to the rival political chiefs, Scott had said, —

"And, partial feeling cast aside,
Record, that Fox a Briton died."

This, Mr. Jeffrey alleged, was equivalent to saying that he had not *lived* one. Pitt and Fox had led the parties to which Scott and Jeffrey respectively belonged; and the implied slight, following "Tallyho to the Fox," was thus avenged by the angry critic.

Jeffrey sent an advance-copy of the article to Scott, with whom he had been under a long-standing

engagement to dine on that very day; and Scott, though he was as much amused as annoyed at finding himself accused of having throughout neglected Scottish feelings and Scottish characters, hastened to assure him that he hoped he would keep his engagement; which he did, and, Mr. Lockhart says, "was received by his host with the frankest cordiality, but had the mortification to observe, that the mistress of the house, though perfectly polite, was not quite so easy with him as usual. She, too, behaved herself with exemplary civility during the dinner, but could not help saying in her broken English, when her guest was departing, 'Well, good-night, Mr. Jeffrey. Dey tell me you have abused Scott in de "Review;" and I hope Mr. Constable has paid *you* very well for writing it.'" The result, however, was, that Scott ceased to contribute to "The Edinburgh Review;" and his personal relations with Jeffrey became cool and distant. Politics, independent of the unfortunate critique, placed a great gulf between them for some time, until on the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," which he courteously reviewed, Jeffrey wrote to Scott, expressing his regret for the tone of the "Marmion" article; and peace was restored.

"Marmion" was dedicated to Lord Montagu, Scott's friend and neighbor in the country. The sale was very great from the first. Up to 1836, it had been fifty thousand copies.

In Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature," it stated that Mr. Brevoort was asked by Walter Scott respecting the authorship of certain verses on the battle of Eutaw which he had seen in a magazine, had by heart, and knew to be American. He was told they were by Philip Freneau, the popular political versifier of the Revolution; and answered, "The poem is as fine a thing as there is

of the kind in the language." It contains this stanza: —

“ They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe:
They took the spear, but left the shield.”

In the introduction to the third canto of “*Marmion*,” there is an apostrophe to the Duke of Brunswick, in which these lines occur: —

“ Lamented chief! not thine the power
To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield.”

The idea and the expression appear identical. Scott may involuntarily have adopted both. I could show twenty instances of his having repeated in his novels particular expressions which he had used in his poems.

In April, 1808, Scott's edition of “*The Works of John Dryden*,” in eighteen octavo volumes, then first collected, with a *Life of the author*, was published by Mr. Miller of London. Few except editor and publisher expected that it would pay expenses (Scott was paid seven hundred and fifty-six pounds for his work on it). But, though such a long set of books is rarely purchased except by those who really want it, Dryden had a satisfactory sale. It was reprinted in 1821; and the *Life of Dryden*, included, since 1830, in the edition of Scott's miscellaneous works, had been well received. The collection is very complete; the notes are copious and sufficient; and the memoir gives a full and interesting sketch of English literature in the last half of the seventeenth century. The biography of Dryden was congenial to the mind, and worthy of the genius, of Scott; and justice was done to it, with some critical reservations

arising mainly out of a difference of temperament, in an article by Henry Hallam in "The Edinburgh Review." Being a collection of Dryden's writings, Scott did not exclude several of the comedies, and some of the translations. Through the kindness of friends, he recovered some hymns which Dryden had translated from the service of the Catholic Church, and, while he did not exclude some obviously-spurious pieces published in Derrick's edition of Dryden's poetry, put them in a separate compartment, with a suitable note of suspicion to each. The Life is a valuable chapter in the history of English literature. With the exception of being free from his occasional coarseness, and of being steady in his political and religious faith, Walter Scott had much in common with "glorious John," who, to use the closing words of the Life, "educated in a pedantic taste and a fanatical religion, was destined, if not to give laws to the stage of England, at least to defend its liberties; to improve burlesque into satire; to free translation from the fetters of verbal metaphor, and exclude from it the license of paraphrase; to teach posterity the powerful and varied poetical harmony of which their language was capable; to give an example of the lyric ode of unapproached excellence; and to leave to English literature a name second only to those of Milton and Shakespeare."

"Marmion" and Dryden did not comprise the whole of Scott's work in 1808. Joseph Strutt, a literary antiquarian of some ability and character, had died, leaving an unfinished prose romance of the olden time, entitled "Queenhoo Hall;" and, at the request of John Murray the publisher, Scott supplied a conclusion in the fashion of the original: it is to be found appended to the General Introduction to "The Waverley Novels." He also wrote a preface and notes to a reprint of Capt. Carleton's "Memoirs of the

War of the Spanish Succession ;” and did the same service for a similar edition of the *Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth*, — each being printed by Ballantyne, and published by Constable. If the press were not “at his heels” at this time, the publishers were. He was floating on the full tide of popularity ; and project after project was submitted to him for his co-operation, with tempting prospects, and promises of liberal compensation. Among others, Murray suggested a general edition of the British novelists, from Daniel Defoe to the close of the eighteenth century, with biographical prefaces and notes by Scott. In this year, too, he worked on an edition of Sir Ralph Sadler’s “*State Papers*,” three volumes quarto, published in 1809 ; and on Somer’s “*Collection of Tracts*,” two volumes of which appeared at the same time, though the whole, extending to thirteen quarto volumes, was not completed until 1812. These (from the Ballantyne Press, of course) were ordered by London publishers ; and Mr. Constable, dreading that they might engage the whole time of an author in whose ability and industry he foresaw much future advantage, outbid them all by engaging him to edit the Works and write the Life of Dean Swift, offering him a thousand five hundred pounds, which was double what he had received for the Dryden. This was precisely such an undertaking as Scott, had he the power, would have carved out for himself ; for it involved, in fact, a continuation of the literary history of England, from the time of Dryden almost to the middle of the last century. It was not published until 1814, — a week before the appearance of “*Waverley*.”

Mr. Morritt, proprietor of the fine estate in the north of England which afterwards supplied subject and title for the poem called “*Rokeby*,” had visited Scott in the summer of 1808. In a memorandum

relating to this acquaintance, which speedily ripened into warm mutual regard, he said, *apropos* of the portrait by Raeburn which had just been executed for Constable, and was a most faithful likeness of Scott and his dog Camp, that the features of the original struck him at first "as commonplace and heavy; but they were almost always lighted up by the flashes of the mind within." The bust by Chantrey he considered as an extremely expressive likeness. Mr. Morritt, who was struck with Scott's good fellowship and gossip among all his neighbors in the country, and rejoiced to see how his wife and happy young family clustered around him, declared "At this period, his conversation was more equal and animated than any man's that I ever knew." He bore testimony to the affluence and abundance of Scott's stories, — "always apposite, and often interesting the mind by strong pathos, or eminently ludicrous;" adding, "But equally impressive and powerful was the language of his warm heart, and equally wonderful were the conclusions of his vigorous understanding, to those who could retain or appreciate either." This is at variance with the opinion of Alison the historian, that, though Scott had a prodigious fund of stories and anecdotes at command, "he had not the real conversational talent: there was little interchange of ideas when he talked; he took it nearly all to himself, and talked of persons or old anecdotes or characters, not things." In my own brief intercourse with Sir Walter Scott, he rather put questions than related anecdotes or made observations, because he understood that I happened to be familiar with a local subject on which he desired to be informed. But the experience of Scott's friends, as far as I have been able to ascertain, was, that, though fond of illustrating a topic by apposite anecdotes, he was in the habit of pausing every now and then to give others a fair chance of striking

into the conversation. On one occasion, I remember, that, when the subject of art came up, he spoke upon it for ten minutes in a grave and earnest manner, not didactic, but almost eloquent.

Mr. Morritt spoke truly of the "happy young family" clustered around Scott at Ashestiel in the summer of 1808. Sophia, the eldest, was in her ninth, and Charles, the youngest child, was in his third year. Scott was familiar with his children from the time they could understand his talk. Children and dogs had free access to his study at all times; and, even at the busiest, he would lay aside his pen to join in a rough-and-tumble play, to mend a kite or a little wagon, to act as umpire in petty disputes over their games. He would gather the little ones around him, tell them a story, or repeat a ballad or a song. On Sunday, which is usually so heavy a day in Scotland, that to whistle a bar or two of a tune is set down as rank desecration, he would dine, or rather lunch, with his family in the open air, and lying on the sward, perhaps at the base of some ruined tower, tell them stories out of the Bible, which he seemed to have by heart, and, answering their many questions, teach, while he seemed to be merely amusing them. This was one of the many points of resemblance between Walter Scott and Charles Dickens. Not without cause did Scott afterwards say, as some one was admiring the manliness of his eldest son, then a fine youth, "Like the Persians," "I have taught him three things, — to tell the truth, to shoot, and to ride." Nor was it his boys alone who possessed the latter accomplishment. All of his children were fond of horses, and could keep their seats on any road, however rough, or in any ford, however deep. If they required sympathy or aid or counsel, they hastened to their father, and received it. He never was so much occupied that he could not make time to

attend to them : consequently, few fathers were more beloved and confided in. And, as the years rolled on, this love and confidence certainly did not diminish. He never made them weep, except at the last : —

“ Deep for the dead that grief must be
Which ne’er gave cause for grief before.”

CHAPTER X.

"Quarterly Review" established. — Scott a Publisher. — William Gifford. — John Ballantyne. — Scott lionized in London. — Visit to Loch Katrine. — Byron's Satire. — Writing for Money. — The Theatre. — John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Terry, C. M. Young. — Joanna Baillie's Play. — Scott's Social Habits. — High Jinks. — Bibacity on the Bench. — Miss Seward's Bequests. — "Lady of the Lake" published.

1809—1810.

THE opening of 1809 found Walter Scott busy, as usual then, upon various works. He was now in his thirty-eighth year, and, the perils which threatened his early life having been weathered, enjoyed rude health. His principal work was on the new edition of Swift. He had not read Jeffrey's insidious article upon "Marmion" with all the equanimity he affected: it had deeply wounded him, particularly because much of it was true. "The Edinburgh Review," in which it had appeared, had literally built up the business and the reputation of Archibald Constable, and at a great political crisis, when Napoleon Bonaparte threatened to extend his sway over Europe, and might have done so if England had not opposed him in the Peninsula, repeatedly declared that resistance to the conqueror's sway would be worse than useless, — a doctrine of submission to which Scott, with his predominant high Toryism, refused to subscribe. In the twenty-sixth number of the "Review," an article on Spanish affairs expressed this "manifest destiny" doctrine so strongly, that Scott gave orders to have his name removed from the list of subscribers.

About the same time, Mr. Hunter, Constable's partner, who had an idea that Scott should not work for any other house until he had completed the edition of Swift which he was engaged upon for them, said as much in his hearing; which much aroused the poet's ire. The result was, that he offered to cancel the contract for Swift, if Constable & Co. desired it. They declined to do this; but the breach was not soon built up.

Out of this difference arose the establishment of "The Quarterly Review" and the formation of a new publishing-house in Edinburgh. Mr. John Murray, then young, and little known among the London publishers, had a meeting with James Ballantyne, in a quiet, out-of-the-way town in Yorkshire, at which he was told that the mighty Minstrel had another Scotch poem and a Scotch novel on the stocks, and desired to see an Edinburgh Annual Register, to be conducted in opposition to the politics and criticism of "The Edinburgh Review;" lastly, that the establishment of a new publishing-house in Edinburgh was certain. On this, Murray went to Ashestiel, where he laid before Scott the plan of a quarterly review, to be published in London under the editorship of Mr. William Gifford, translator of Juvenal, and author of "The Baviad" and "The Mæviad," satirical poems, which had been very popular in their day. The result was, that Scott, George Ellis, William Stuart Rose, George Canning, Croker, Southey, and other literary and political Tories, agreed to write for the new periodical. Scott contributed three articles to the first number, published in March, 1809; and his connection with it was never suspended.

Simultaneous with this action in London was the setting-up, in Edinburgh, of John Ballantyne & Co., publishers. The nominal head of this firm was John, a younger brother of James Ballantyne. He had been a clerk in a London bank, where he was pre-

sumed to have learned business. He was volatile, careless, addicted to pleasure, but amusing, fond of field-sports, a capital mimic, and, in mind, manner, and person, the very opposite of his brother James, who was burly and brawny, with a great deal of mock dignity, and very supercilious manners. Mr. Lockhart sketched both brothers in *caricatura*, and laid the misfortunes of Scott mainly at their door: but they were most devoted to him; and he knew and valued the depth of their affection. John died in June, 1821, years before the failure of Constable; and on the day of his funeral, when, as they were smoothing the turf over his grave, the midsummer sun shone forth in his strength through a panoply of dense clouds, Scott turned to Lockhart, and sadly whispered, "I feel as if there would be less sunshine for me from this day forth." Both brothers had decided literary taste and ability. Independent of the manner in which, for nearly thirty years, James Ballantyne revised and corrected Scott's writings, he was a very competent newspaper editor; and his dramatic criticisms were long admired and relied on in "The Edinburgh Weekly Journal." At the same time, the musical articles were written by Mr. George Hogarth, long afterwards father-in-law of Charles Dickens. Of John Ballantyne it should be added, that in his later years he showed great talent, readiness, and wit as a literary auctioneer in Edinburgh; and the *Life of Daniel Defoe*, for the Novelists' Library, now included in Scott's *Miscellaneous Works*, was written by John Ballantyne, and indeed is credited to him there, with a brief tribute from Scott to his "wit, lively talents, and kindness of disposition."

In the spring of 1809, Scott was in London on public business, — his first visit since the success of "Marmion;" and his friend Morritt could scarcely have exaggerated when he said, "The homage paid

him would have turned the head of any less gifted man of eminence. It neither altered his opinions, nor produced the affectation of despising it: on the contrary, he received it, cultivated it, and repaid it in its own coin. 'All this is very flattering,' he would say, 'and very civil: and if people are amused with hearing me tell a parcel of old stories, or recite a pack of ballads, to lovely young girls and gaping matrons, they are easily pleased; and a man would be very ill-natured who would not give pleasure so cheaply conferred.' If he dined with us, and found any new faces, 'Well, do you want me to play lion to-day?' was his usual question. 'I will roar, if you like it, to your heart's content.' He would indeed, in such cases, put forth all his inimitable powers of entertainment, and, day after day, surprised me by their unexpected extent and variety. Then, as the party dwindled, and we were left alone, he laughed at himself; quoted, 'Yet know that I, one Snug the joiner, am — no lion fierce,' &c.; and was at once himself again."

Before he retired to the country for the summer, Scott undertook to have a third poem ready for publication by the end of the year, and soon began to write "The Lady of the Lake." In company with his wife, he revisited the localities first beheld in youth which he had chosen for the scene of his romance. He took considerable pains to verify the local circumstances of the story, and personally ascertained that King James could have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the space allotted for that purpose to "the Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James." Literally on the spot where it is to be supposed to have taken place, he composed "The Stag-Chase."

During this tour, he first read "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which the noble and youthful

author, who had "run a muck" at the principal writers of the day, did not spare Scott. Little did he think, when saying that Scott was "Apollo's venal son" because he accepted "just half a crown per line" for his popular poetry, that the time was at hand when *he*, too, would accept payment for his lines, chaffer with the publisher to obtain a good price, and receive fifteen thousand pounds in all. Scott wrote, that "this whelp of a young Lord Byron," when he attacked him for accepting a thousand pounds for a poem, was interfering with his private affairs. But, in the same satire, the balm of Gilead (to speak familiarly) was that Jeffrey caught it far more severely, and that, after bitterly sneering at Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Montgomery, and many others, Byron complimented Scott on possessing "powers that mock the aid of praise," and would be known, perhaps, when Albion is no more. To quote a phrase from a well-known Message, the Newstead pill was "sugar-coated." No unfriendly emotion could have been raised in Scott's mind by satire which was flippant, accompanied by admiration which appeared genuine.

Always fond of theatricals, a fancy in which his wife fully participated, it almost followed that Scott should be friendly with the leading performers, some of whom — such as Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble — he had met as guests of the Marquis of Abercorn during his visits to London. Of *her*, the veritable queen of tragedy, even then majestic, his admiration was very great: for *him*, a scholar as well as a player, he formed a deep attachment. Both were his frequent guests in town and country. In 1809, the lease and management of Edinburgh Theatre were transferred to Mr. Henry Siddons, Kemble's nephew; and Scott, having a proprietor's share, became one of the acting trustees, which connected him with the

establishment for many years. It was his great fault — the generous error of a kind heart — to think, through life, that “all his neighbors’ geese were swans;” and therefore, under his influence, the first play produced by young Siddons was the “Family Legend,” by Joanna Baillie, — a fine dramatic poem, but not a good acting play. With aid from Ballantyne and other newspaper critics, so warm and friendly a feeling was created in favor of the production of a Scottish poetess, that it was well received, and ran for fourteen nights, — a greater success than any other play from the same pen ever again received. Henry Mackenzie wrote the epilogue, which Mrs. Siddons, who played in the piece, spoke extremely well; one of Scott’s brothers, then commanding a Highland recruiting-party, lent real soldiers to garrison the (theatrical) Castle of Inverary; and James Ballantyne kindly dipped his pen in rose-tinted ink when he wrote a critique upon the performance. An inferior character, well represented by Mr. Terry, who had abandoned the profession of an architect for the stage, and who was intimate with the Ballantynes, made him known to Scott, whose taste for old books, poetry, and articles of *vertu*, he fully shared, and to whom, in various ways in after-days, in the planning and building of Abbotsford, and the dramatic adaptation of the Waverley novels, he was able to give efficient aid. Charles Matthews (the elder), who, like Young, Kemble, Henry Siddons, and Terry, was well informed and literary, was another of Scott’s intimate dramatic friends and most welcomed guests.

Scott told Lockhart that “the only man who ever seduced him into very deep potations in his middle life was Kemble.” Perhaps, in connection with this confession, a few words of comment may be in place. In Scott’s youth, carousing was the fashion and prac-

tice of the day. The customs duty on wine was low, which made claret cheap. A good deal of this wine was consumed when gentlemen met on social occasions; and before his marriage, no doubt, Scott had often joined in these revelries, — not heavily; as the only record against him is the charge already mentioned, that on one occasion, he, who had never before been known even to hum a tune, had been tempted, under excitement, to sing a song. This was in youth: in manhood, he rarely passed the Rubicon of the cup. Moreover, he had “a strong head,” and could not easily be overcome. Through life, from the time he was his own master, he eschewed such indulgences, and, even when playing the host, would adroitly substitute the appearance for the reality of drinking. The decanter before him might appear to contain sherry; but Macbeth, his ponderous butler, had filled it with toast-water. It seemed as if, for the most, he thought, with his own Hayraddin the Zingaro, that “he must drink no wine who would know the thoughts of others, or hide his own.” The sketch in “Guy Mannering,” of Lawyer Pleydel and his brethren of the long robe enjoying themselves at High Jinks in an obscure tavern in Edinburgh, is scarcely a caricature, and might have been a reality when Scott was a law-student. Henry Cockburn, writing when he himself was a lord of session, says, that, at Edinburgh, the old judges “had always wine and biscuits *on the bench*. The modern judges — those, I mean, who were made after 1800 — never gave in to this; but with those of the preceding generation, several of whom lasted several years after 1800, it was quite common. Black bottles of strong port were set down beside them on the bench, with glasses, caraffes of water, tumblers, and biscuits; and this without the slightest attempt at concealment. The refreshment was generally allowed to stand un-

touched, and as if despised, for a short time, during which their lordships seemed to be intent only on their notes. But in a little time some water was poured into the tumbler, and sipped quietly, as if merely to sustain nature. Then a few drops of wine were ventured upon, but only with the water; till at last patience could endure no longer, and a full bumper of the pure black element was tossed over; after which they went on regularly, and there was comfortable munching and quaffing, to the great envy of the parched throats in the gallery. The strong-headed stood it tolerably well; but it told plainly enough upon the feeble. Not that the ermine was absolutely intoxicated; but it was certainly sometimes affected." If thus with the judges *on* the bench, how must it have been with advocates, writers, solicitors, scriveners, and clerks?

That Miss Seward died in March, 1809, is mentioned here merely because she bequeathed to Scott (with directions to publish speedily, with a sketch of her life prefixed) *all* of her compositions in verse and prose (the former unpublished, extending to six volumes quarto), besides what had been printed in her lifetime. There also was part of an epic poem on the basis of Fénelon's "Telemachus," a collection of her father's poetry, an essay on Pope's Homer, four sermons, and her own juvenile letters from the year 1762 to June, 1768. To Mr. Constable, the publisher, this liberal authoress left twelve quarto and manuscript volumes *of her own letters* from 1784 to 1809: they were copies of such letters, or parts of letters, as, after they were written, appeared to her worthy of the attention of the public. She wrote to Scott, "Large as the collection is, it does not contain a twelfth of the letters I have written from the said period."

The fair testator, whose father was a well-salaried

dignitary of Lichfield Cathedral, was perpetually pouring out prose and verse, printed and manuscript,

“In one weak, washy, everlasting flood,”

for thirty years; and it may be doubted whether, at the present time, a dozen persons can quote ten lines out of all her writings. Yet she thought herself a Corinna, and had condescended, when Scott was making himself known and liked, to commend some of his poetry. Her organ of self-esteem must have been enormous. The strange part of this incident is, that Scott, though he privately declared that they were “execrable,” edited three post-octavo volumes of her poems, with a Memoir of the lady, which John Ballantyne & Co. published in 1810; and that Mr. Constable, who had never seen her, published six volumes of her correspondence, a year later. The mere putting all this writing into type must have been costly, and undertaken with a conviction on the part of Scott and Constable that a sale of fifty sets of each work would probably be the highest result. The difficulty of saying “No” to a lady, even at the ripe age of sixty-two, is proverbial; but here the request came from a defunct paper-stainer, whom one of the party had only seen once, and whom the other had scarcely heard of. With all respect for Prof. Lowell and Mr. J. R. Osgood, I doubt whether they, in such a case, would have wasted time, labor, and capital in such a manner, even to oblige the posthumous request of an ancient spinster; but, as Burke said, the age of chivalry is gone.

In the spring of 1810, while Scott was at work on Somers and Swift, and was taking care of two volumes of “English Minstrelsy” and a new edition of “The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,” his third great poem, “The Lady of the Lake,” was

finished. His angry feelings towards Constable had so far subsided, that he allowed him to be consulted as to the number of the first impression, size, mode of advertising, and other practical details, but did not permit him to take any share in the adventure, which really was the *coup d'essai* of his own new publishing-firm. James Ballantyne, as is reported by Mr. Robert Cadell, then a young man in training at Constable's, used to read the cantos, from time to time, to select *coteries* as they advanced at press. Common fame was in their favor: a great poem was, on all hands, anticipated. "I do not recollect," Mr. Cadell added, "that any of all the author's works was ever looked for with more anxiety, or that one of them excited a more extraordinary sensation when it did appear."

Many anxious friends, however, were afraid, that, by this third venture, he might peril the reputation he had already gained. In his final introduction, he says "A lady" (Miss Christian Rutherford, his mother's youngest sister) "to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived during her whole life on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me (at Ashestiel) when the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning. At last, I told her the subject of my meditation; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dearest cousin. You are already popular, — more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I or other partial friends can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high: do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favorite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity.' I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose: —

‘ He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win, or lose it all.’

‘ If I fail,’ I said (for the dialogue is strong in my recollection), ‘ it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded ; and *I will write prose for life* : you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But, if I succeed, —

‘ Up wi’ the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk and the feather, an’ a’ ! ’

“ Afterwards I showed my critic the first canto, which reconciled her to my imprudence.” An intelligent farmer and keen sportsman (one of his many cousins), to whom he read the first canto, placed his hand across his brow, and listened with great attention through the whole account of the stag-hunt, till the dogs throw themselves into the lake to follow their master, who embarks with Ellen Douglas. He then started up with a sudden exclamation, struck his hand on the table, and declared, in a voice of censure calculated for the occasion, that the dogs must have been totally ruined by being permitted to take the water after such a severe chase. This was satisfactory : *he* had been completely surprised out of all doubts of the reality of the tale. But having the words of an old ballad in his mind, in which King James V. figured with a fair “ light o’ love,” this sportsman detected the identity of that king with the Knight of Snowdown ; and Scott had to take great pains with that part of the story to prevent the *dénouement* being anticipated by others.

The poem, dedicated to the Marquis of Abercorn, — his father’s and his own good friend, — was published in June, 1810, with an engraved portrait of Scott, from a painting by Saxon, in 1805, with the favorite

bull-terrier Camp leaning his head on the knee of his master. Of the first edition, in quarto, two thousand and fifty copies were instantly sold ; and within the year four octavo editions were disposed of, making a sale of twenty thousand copies in seven months. None of Scott's poems had such a large and steady sale as this. Two thousand pounds was the purchase-money ; but his share of the profits as partner in the printing and publishing ought to have more than doubled this.

CHAPTER XI.

Loch Katrine and the Trosachs. — The Knight of Snowdown. — Haroun Alraschid. — Burns and Joanna Baillie. — "The Lady of the Lake" in Lisbon. — Tour to the Hebrides. — "Waverley" again condemned. — Scott's AIn Bairns. — "Vision of Don Roderick." — Lady Wellington. — Imitation of Crabbe. — Increase of Income. — Purchase of Abbotsford. — Cottage and Castle. — Social Position. — The Actors and the Poet.

1811—1812.

THE success of "The Lady of the Lake" surpassed any that even Scott had yet obtained. Like "The Lay" and "Marmion," this poem was in six cantos; but these were not ushered in with any introductions. A stanza or two, in the Spenserian measure, gravely began each canto; and three such stanzas, breathing a farewell to the Harp of the North, followed the close of the poem. Scott had visited the Western Highlands of Perthshire twenty years before, when he was an "apprentice of the law;" and their romantic scenery had literally charmed him. That scenery is familiar to all tourists now; but, when he first saw it, few strangers had visited it, and, from the badness and want of roads, it was difficult of access. The poet may be said to have almost discovered Loch Katrine and the Trosachs. That part of the country is the locality, also, not only of his most popular and most highly-finished poem, but of his early ballad of "Glenfinlas," and, long after, of many of the incidents of the legends of "Montrose" and "Rob Roy." He was led into the composition of this poem by the deep impression which

the Perthshire scenery, in its grandeur and softness, had made in his mind. In the summer of 1809, anxious to renew his recollection, and obtain accuracy in his descriptions, he had revisited that district; the poem having been begun a short time before. The time of action occupied six days, the transactions of each day being related in a canto. These were severally designated "The Chase," "The Island," "The Gathering," "The Prophecy," "The Combat," and "The Guard-Room."

"The Lady of the Lake" opens with the conclusion of a hunt, in which a single horseman, with

"Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,"

pursues the stag, which eludes him at the moment when his capture and death seemed certain. His "gallant gray" falls exhausted, and dies. The hunter wanders through a strange country, wild and rugged, but picturesque and beautiful, until he reaches Loch Katrine, where, in answer to his bugle-note, sounded in a half hope of its being heard by one of his late companions, a damsel, apparently a chieftain's daughter, appears in a skiff, having imagined that her father was at hand. This is Ellen, the Lady of the Lake; and her description is most delicately executed:—

"The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form or lovelier face!

What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown :
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too, in hastier swell, to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow.
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace :
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain-tongue :
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear ! ”

After a little conversation, — simple courtesy on her part, and graceful badinage on his, — the lady extends hospitality to the hunter, informing him, that, by exercise of the second-sight, old Allan Bane,

“ A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent,”

had foretold his coming. Received into the island-retreat, the hunter gives his name as “ the Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James,” but fails in his attempt to discover the identity of the fair hostess and her companion, — a lady in maturer years. He leaves the island next morning, enamoured of Ellen ; and new characters appear, — Sir Roderick Vich Alpine (surnamed Dhu, from his swarthy complexion and dark hair) ; Lord James of Douglas, a banished man ; and Malcolm Græme. There is a game of cross-purposes. Roderick Dhu, who has given a safe asylum to Douglas, earnestly solicits the hand of Ellen, who loves young Malcolm. The answer to his suit is rejection. He turns on Malcolm, who retires, with a threat or promise of returning. Roderick, who has resolved to resist the king's authority,

sends the Fiery Cross, which summons youth and age to his side among the lands which own his sway ; and this summoning of the clan is depicted with great force. Next comes news that the royal troops are already on the advance. A prophecy is uttered : —

“ Which spills the foremost foeman’s life,
That party conquers in the strife.”

Ellen, with her family, has retired to a place of safety : and the Knight of Snowdown returns with an offer to conduct her to Stirling, then inhabited by the king ; meets with a confession that she loves another, and, his better nature prevailing, presents her with a ring, which he says King James had given to him, with a promise, that, on showing it, any favor asked would be granted. He retires, escorted by a guide, whom he slays for his treachery. After this, he wanders on ; comes up to one of Roderick’s watchfires ; receives hospitality ; for

“ To assail a wearied man were shame ;
And stranger is a holy name ; ”

and next morning his entertainer guides him till past Clan-Alpine’s outmost guard. Fitz-James, as they walk along, expresses his enmity to Roderick Dhu, and his hope soon to meet “ this rebel chieftain and his band.” The reply is a shrill whistle, a quick answer in the sudden uprising from copse and heath of five hundred men in arms, and the words, —

“ How say’st thou now ?
These are Clan-Alpine’s warriors true ;
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu ! ”

All this is conveyed to the reader in a manner which is at once pictorial and effective, the climax to which is, —

“ Fitz-James was brave : though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,

He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare.
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before : —
' Come one, come all ! — this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I ! ' *
Sir Roderick marked ; and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

At a wave of his hand, the vassals disappear ; and the two continue on their course until they reach a level green at Coilantogle Ford, where a single combat ends in the defeat of Roderick, who is severely wounded ; Fitz-James having escaped unhurt, almost as if by a miracle. At his bugle-note, four mounted squires advance, — two in arms ; two leading Bayard, a saddled horse. Fitz-James directs that the wounded man be brought to Stirling, and dashes off to see the archer games at noon. His rapid ride could only have been brought before the reader by a bold and skilful horseman, and is one of the finest passages in the poem. The games take place ; and James of Douglas, Ellen's father, — who goes to Stirling to give himself up as a victim, to prevent the war arising out of his being protected by Roderick Dhu, — wins the prizes for archery, wrestling, and " putting the stone," flings among the crowd the gold-pieces which he received from the king's hand, and at last, when the royal huntsman strikes Tufra, Ellen's favorite dog, which first had pulled down a stag, levels the groom to the ground with a single buffet : —

" Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel."

* The original of this fine couplet is to be found in one of the notes to " Sir Tristrem," thus : " In Winton's Chronicle, the Earl of Athole, entering into battle, thus apostrophized a huge rock : ' By the face of God, *thou* shalt flee this day as soon as *I* ! ' " Scott's use of the words is more natural, as Fitz-James's exclamation naturally arises out of the emergency of the moment.

His arrest follows ; and, when the Commons would have taken his part, he prevents it by wise counsel, and is conducted to the castle.

The sixth canto winds up the story. Ellen visits Stirling to claim the clemency of the sovereign, — the fulfilment of his promise to Fitz-James. Rather roughly received in the guard-room, she exhibits the ring, which obtains instant respect and homage. Allan Bane, the harper, asks to see his master, the Douglas, but is admitted into the cell where Roderick is confined, and to him, on earnest entreaty, relates the details of the battle of Beal' an Duine between the forces of the crown and of the chieftain, ending with the sudden cessation of the contest by a royal message that Roderick and Douglas were both in captive hold ; but at this period of his lay perceived that Roderick had breathed his last, and changes his strain to a lament for "Alpine's honored pine," — the tree which glanced in its banner.

Next succeeds the *dénoûment*, artistical and graceful. Ellen, conducted to an apartment in the royal residence, awaits the coming of the Knight of Snowdoun, hears breathed through the lattice of an adjacent tower a "Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman," and recognizes the voice and affection of Malcolm Græme. Fitz-James enters at this moment, and escorts her to the presence-chamber : —

"Still by Fitz-James her footing staid :
A few faint steps she forward made ;
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed.
For him she sought who owned this state,
The dreaded prince whose will was fate.
She gazed on many a princely port
Might well have ruled a royal court,
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turned bewildered and amazed :
For all stood bare ; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.

To him each lady's look was lent ;
On him each courtier's eye was bent :
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring ;
And Snowdown's Knight * is Scotland's King ! ”

Ellen has nothing to ask for her father ; for he and his prince had “ much forgiven ” on the evening before. She craved the pardon of Roderic Dhu ; and the king informs her, with the regret of a brave man, that he was of the dead. She gives the ring to her father : at a word, Malcolm appears and kneels down, the doom being

“ Fetters and warder for the Græ me ! ”

The story, culminating, as usual, in marriage, ends thus : —

“ His chain of gold the King unstrung :
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung ;
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.”

With the exception of the episode of Blanche of Devon's death, which has very little bearing on the action of the story, and of the harper's long narrative of the battle (in the sixth canto), the whole of “ The Lady of the Lake ” is full of interest. Malcolm, who finally gains the prize of Ellen's hand, fails to interest the reader : with all his faults, Roderick is more to be liked. The Knight of Snowdown is drawn with equal vigor and skill, and, indeed, is the real hero of the poem. He is James V., King of Scotland, who died in 1542. He was son of James IV., who was slain at the battle of Flodden in 1513, and figures in

* One of the six official heralds of the Lyon office in Edinburgh bears the title of *Snowdown*.

"Marmion," nephew of Henry VIII. of England, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, and father of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was popularly called the King of the Commons, was gallant in war and love, and the hero of several adventures such as the poet has imagined. The final surprise, unusually effective, is not new in fiction. It was related, long before the era of Scott's story, in the Arabian tale of "Il Bondocani," with Haroun Alraschid as its hero; but, curiously enough, such an incident had actually occurred to King James himself, who had told a countryman, that, at court, the king was to be recognized by his wearing his hat, all of inferior rank being uncovered. When the rural visitor was in the presence-chamber, and James asked, "Do you recognize the king?" the answer was, "By my troth, it must be thou or myself; for we two are the only persons here who are covered."

It is singular, that in "Lalla Rookh," composed a few years after "The Lady of the Lake," Thomas Moore, in his effective scene where the Oriental princess discovers the King of Bokhara in the person of Feramorz the minstrel, should have forgotten the disclosure of James Fitz-James to Ellen.

Frances Jeffrey in "The Edinburgh Review," and George Ellis in "The Quarterly," appeared eager to bestow the highest praise upon "The Lady of the Lake." Jeffrey predicted that it would be read oftener than either of Scott's former poems, and Ellis complimented at once his pictorial skill and creative power. Southey and Wordsworth eulogized the poem, — each reserving a protest against the rapidity which the metre not only permitted, but encouraged. Canning and Ellis advised a return to the grand manner of Dryden; which, with some modification, Byron soon after employed in "The Corsair" and "Lara," and which, about this time, Scott himself, speaking on the subject of poetry with James Ballantyne,

warmly praised, as adopted in Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes" and "London." He declared, that, in comparison of his own genius as a poet with that of Burns, "the two ought not be named on the same day," and that Campbell was not to be compared with Burns; adding, "If you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country." Yet at this moment, and indeed during the last thirty years, the Scottish poet most read is, not Joanna Baillie, but Robert Burns, the peasant-poet. Scott's own poems, once so popular, have been so much eclipsed by his prose romances, that they are comparatively neglected now; and hence I have given a few extracts from the best of them.

Among the warm and abundant commendations which descended upon Scott at this time was one in a shape of a letter from Lisbon, from his old friend Adam Fergusson, — the same who had been the means of his having, in his youth, had a word from Burns. After many changes, Fergusson, in active life and as captain in the Fifty-eighth Infantry, was serving in the British army under Wellington, in August, 1811, when he wrote as follows: "I need not tell you how greatly I was delighted at the success of 'The Lady of the Lake.' I dare say you are by this time well tired of such greetings: so I shall only say, that last spring I was so fortunate as to get a reading of it when in the lines of Torres Vedras, and thought I had no inconsiderable right to enter into and judge of its beauties, having made one of the party on your first visit to the Trosachs; and you will allow that a little vanity on my part on this account (every thing considered) was natural enough. While the book was in my possession, I had nightly invitations to *evening-parties* to read and illustrate passages of it: and I must say, that (though not conscious of much merit in the way of recitation) my attempts to

do justice to the grand opening of the stag-hunt were always followed with bursts of applause ; for this canto was the favorite among the rough sons of the fighting Third Division. At that time, supplies of various kinds, especially any thing in the way of delicacies, were very scanty ; and, in gratitude, I am bound to declare that to the good offices of 'The Lady' I owed many a nice slice of ham and rummer of hot punch, which, I assure you, were amongst the most welcome favors that one officer could bestow on another during the long rainy nights of last January and February. By desire of my messmates of the Black-cuffs, I some time ago sent a commission to London for a copy of the music of the boat-song, 'Hail to the Chief,' as performed at Covent Garden, but have not yet got it. If you can assist in this, I need not say that on every performance a flowing bumper will go round to the bard." It was inexpressively grateful to Scott's feelings to learn, and from an old school-fellow and friend, that in a far land, in the watches of the night, his poetry had cheered the gallant men who were battling for the right amid danger, difficulties, and privations. He heard from another source, and always took special pride in relating, that in the course of the day, when "The Lady of the Lake" first reached Adam Fergusson, he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery, — somewhere on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground. While they kept that attitude, the captain, kneeling at their head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto VI. ; and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza whenever the French shot struck the bank close above them. I need scarcely add, that, though the 58th Infantry was nominally an English regiment, most of the rank and file had been enlisted in

Scotland: hence their appreciation of the hand-to-hand fight in the Perthshire Highlands.

Immediately after the publication of "The Lady of the Lake," its author, after some hesitation between the triple temptation of running over for a month or two to the seat of war (Portugal), a visit to his friend Mr. Morritt at Rokeby, or an expedition to the Hebrides, decided on the latter, and proceeded thither, accompanied by some of his family, his dog Wallace, and several friends. His purpose, then unavowed, was to behold the localities of a new poem, to be entitled "The Lord of the Isles." He visited Staffa, with its wonderful cavern, Icolmkill, Holy Iona, Skye, Mull, and other places of note, journalizing as he went. On his return, having found the manuscript of that portion of "Waverley" which he had written some years before, he sent it to James Ballantyne, in whose judgment he placed great confidence.

In 1805, his friend William Erskine, to whose opinion he had always cheerfully submitted, had told him that "Waverley" would probably not increase, not even maintain, his literary reputation. Ballantyne, writing in September, 1810, expressed himself as "amused," but saw too little to enable him to form a decided opinion; and went on to say, "Considering that 'sixty years since' only leads us back to the year 1750, a period when our fathers were alive and merry, it seems to me that the air of antiquity diffused over the character is rather too great to harmonize with the time. The period is modern: Johnson was writing, and Garrick was acting; and, in fact, scarcely any thing appears to have altered more important than the cut of a coat. The account of the studies of Waverley seems unnecessarily minute. There are few novel-readers to whom it would be interesting. I can see at once the con-

nection between the studies of Don Quixote, or of the Female Quixote, and the events of their lives; but I have not yet been able to trace betwixt Waverley's character and his studies such clear and decided connection. The account, in short, seemed to me too particular, — quite unlike your usual mode in your poetry, and less happy. It may be, however, that the further progress of the character will defeat this criticism. The character itself I think excellent and interesting; and I was equally astonished and delighted to find in the last-written chapter that you can paint to the eye in prose as well as in verse. Perhaps your own reflections are rather too often mixed with the narrative; but I state this with much diffidence. I do not mean to object to a train of reflections arising from some striking event; but I don't like their so frequent recurrence. The language is spirited, but perhaps rather careless. The humor is admirable. Should you go on? My opinion is clearly, certainly. I have no doubt of success, though it is impossible to guess how much." This verdict did not encourage Scott, and "Waverley" was again locked up in his desk for some years. In James Ballantyne's memoranda, written long after on his death-bed, it is stated, that in 1814, when the work was going through the press under his watchful eye, he still did not think well of it; and, when its success "knocked me down as a man of taste, all that the good-natured author said was, 'Well, I really thought you were wrong about the Scotch.' Why, Burns by his poetry had already attracted universal attention to every thing Scotch; and I confess that I couldn't see why I should not be able to keep the flame alive merely because I wrote Scotch in prose, and he in verse."

At this time, while the demand for Scott's own writings was so great as fairly to overtask the pro-

ductive facilities of the Ballantyne press (this was before the application of steam, when hand-presses only were used), the works which, on his recommendation, John Ballantyne & Co. were publishing, were so much dead weight, — a new and not good edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays. Other heavy speculations were the Tixall poetry; a huge history of "The Culdees," by Dr. Jamieson, in quarto; and "The Edinburgh Annual Register," which in one year extended to a couple of thick octavo volumes. In fact, at this time, and later, Scott fancied that such books as pleased *himself* ought to please the *world*. Constable the publisher, a very shrewd man, said, "I like Scott's ain bairns, but dislike the bairns whom he adopts." So the Ballantynes, as *publishers*, were losing, not only the money they made as *printers*, but were in debt, and had involved Scott in large losses and heavy responsibilities. Towards the close of 1810, notwithstanding his successes, Scott spoke of going to India, in the event of his friend, Mr. Dundas, being sent there as Viceroy. He did not think that literature should be the aim and end of his life; and already, though only in his fortieth year, was weighed down beneath the troubles of his *secret* trade-partnership.

Early in 1811 he wrote a poem, "The Vision of Don Roderick," the profits of which he devoted to a fund then collecting in London for the relief of the Portuguese, who had suffered much in life and property during Massena's campaign. It was published in July, a large quarto edition having rapidly gone off. The idea of this poem was taken from the Spanish tradition, that Roderick, the last Gothic king of Spain, when the invasion of the Moors was impending, descended into an ancient vault near Toledo, the opening of which had been denounced as fatal to the Spanish monarchy. His

rash curiosity was mortified, it was said, by an emblematic representation of the Saracens, who soon after defeated him in battle, and reduced Spain under their dominion. In the poem other Peninsular revolutions were introduced, the third showing the condition of the country under the invasion by Bonaparte. The stanza employed was a modification of the Spenserian. The Past and the Present were exhibited in this poem. Mr. Jeffrey preferred the former: but under the latter are some splendid stanzas; not those in which, with singular bad taste, sternly reprov'd by "The Edinburgh Review," it was said of Bonaparte,

" From a rude isle his ruder lineage came,"

but more particularly those in which the "various hosts" are characterized, — English, Scotch, and Irish, — each with a distinctive meed of praise. The reviews, generally, spoke highly of "The Vision." Lady Wellington, who did not know him personally, wrote to Scott, thanking him for his fine tribute to her husband; and one of the last letters she ever wrote was to bid him farewell, and thank him for the solace his works had afforded her during her fatal illness.

The reception of "Don Roderick" by the public would have satisfied most authors; but the success of "The Lady of the Lake" had been so great, that Scott felt dissatisfied, particularly as he was shrewd enough to perceive that the patriotic and political feeling which it expressed had recommended it, apart from its poetical merit, to many readers. The contest with Bonaparte, pertinaciously carried on in Spain by England, almost single-handed, occupied the public mind. "The Vision of Don Roderick," which was a glorification of the contest in Spain, gratified the *amour propre* of the British people.

Canning, while he accepted the stanza of "The Vis-

ion " as an improvement upon the octosyllabic metre of previous poems, still urged Scott to do himself full justice in poetical narration, by attempting, at least, the rhyme of Dryden's "Fables." The result was a poem in the heroic couplet, entitled "The Poacher," the merit of which, as an imitation, Crabbe instantly admitted, saying (it was published anonymously), "This man, whoever he is, can do all that I can, and *something more*." Some other imitations of living poets appeared at the same time without his name; so early was the beginning of his literary mystifications. In 1811, too, he contributed some articles to "The Quarterly Review," and supplied a preface and a copious body of notes to an edition of Wilson's "Secret History of the Court of King James I."

In this year too, after a long delay, Scott came into a salary of thirteen hundred pounds a year as Clerk of Session; Mr. Home, for whom he had officiated since 1806 without fee or reward, retiring on a pension. This large accession to his income confirmed him in the design, or rather desire, he long had entertained, — of buying some land, and becoming a Tweedside laird. His lease of Ashestiel had expired. He was tenant at will, under a heavy rent. He wrote to James Ballantyne that he wanted "a piece of ground sufficient for a cottage and few fields." He found two such, either of which would have suited him; but both would make a very desirable property indeed. They stretched along the Tweed, nearly half-way between Melrose and Selkirk; and could be had for between seven thousand to eight thousand pounds, or either separate for about half that sum. He proposed to obtain it by his pen, — with a new poem to be ready for the press within a year at farthest, — and would put aside his newly-accruing salary to form a sinking fund to pay off this money; hoping, at his age, yet to sit under the shade of a tree of his own planting.

Finally, one of the pieces of land was purchased from his old friend Dr. Douglas, the minister of Galashiels, who had never attempted to improve the property beyond planting on it one strip of firs, and had never settled on it. There was a rich meadow along the banks of the Tweed; but at the back lay one hundred acres of neglected, undrained, cold, heathy land. There was a small and poor farm-house, with kail-yard and barn, and a puddly pond, covered with ducks and duck-weed; from which aquatic nuisance the place was called "Clarty Holes." * But the silvery Tweed, his favorite river, rippling over a bed of milk-white pebbles, was before him. The place had belonged to the great Abbey of Melrose; and, from the ford below, Scott, desiring to re-name his purchase, called it Abbotsford. Half of the land he planted, reserving the other moiety for pasture and tillage. To his brother-in-law, Mr. Carpenter, in India, he wrote, saying that it had cost him four thousand pounds; that, within the twelvemonth, he would build on it a small cottage for his summer abode, and give a great house-warming gala when he took possession of it; adding, "As we are very *clannish* in this corner, all the Scotts in the country, from the duke to the peasant, shall dance on the green to the bag-pipes, and drink whiskey-punch." To Joanna Baillie he declared that he intended to have "only two spare bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, each of which could, on a pinch, have a couch-bed."

These simple views were never realized: instead of the modest cottage arose the quaintly grotesque yet beautiful castellated mansion of Abbotsford.

In the late Mr. R. P. Gillies's entertaining rather than wholly reliable "Recollections of Sir Walter Scott," a more ambitious view is presented. Visiting

* *Clarty* is the Scottish dialect for very *dirty*.

“Clarty Holes” a few days after he had bought it, Scott declared his design to be, — first to rear plenty of wood for ornament and shelter; to grow enough of wheat and oats to feed men and horses. Fish and game abounded: sheep and kine could be got without making a *raid* into Traquair. For a dwelling, a hurricane-house could easily be run up. “Here,” he said, “if I should ever become rich, is the spot whereon I would build my castle. In that level ground to the left I would have my garden; and there should be a sweeping carriage-drive down the slope, opening from that cart-road on the hill-side.”

When the purchase of Abbotsford was made, Scott might be said to move in a duplex social system. As Clerk of Session, a station very little lower than the judicial, he could and did command free intercourse with the highest society in Edinburgh; and his own large family connections, including as kin and friends a large portion of the wealthy land-owners of the south of Scotland, raised him still higher, if it were necessary. His literary performances, with success unprecedented, made him, even thus early, a chief in Edinburgh society. In all these capacities he gave and partook of solemn dinners and other grave entertainments; but he enjoyed himself, outside of this old-fashioned and formal intercourse, more familiarly with other friends. There was Constable, the publisher (not inaptly called “The Crafty,” a little later, in the Chaldee manuscript); there was often Charles Mathews, a gentleman and scholar, whose imitative power astonished, while his wit and reading delighted, the future lord of Abbotsford; there was Daniel Terry, architect by profession, and player by choice, with a respectable stock of literary knowledge, and a kindred taste for old furniture and black-letter books; there were the two Ballantynes, James and John, as contrasted in appearance as the fat and lean kine of Pha-

raoh, and so different, that Scott facetiously spoke of one (in his absence, it may be supposed) as Aldorontiphoscophornio, while he called the other Rigdum-Funnidos, — characters in Henry Carey's play of "Chrononhotonthologos." Now and then, Scott would give a few hours to such companions in Edinburgh; while in the summer, when they were not much needed in the city, they were welcome guests by invitation, or whenever it pleased them to visit him. During the period of his highest success and apparent prosperity, he delighted to see around his table these, "the old familiar faces." At the cottage in Lasswade he had not received all of this jocund party, for the excellent reason, that he had not known all of them; but often at Ashestiel they were with him, making and sharing mirth. Mrs. Scott, though she did not understand much of what they said, always received them very kindly, and — sure indication of good sense — was delighted to see her husband unbend the bow in their company. He, as I heard from one of the party, only said enough to set the conversation going, most delighting in listening to the fun.

If, in evil hour, Terry had not been stage-struck, but had remained in practice of his profession, he might have lived and died a rich man. He spent the autumn of 1811 with Scott at Ashestiel, and rode over the new purchase daily, assisting his friend with his advice and talents, which, as he was an excellent draughtsman and architect, were of great value. There was, a few years ago, in the possession of the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's wife, the first sketch of the dwelling at Abbotsford, drawn by Scott's own hand in the clumsiest manner, showing merely a design for a sort of rustic piazza, the supporters being trees with the bark on, intended as a front to the original old cottage on Clarty Holes, after it had been "stretched," as Scott said, into some

additional rooms, so as to be habitable by his family and a few guests. When Abbotsford, the stately, was completed, Scott presented this sketch to Lady Lauder, saying, "This it was to have been: I wish I had stuck to it." Mr. Terry, a man of no ordinary sagacity (in other persons' affairs), vetoed this sketch, declaring that he knew the impossibility of Scott's adhering to it, and planned a mansion, which, year by year, might be enlarged at will, so as to form a splendid whole when completed, but which at any stage would not look incomplete. Thus the house and grounds of Abbotsford were planned and laid out by Daniel Terry. Early in 1812 he went on the London stage, where he succeeded in old-comedy and eccentric-comedy parts. Almost every summer he returned to Edinburgh, and, wherever he was, assisted Scott at Abbotsford with professional advice, or by his taste and knowledge in the purchase of literary and antiquarian curiosities. As Mr. Lockhart intimates, he was to Scott, during all these years, as if one of the Ballantynes had his headquarters in London.

CHAPTER XII.

"Childe Harold." — "Bridal of Triermain." — "Rokeby." — "The Giaour." — Lord Byron. — "Ariosto of the North." — Wellington, Davy, and Watt. — Removal to Abbotsford. — The Future Castle. — Voyage North. — The Lighthouse Commission. — "Lord of the Isles." — O'Connell's Quotation. — "Field of Waterloo." — "Harold the Dauntless." — "Sultan of Serendib." — John Kemble's Retirement. — Parodists: Paulding, the Smiths, Colman, and Moore. — The Laureateship declined.

1812—1813.

ONE-HALF of the four thousand pounds paid by Scott for the fresh purchase of land on Tweed-side was obtained on the promise of a new poem, to be called "Rokeby," after the beautiful and romantic estate of his friend Morritt in Yorkshire. He had been much interested, years before, in its fine scenery, with which he proposed to connect a tale of the civil wars of Charles I. From Mr. Morritt, of course, he received a great deal of local, historical, and antiquarian information, with a hint that the better time for a romance would be farther back, — during the war of the Two Roses.

Byron, who, before he went on his foreign tour, had shown his facility and sharpness in "English Bards," had returned with two cantos of "Childe Harold," written in his two-years' absence; and on their publication by Murray, in London, in March, 1812, to use his own words, "woke one morning, and found himself famous." He had placed himself, at a single bound, on a summit such as no English poet had ever before attained but after a long succession

of painful and comparatively neglected efforts. Scott, who instantly recognized the genius of this new rival in the contest for fame, felt that even to hold his own against such a competitor would require a greater effort and more care than he had hitherto exercised. He laid aside the materials for a poem on the subject of Bruce, the Scottish hero-monarch, and commenced the new romance of "Rokeby." His correspondence, for months before he began to write the poem, shows with what anxiety he was filling his mind with legends of the locality, with illustrations and incidents. The statement, in the annotated edition, that "Rokeby" was begun on the 15th of September, and finished on the last day of December, 1812, cannot be correct; for, in May of that year, Scott wrote to Morritt that he had at last moved into Abbotsford, long before it was completed; and that, "As for the house and the poem, there are twelve masons hammering at the one, and one poor noddle at the other: so they are both in progress." At that time, he had no room to himself; for Lockhart says, "The only parlor which had been hammered into any thing like habitable condition served at once for dining-room, drawing-room, school-room, and study. A window looking to the river was kept sacred to his desk. An old bed-curtain was nailed up across the room, close behind his chair; and there, whenever the spade, the dibble, or the chisel (for he took his full share in all the work on hand), was laid aside, he pursued his poetical tasks, apparently undisturbed and unannoyed by the surrounding confusion of masons and carpenters, to say nothing of the ladies' small talk, the children's babble among themselves, or their repetition of their lessons." The truth no doubt was, that, when at his desk, he did little more, as far as regarded *poetry*, than write down the lines which he had fashioned in his mind while pursuing his vocation

as a planter upon that bank which received originally, by way of joke, the title of "The Thicket." This certainly was the pursuit of poetry amid difficulties; yet at this time, of all others, Scott chose to try the new experiment of carrying on two poems at the same time, — "Rokeby" being suspended for a season while he was composing "The Bridal of Triermain." During the progress of the larger poem, he revisited Rokeby Park, where he was observed to note even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag over his intended robber's cave. When this was pointed out, he said, "that in Nature no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless, as the range of Nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own mind circumscribed, and contracted to a few favorite images, and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and bareness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth. Besides which," he said, "local names and peculiarities make a fictitious story look so much better in the face!" He was aware, of course, how successfully Homer and Milton have introduced the names of places into their great poems; above all, he was so accurate, that "The Lay" and "Marmion" are capital guide-books through the border country, while "The Lady of the Lake" is as available for tourists to Loch Katrine.

"Rokeby" is a story of the Civil War. The action occupies five days, immediately subsequent to the great battle of Marston Moor in July, 1644. This poem was more eagerly expected in London than in Edinburgh, where portions of it, read by James Bal-

lantyne to his coterie of critical friends, had failed to awaken much enthusiasm. It was considered, that, in this new poem, Scott desired fairly to measure swords with Byron. His own design was to present something different from his own preceding performances, which had considerable rapidity of *action*, and to rely more on *character* than he had done before. In a letter to Ballantyne, he said, "The force in 'The Lay' is thrown on style; in 'Marmion,' on description; and in 'The Lady of the Lake,' on incident." The sale of a large edition in quarto indicated curiosity as much as popular admiration. Mr. Morritt, as proprietor of the locality, thought more highly of it than most others. Still, the descriptions of scenery were very fine, the exhibition of character was good, and some of the incidents had novelty and power. Bertram Risingham, the actual hero, thus describes his course of life:—

"My noontide, India may declare:
Like her fierce sun, I fired the air;
Like him, to wood and cave bade fly
Her natives from mine angry eye.
And now, my race of terror run,
Mine be the eve of tropic sun!
No pale gradations quench his ray;
No twilight dews his wrath allay:
With disk like battle-target red
He rushes to his burning bed,
Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once, and all is night."

Byron never produced a more perfect image than this.

Scott's own idea was, that the Roundheads were unpoetical in character; but, independent of the fact that the period of the tale was at once too recent and too remote, perhaps the cause of comparative failure may be found in the iteration of the metre, which, by this time, other writers had successfully adopted.

There are songs scattered through "Rokeby," some of which, particularly "Allan-a-Dale" and "The Cavalier," are among the best of Scott's lyrical effusions.

"Rokeby," published in January, 1813, was followed by Byron's "Giaour," which, with its intense passion and Oriental coloring, immediately eclipsed it. Between both poems appeared "The Bridal of Triermain," which had been struck off at a heat by Scott, as a relief to his mind while the longer poem was in progress. By way of laying a trap for Mr. Jeffrey (who, however, escaped it by being in America when it was published), great care was taken to conceal the authorship, and even to fix it upon Mr. William Erskine (afterwards Lord Kinnedder), Scott's particular friend. The secret was told to few in Scotland, and only to Mr. Morritt in England. Erskine lent himself tacitly to the innocent cheat. Ballantyne re-copied the whole of the manuscript for the press, and the public were taken in for a time, — many recognizing the style which Scott had made familiar; some tracing the personal characteristics of Erskine in the manner and language; and a few fancying that Mr. R. P. Gillies, a clever Edinburgh young man of letters, who had committed "the sin of poetry," might have written it. After two large editions had been sold, Erskine thought that the deception had gone far enough, and the author's name was no longer concealed. The introduction, which presents a pair of modern lovers, is graceful, delicate, and tender; and the poem itself is a charming tale of chivalry, in which we pass from the splendid court of King Arthur to enchanted halls. Some years later, after "Waverley" had appeared, "Harold the Dauntless," by the author of "The Bridal of Triermain," was published. Part of it had been actually printed *before* "Childe Harold" had challenged

public favor. It was critically pronounced to be a good imitation of Scott, but in all respects was inferior to "The Bridal of Triermain."

Scott informed Lady Louisa Stuart that "Rokeby" had been wonderfully popular, — "About ten thousand copies having walked off already in about three months, and the demand continuing faster than it can be supplied." In the following June, wanting money to purchase a considerable addition to his property at Abbotsford, he proposed that Constable the publisher should give him five thousand pounds for the copyright of a poem to be written, entitled "The Nameless Glen," which subsequently received the more attractive title of "The Lord of the Isles." He was sorely pressed too, all through this summer, with the great and growing difficulties of the publishing-house of Ballantyne. He advanced every sixpence at his own command, and finally obtained the guaranty of his friend the Duke of Buccleugh, which procured him a credit of four thousand pounds from a bank in Edinburgh. In the autumn he matured the plan of "The Lord of the Isles," and wrote such a portion of the first canto as enabled him to approach Constable with something more than the title of a poem.

His good friend the Duke of Buccleugh died about the time when "Childe Harold" startled the world. Among other results, it had interested the Prince Regent of England, who, in conversation with Lord Byron, expressed himself so favorably of Walter Scott, that Murray the publisher, thinking there was a fair opportunity for smoothing the difficulty, if any, between the author of "Marmion" and his satirist in "English Bards," communicated with Scott; from whom came a letter to Byron, expressing his admiration of "Childe Harold," stating the circumstances under which he wrote "Marmion," declaring

that his habits of life had rendered his defence as to avarice or rapacity rather too easy, and rejoicing that Murray's report of Byron's conversation with the Prince Regent had given him an excuse for writing to his Lordship. The reply to this, dated July 6, 1812, exhibits so much true courtesy on Byron's part, and so well explains the secret of Scott's future intimacy with the Prince Regent, that I cannot refrain from publishing it:—

“I have just been honored with your letter. I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the evil works of my nonage, as the thing is suppressed voluntarily, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit; and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise. And now, waiving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings, peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities. He preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought ‘*The Lay*.’ He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I thought you more particularly the poet of *Princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in ‘*Marmion*’ and ‘*The Lady of the Lake*.’ He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less royal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both: so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers: nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to manners, certainly superior to those of any living gentleman.

“This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for, having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and, my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, no business there. To be

thus praised by your Sovereign must be gratifying to you; and, if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely your obliged and obedient servant,

“BYRON.”

A reply from Scott led to a true friendship between the two poets when they met in London. How nobly Scott showed his regard may be read in his article on the third canto of “Childe Harold” in “The Quarterly Review,” written immediately after Byron’s retreat from England, after his wife’s leaving him, in 1816, — a courageous and noble vindication of a friend, absent and maligned, at a time when few had the spirit to defend him. Byron’s regard for Scott was manifested in various ways in after-times. To Scott was dedicated “Cain, a Mystery,” one of the most thoughtful and philosophical of all Byron’s writings; and in his fourth canto of “Childe Harold” are the lines, —

“The minstrel who called forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang lady-love and war, romance and knightly worth.”

In that same summer of 1812, Mrs. Apreece, a young and wealthy widow of Scott’s kindred, was married to Sir Humphry Davy, the great chemist and natural philosopher. This led to an acquaintance with Davy, which soon became intimate. In Scott’s scale of appreciation, such a successful soldier as Wellington occupied the first rank. Next came the men of science, — Watt with his subjection of steam to purposes of national importance, as well as of individual comfort and convenience; and Davy with his safety-lamp, which, if carefully and constantly used, would preserve human life risked in mines. In a letter to Joanna Baillie in 1825, Scott

said, "Men like Watt, or whose genius tends strongly to invent and execute those wonderful combinations which extend in such an incalculable degree the human force and command over the physical world, do not come within ordinary rules." Literature, in which his own triumphs were achieved, he placed far below military, political, and scientific pursuits.

In May, 1812, the flitting from Ashestiel to Abbotsford took place. The distance was only five miles; yet the removal was to a new district. The poor—to whom all the family had been very kind, Mrs. Scott thoughtfully and liberally so at all times, for prosperity did not spoil her noble, womanly nature—were perhaps the most missed. It was pleasantly situated, the new homestead, on the banks of the Tweed, just above the confluence of the Gala, three miles from Melrose Abbey. "Our flitting and removal from Ashestiel," Scott wrote to Terry, then settled in London, "baffled all description. We had twenty-four cart-loads of the veriest trash in nature, besides dogs, pigs, ponies, poultry, cows, calves, bare-head wenches, and bare-breeched boys." There was not so much trash, after all; for among the miscellanies were furniture, books, pictures, and, as he wrote to Lady Alvanley, a very conspicuous show of old swords, bows, targets, and lances. Compelled to sit in his place in the Court of Session during portions of five days in the week, he spent part of Saturday, and the whole of Sunday and Monday, in Abbotsford, giving the master's glance over what had been done, correcting mistakes, endeavoring to have his own ideas carried out (rural laborers being inclined to do or misdo things in their own stupid way), and inhaling that fresh, invigorating, out-of-doors air, which was to him the very breath of life; as his own words put it, "If he had not, he would die." Particularly did he look after his plantations, minding

not merely the production of trees, which would be profitable after some years in a district where timber was scarce, but their general aspect in the landscape, their utility in protecting some exposed spaces, and their welcome shade. "There," he said to Mr. Gillies (who knew about as much of arboriculture as he did of the squaring of the circle, or the alchemic change of lead into pure gold after the fashion described in Godwin's "St. Leon"),—"there the ground is poor for crops, but good for the growth of wood. I would plant a large proportion of mountain-ash, Scotch fir, and larch, for the sake of their rapid growth, near the castle,—if I ever should become so rich as to build one. On the hills I would prefer oak, birch, hazel, and other trees, the bark of which is suitable for the tanner; so that, every fifteen or twenty years, those who come after me might have a profitable fall of copse-wood." He was fond of repeating the advice of an old Scottish judge, who, never walking over his own property without putting his Malacca-cane into the ground and dropping an acorn into the hole, would say, "Be aye planting acorns: *they* will grow when you are asleep or doing worse." Some of Scott's acorns, however, did not turn out well. He got some from Trentham, in mid-England, the seat of his friend the Marchioness-Countess of Stafford-Sutherland; but the field-mice devoured them in the earth: and a space which had been reserved for some Spanish chestnuts, sent from Seville, was not so applied, as the donor had unfortunately been so innocent and careful as to *boil* his chestnuts before he sent them across the Bay of Biscay.

Meantime, the building at Abbotsford was advancing. From Melrose Abbey (to use one of Scott's slang words) were "prigged" a great many carved stones which lay among the ruins. A large garden

was enclosed with a good stone wall. Stables and other out-offices, much larger than accorded with the apparent dimensions of the rising habitation, were erected. Lastly, young Walter Scott, now eleven years old, was taken in hand by George Thompson, a one-legged scholar, son of the Presbyterian minister from Melrose (Scott himself being an Episcopalian), a great athlete and horseman in spite of his bodily disadvantage, and by his learning, oddities, absence of mind, and honorable principles, probably suggesting to Scott (with some recollection of Whale, his odd teacher at Kelso Grammar School) the subsequent Dominie Sampson of "Guy Mannering."

In unbuilt, at least in scarcely habitable Abbotsford, during this summer of 1812, Scott, without even a den for himself the size of a sentry-box, was working in triplicate, so to say. He was preparing his edition of Swift, over the delay of which Constable grumbled very much, and not without cause, and writing two poems at once. His idea of relieving his mind by giving it additional but varied work was original at that time. We have since seen that "Pickwick" and "Oliver Twist" were simultaneously written while their author was editing a monthly magazine; but there have been only one Walter Scott and one Charles Dickens.

Early in July, 1814, "Waverley" was published, anonymously; and at the end of that month, before the work had excited much attention, Scott went on a six-weeks' voyage round the greater part of Scotland, from Leith to Glasgow, as the guest of the Lighthouse Commissioners. He visited Orkney and Zetland, renewed his acquaintance with the Hebrides, and obtained considerable local information of infinite value to his contemplated poem, passing over ground which Bruce had trodden nearly five centuries before.

He also visited the caves of Staffa, and saw the Giant's Causeway. His return was clouded with tidings of the death of his good friend the Duchess of Buccleugh, the lady at whose request he had written "The Lay." In announcing his return in a letter to Morritt, he said, "My principal employment for the autumn will be reducing the knowledge I have acquired of the localities of the islands into scenery and stage-room for 'The Lord of the Isles,' of which renowned romance I think I have repeated some portions to you. It was elder born than 'Rokeby,' though it gave place to it in publishing."

Early in September, he arranged for its publication by Constable. It was published on the 18th of January, 1815; and, *before* the public had delivered its verdict, he told Morritt, "It closes my poetic labors upon an extended scale." The criticisms of the two great Reviews were more favorable than those on "Rokeby," but intimated that the poem did not come up in interest to "The Lady of the Lake" or "Marmion." Of the first edition in quarto, eighteen hundred copies were sold; and up to 1830, when Scott's works were collected, the sale was fifteen thousand copies. But the first sale was smaller even than that of "Rokeby;" while Lord Byron, from the eager abundance of his genius, was rapidly producing tales which had a sale altogether unprecedented, — fifteen thousand copies of "The Corsair" being ordered, it was said, before publication. How Scott bore this new condition of things has thus been stated in James Ballantyne's Memoranda: —

" 'Well, James,' he said, 'I have given you a week: what are people saying about "The Lord of the Isles"?' I hesitated a little, after the manner of Gil Blas; but he speedily brought the matter to a point. 'Come,' he said, 'speak out, my good fellow: what has put it into your head to be on so much cere-

mony *with me* all of a sudden? But I see how it is: the result is given in one word, — *Disappointment.* My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look rather blank for a few seconds: in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event; for it is a singular fact, that before the public, or rather the booksellers, had given their decision, he no more knew whether he had written well or ill, than whether a die thrown out of a box was to turn up a size or an ace. However, he instantly resumed his spirits, and expressed his wonder rather that his poetical popularity should have lasted so long, than that it should have now at last given away. At length he said with perfect cheerfulness, ‘Well, well, James, so be it: but you know we must not droop; for we can’t afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else;’ and so he dismissed me, and resumed his novel.”

He was then at work upon the third volume of “Guy Mannering.” A few days after this, he said, “James, Byron hits the mark where I don’t even pretend to fledge my arrow.” Long after this, when Byron was in Italy, he thus wrote, in a private diary, of Scott: “His poetry is as good as any, if not better (only on an erroneous system); and only ceased to be so popular because the vulgar-learned were tired of hearing ‘Aristides called the Just,’ and Scott the Best, and ostracized him.”

“The Lord of the Isles” may be said to have closed Scott’s poetical career. It contained some striking descriptions of scenery; but, as usual, the nominal was not the actual hero. Like young Lochinvar’s rival, he is a “laggard in love,” neglecting, and even slighting, Edith, the Maid of Lorn, on what was to have been their bridal day; transferring his fluctuating affection to Isabel, fair sister of the Bruce; and

finally returning to Edith when his suit was rejected elsewhere, — his wedding her involving the suspicion that her having become heiress to all her father's possessions might have influenced him. Edith, like Constance de Beverley in "Marmion" and some others of Scott's heroines, assumes the disguise of a page. Robert the Bruce, the true hero of the story, bears himself right royally in it throughout. The description of the battle of Bannockburn, though scarcely equal to that of Flodden Field in "Marmion," is infinitely superior to Allan Bane's long-winded account of the skirmish near Loch Katrine in "The Lady of the Lake." Perhaps the self-devoted death of the English knight Egidrius de Argentine, who was slain as described by the poet, is one of the finest incidents in the annals of chivalry. There are some ballads full of beauty and freshness interspersed through the narrative.

During the Irish monster-meetings in 1843, Mr. O'Connell, who delivered the same speech, with a few alterations to suit the locality, at each gathering, introduced six lines of energetic poetry, but ever, with an hilarious laugh, refused to say whether they were original. They read thus: —

" O Erin ! shall it e'er be mine
To wreak thy wrongs in battle-line ;
To raise my victor-head, and see
Thy hills, thy dales, thy people, free ?
That glance of bliss is all I crave
Betwixt my labors and my grave."

The passage, as an apostrophe to Scotland, is to be found in the fourth canto of "The Lord of the Isles," and is there supposed to have been spoken by King Robert Bruce.

The final downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte, in June, 1815, gladdened Scott's heart. He rejoiced in

his own manner by rapidly writing a poem entitled "The Field of Waterloo," which was published in October, 1815, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the soldiers slain in battle. Inferior as it was, the sale was very considerable, in consequence of the cheap form in which it appeared. Some passages showed a good deal of the spirit and earnestness which had won admiration in earlier days. The tribute to Wellington, whom Scott considered the greatest man of the age, is as fine, perhaps, as ever was paid in song to any warrior:—

"Thou too, whose deeds of fame renewed
Bankrupt a nation's gratitude,
To thine own noble heart must owe
More than the meed she can bestow.
For not a people's just acclaim,
Not the full hail of Europe's fame,
Thy Prince's smiles, thy State's decree,
The ducal rank, the gartered knee,—
Not these such pure delight afford,
As that, when hanging up thy sword,
Well mayst thou think, 'This honest steel
Was ever drawn for public weal;
And, such was rightful Heaven's decree,
Ne'er sheathed unless with victory!'"

The general execution of this poem justified the sharp saying, that "Walter Scott fell on 'The Field of Waterloo.'"

This was the last poem, of any pretension, written by Walter Scott. "Harold the Dauntless," published in 1817, was partly printed before the appearance of "Childe Harold;" and the amusing sketch, entitled "The Sultan of Serendib," is too slight to rank with his important productions. The fun turns upon an unfortunate potentate, who, his physicians assure him, can only be cured from a dreadful malady by putting upon him the shirt of a happy man. Emissaries are

sent in all directions in quest of this individual, who finally turns up, to quote from poor Maginn's song, in the person of

"A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring Irish-
man,"

who laughs in their faces, and finally is discovered as neither wearing nor owning the inner garment whose transfer was to be so salutary to Sultan Solimaun! So

"The king, disappointed, with sorrow and shame
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came."

To this time, also, belongs the Address written for and spoken by John Kemble on taking leave of the Edinburgh stage. He said in the green-room, before the curtain was raised, that he "was determined to leave behind him the most perfect specimen of his art which he had ever shown;" and his Macbeth fulfilled that purpose. The most impressive passage in the Address was this:—

"Higher duties crave
Some space between the theatre and the grave,
That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
My life's brief art in public service flown,
The last, the closing scene must be my own."

Kemble, who retired to the Continent on leaving the stage, died, struck down by paralysis, at Lausanne, in February, 1823.

Like other successful poets, Scott had parodists and satirists. Byron, as I have shown, pounced upon him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," not only with ridicule of certain mannerisms, but with serious denunciation of his having accepted high com-

pensation for his productions. Ere long, Byron was himself as keen, as if he depended solely on his pen, in bargaining with liberal John Murray. In "The Rejected Addresses," by the brothers Smith, there had been a very clever parody of "Marmion." J. K. Paulding the American novelist, and George Colman the dramatist, had paid like tribute in their burlesques on "The Lay" and "The Lady." The American was far better than the English parody, containing some passages, indeed, almost equal to the original. But "The Lay of the Scotch Fiddle" lacked the broad, rollicking fun of Colman's "Lady of the Wreck." In the original poem there is a spirited boat-song, commencing,

"Hail to the chief, who in triumph advances!
Honored and blest be the ever-green pine!"

which in the parody, the scene of which was in Ireland, was changed to,

"Hail to our chief, now he's wet through with whiskey!
Long life to the lady come from the salt seas!"

It was not to be expected that "Rokeby," with its very suggestive title, could escape. Accordingly, Mr. Paulding produced "Jokeby," also in six cantos. A jest which occupies a whole volume can scarcely be effective. It resembles that famous piece of ordnance, the Meg Mons, now mounted at Edinburgh Castle, which, though very large, made more noise than mischief in the distant days when it was discharged. Far more annoying are the light arrows of the Saracens, which fly around in all directions, requiring the utmost vigilance to evade, and often piercing the armor at unexpected moments. Such were the sharp and glancing shafts of Thomas Moore. His amusing brochure, "The Twopenny Post-Bag,"

published about this time, had this couplet in a pseudo-letter from the Countess of Cork, the lively Lady Bellair of Disraeli's novel "*Henrietta Temple* : " —

"By the way, you've seen "*Rokeby*" ? This moment got mine, —
The mail-coach edition, — prodigiously fine ! " —

which alluded to an advertisement from Murray the publisher, announcing that copies of the new poem in quarto, and received from Edinburgh by mail-coach, were on sale by him. In Moore's lively volume, also, was a poetical epistle, purporting to have been written by Messrs. Lackington, the then well-known London publishers, to one of their trade-authors. It concluded thus : —

"Should you feel any touch of poetical glow,
We've a scheme to suggest : — Mr. Scott, you must know,
(Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the *Row*,)
Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to town ;
And, beginning with '*Rokeby*' (the job's sure to pay),
Means to *do* all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
Now, the scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him ;
Who, by means of quick proofs, — no revises, — long coaches,
May do a few Villas before Scott approaches.
Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
He'll reach, without foundering, at least Woburn Abbey."

The satirist had the laughers on his side, — some of them being persons who could not forgive Scott's success. They have many successors, even in the present era of advanced civilization.

In closing this account of Scott's career as a poet, it should be mentioned, that, early in 1813, an intimation was made to him, that, in case he should visit London, his bow would be acceptable at Carlton House, then the residence of the Prince Regent. It was understood that his Royal Highness, greatly

admiring "The Lady of the Lake," was willing, by receiving Scott socially, to condone an offence he had committed in paying his respects to the Princess of Wales, when in London, some years before. When Pitt and Fox were both alive, Scott, like most other Tories of that day, patronized that lady, because she, like them, was at war with her husband, — *she* on personal, the others on political grounds. When the prince, as Regent, declined to put his old friends the Whigs into highest office, Scott's Toryism rejoiced. It was not until March, 1815, however, that the Regent made Scott's personal acquaintance, with which he professed, and indeed appeared, to be highly gratified. From that time, Scott never visited London without being the Regent's guest, there or at Windsor.

In August, 1813, the office of poet-laureate becoming vacant, it was offered to Scott. His first impulse was to decline it, though he believed that its income was three hundred to four hundred pounds a year; but, on consultation with the Duke of Buccleugh, he determined, having sixteen hundred pounds a year from two other public offices, not to accept a third, whose smaller emolument might do real service to some poorer brother of the Muses. He respectfully declined the proffered office, and recommended Southey as suitable for it. This appointment was made; the Prince Regent sensibly agreeing that the birthday ode, — a lyric of high-flown adulation, wedded to machine-made music, — which had been omitted since the illness of George III., should hereafter be entirely dispensed with.

The Duke of Buccleugh's advice to Scott, on the laureateship, was partly based on the fact that the office was stamped ridiculous by the general concurrence of the world, and that *Walter Scott, poet-lau-*

reate, would cease to be Walter Scott of "The Lay," "Marmion," &c. Yet it had been held by Edmund Spenser, Ben Jonson, John Dryden, and Thomas Warton; and, in our own time, by Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson.

CHAPTER XIII.

Novel-Reading and Novel-Writing. — Prose Fictions before Scott. — “Waverley” resumed and published. — Authorship concealed. — Suspicion points to Scott. — Lighthouse Voyage. — Thomas Scott. — Miss Edgeworth’s Lost Letter. — Miss Mitford’s Criticism. — Dugald Stewart.

1814.

BEFORE Scott had given over writing long poems, he diverged into another branch of literature, in which he obtained higher and more permanent fame than that which he had won as a minstrel. Many persons have scarcely read his poetical romances; but who is not familiar with the Waverley novels?

As great a novel-reader as Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, and Daniel O’Connell (the last of whom once declared to me that the advantages of steam, as applied to travelling on sea and land, were counterbalanced by the abridgment of the time he used to devote to the perusal of works of fiction), Walter Scott saw, before he began to write, that the novels and romances of the present century, and particularly at its commencement, were unsuited to the changed condition of society in his own time. The dramatists of the Elizabethan age produced stories, historical or comic, which, two centuries later, would probably have appeared in prose as historical romances, or novels of society. In an age when readers were few, the tales acted on the stage were the prin-

cial popular sources of intellectual enjoyment. For a long time after the death of Shakspeare, the drama may be said to have fallen into abeyance. Thirty or forty years of civil strife, during which imaginative literature was at a discount, followed the death of Shakspeare; and, though there was a revival of the drama between the Restoration in 1660 and the Revolution in 1688, little effective in that line was presented until Dryden bade the dry bones live. Bunyan's immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," in this time, was the favorite reading of the people; and the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, Rabelais' comic and satiric adventures of "Gargantua and Pantagruel," and Cervantes' wonderful "Don Quixote," became well known in England through translations. So, at a later period, were the Abbé Prévost's "Mauillon l'Escaut" (like the younger Dumas' "La Dame aux Camélias," the apotheosis of a professional impure), Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse," Le Sage's "Gil Blas" and "Le Diable Boiteux," Voltaire's "Candide and Zadig," St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther," and a few other foreign works.

When the seventeenth century opened, the gross novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, which had delighted the gay and careless courtiers of the closing years of the Stuart dynasty, fell into disrepute. The age of Queen Anne, which has been entitled the Augustan, exhibited comparative decency, at least in its prose fiction; and under the new dynasty, though not quite so scrupulous (for the first two Guelphic sovereigns were themselves unmistakably immoral in their domestic and social relations), public taste became improved. De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," which does not contain a single impure incident or expression, speedily obtained a popularity which it still enjoys. Swift's "Gulliver," a political fiction, which is a

satire on human nature, also had (and has) a multitude of readers, who, opening it merely to be entertained by the wonderful adventures it contains, narrated with a most artistic *vraisemblance*, scarcely notice its too prevailing coarseness. Richardson and Fielding, however, may rank as the inventors of the English novel, though not of its higher class,—the historical. There runs an under-current of indelicacy, not very decided, but adapted to the sensuous taste of the time, through Richardson's sentimentality; and yet the author of "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" affected to be a purist in morals. Next to him is Fielding,—who had begun as a satirical parodist, and ended by establishing a new school of story-tellers,—who rejoiced in what Scott has called "warmth of description." Fielding, with all his faults, possessed genius, and was followed by Smollett, who photographed the manners and exhibited the vices of many grades of society. Sterne, decidedly a man of genius, was not restrained from gross indelicacy by a sense of what was due to his office as a clergyman. Oliver Goldsmith, whose "Vicar of Wakefield," much as all readers admire it, has serious defects in construction and sentiment, might have produced a real novel of English society, but "died too soon," when Scott was only three years old. Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto," written in 1763, was its author's solitary work of fiction, and owed as much at least to his rank as to novelty of design or execution. Clara Reeve's Gothic romance, "The Old English Baron," alone remembered out of her many works, was an almost avowed imitation of Walpole's romantic story, and a decided improvement upon it.

When Scott wrote the first chapters of "Waverley," in 1805, the principal living novelist was Mrs. Radcliffe, whose very sensational romances outdid all con-

temporary productions. With her began high payments for such works. She received five hundred pounds for "The Mysteries of Udolpho;" and eight hundred pounds for "The Italians," its successor. To-day, these stories, crowded with crime and with apparently supernatural effects (all of which are elaborately explained away at the close), would scarcely engage the attention of a novel-reader for half an hour. Henry Mackenzie's stories, popular in their day, were didactic and sentimental, and had got out of fashion. Cumberland the dramatist, preserved in "the crystal amberization" of Sheridan's "Critic" as Sir Fretful Plagiary, had finally lapsed into writing novels which possessed the coarseness of Fielding, without his wit; yet his play, "The West-Indian," which presents the truest character of an Irish gentleman ever put upon the stage, was surpassed in its day only by Sheridan's "School for Scandal," in which even the livery servants and soubrettes converse in epigram. Madame D'Arblay, whose novel of "Evelina" had created a greater sensation among the literati of her time than probably had ever before been caused by any similar production, was reposing on her laurels, but failed to please a later generation of readers. For the copyright of "Evelina" she received twenty pounds in 1778, while for "Camilla" she was paid three thousand guineas in 1796; making fame by the first, and losing it by the latter work. Mrs. Charlotte Smith succeeded, commencing with a translation of "Mannon L'Escaut," the heroine of which is a beautiful wanton, and settling down into prose fictions, occasionally indecorous, and usually dull.

Perhaps, strictly speaking, Miss Sophia Lee should be credited with the authorship of the first English historical novel. In 1783-86 appeared "The Recess," in six volumes. Mary, Queen of Scots, is its heroine;

but unlike Scott, who carefully adhered to facts when he introduced historical characters, Miss Lee boldly married Mary Stuart to the Earl of Leicester, and introduced two daughters as the fruit of this union!

Mrs. Inchbald, whose "Simple Story" won the sympathies of a large circle of readers; Regina Maria Roche, whose "Children of the Abbey" still finds a considerable sale in this country, though it is almost wholly forgotten in England; Mrs. Opie, whose "Father and Daughter" had the tears of the public in their day, and was successful when adopted for the stage; William Godwin, with his realistic "Caleb Williams" and his romantic "St. Leon;" Dr. Moore, whose "Zeluco" suggested to Byron the character of "Childe Harold;" Sidney Owenson (afterwards Lady Morgan), whose "Wild Irish Girl" and "Ida of Athens" scarcely indicated the promise which subsequently was realized in "O'Donnell" and "Florence Macarthy;" and above all, rational, truthful, and vigorous Maria Edgeworth, — these belonged to Scott's own time, and their works might be safely read with pleasure and advantage. This is not a long catalogue of novelists; but it will be observed, that even then, sixty years ago, most of the story-tellers were of the gentler sex. I have not included Jane Austen, because "Sense and Sensibility," the first of her novels, was not published until 1811, six years after "Waverley" had been planned and partly written; and have not forgotten Anna Maria Porter, who appeared in print before Sir Walter Scott, nor her sister Jane, because neither of them had any influence upon his taste. It is stated by an authority whose general correctness I have pleasure in acknowledging,* that "Sir Walter

* Dr. S. Austen Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, vol. ii. p. 1646.

Scott admitted (conversation with George IV. in the library of Carlton Palace) that this work—Jane Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs'—suggested his Waverley novels; but considering that "Waverley" was begun in 1805, and that "The Scottish Chiefs" first appeared in 1810, I am unable to believe that he derived any suggestion from a work *then unwritten*.

Also prior to the commencement of "Waverley" was the *début* of Charles Robert Maturin, an Irish clergyman of striking genius, with a minimum of discretion. His "Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montario," which, with its appalling horrors, out-Radcliffed Mrs. Radcliffe, appeared in 1804. In a subsequent romance, entitled "Melmoth the Wanderer," he abated some of these horrors, seasoning them with the naked indecency of Lewis's "Monk;" and in his tragedy of "Bertram," produced at Drury-lane Theatre through Lord Byron's influence, he had originally introduced the Enemy of Man as one of the *dramatis personæ*!

There is another phalanx of novelists who lived, but can scarcely be said to have flourished, early in the present century. Their works, from the source of their publication in Leadenhall Street, London, were known as "Minerva-press Novels." At the head of these was "Anne of Swansea," Mrs. Hatton, sister of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, who dealt largely in common-place, was very deficient in constructive skill, usually extended each of her romances to four and even five novels, and was fond of resonant titles, such as "The Rock of Glotzden, or the Secret Avenger." Mr. Thomas Surr, whose "Splendid Misery," treating of fashionable life, with which he had not the slightest acquaintance, was in eager request at all the circulating-libraries in town and country; and a Capt. Thomas Ashe, who carried on for some years the profitable but disreputable trade of writing novels of society upon the current scandals

of the day, and never published them if he could induce the persons whom he libelled to buy his manuscript. He lived by literary black-mail. The Minerva-press novels, bad as they were, had immense popularity for some years.

No wonder, then, that Walter Scott, who, having shown the world in "The Minstrelsy" and "The Lay" that he was editor and poet, and being himself a novel-reader, should be utterly dissatisfied with the quality of the existing supply. The French Revolution, distinguished by its levelling principle and action, had ended in substituting a feudal empire for an effete monarchy; and, even when Napoleon was re-dividing Europe into kingdoms and principalities for his family and his followers, there had sprung up, or rather revived, a deep devotion to the chivalry which had done so much in the past, and whose traditions had ingrafted grace into history, and breathed reality into song. To this feeling, this principle, Scott had ministered in his poems; and now, acknowledged head of the romantic school, he resolved to extend its limits beyond the ballad or the narrative poem, and use prose as the more suitable medium. He strove to delineate the past as it seemed in the eyes of men who were dubious of the present, and afraid of the future, — noble, stately, glittering, and gay, with the pulse of life ever beating to heroic measures. His view of feudalism, in "The Talisman," "Ivanhoe," and "The Fair Maid of Perth," was not the caricature a few preceding authors had drawn, but a portrait, — faithful, if idealized.

"Waverley," as we have seen, had been condemned by Erskine; thrown by, mislaid, recovered, and depreciated by Ballantyne. Scott, having nearly completed his "Life and Works of Jonathan Swift" (published by Constable, in nineteen octavo volumes, on the 1st

of July, 1814), — a work which really was supplementary to his history of a particular period of English literary history, — brought out his "Waverley" manuscript for the third time, carefully read it, thought something could be made of it, and permitted the announcement, in "The Scots' Magazine" of February, 1814, that "'Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since,' a novel, in three volumes 12mo, would be published in March." Already he had made some progress in continuing the story; for in January he had shown the greater part of the first volume to Mr. Erskine, who at once predicted that it would prove the most popular of all his friend's works. It was determined to publish it anonymously, and unusual pains were taken to prevent the discovery of the author's name. John Ballantyne copied out all the manuscript. Double proof-sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to Scott; and the alterations which it received were, by Ballantyne's own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers; so that even the corrected proof-sheets of the author were never seen in the printing-office. While "Waverley" was passing through the press, Mr. Erskine read some of the proof-sheets to a few friends after supper; and from the enthusiastic praise they obtained, as well as from the way in which their host spoke, the party inferred that they were listening to the first effort of some unknown but very able aspirant.

When the first volume was printed, Ballantyne placed it in the hands of Constable, who, not doubting who was the author, considered the matter, and offered seven hundred pounds for the copyright. This price was so high (Miss Edgeworth up to that time not having realized a tenth of that sum by even her most successful work), that a novice would gladly have accepted it. Scott's reply, through Ballantyne,

was, that it was too much if the novel should not succeed; too little if it did. He would have taken a thousand pounds; but Constable would not offer so much, and published the work on the terms of equal division of profits between himself and the author.

The first volume was printed before the second was begun. Constable, who had become proprietor of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," was bringing out a supplement to that extensive work. At his request, Scott agreed to write three essays for it, — on Chivalry, the Drama, and Romance, — and completed two in April and May, writing that on Romance some time later. Constable, a liberal man, paid a hundred pounds for each. This episode ended, Scott set seriously to work on "*Waverley*," and informed his friend Morritt that "the last two volumes were written in three weeks." In corroboration of this, Lockhart has related a personal anecdote, — how, happening to pass through Edinburgh in June, 1814, he dined with Mr. William Menzies (afterwards a judge at the Cape of Good Hope), whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and at right angles with, North Castle Street. "There was," he says, "a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday, or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library, which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself, and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. 'No,' said he: 'I shall

be well enough presently, if you will only let me sit where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before, and now it won't let me fill my glass with a good will.' I rose to change places with him accordingly; and he pointed out to me this hand, which, like the writing on Belshazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. 'Since we sat down,' he said, 'I have been watching it: it fascinates my eye; it never stops. Page after page is finished, and thrown on that heap of manuscript: and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books.' — 'Some stupid, dogged, engrossing clerk, probably!' exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. 'No, boys,' said our host. 'I well know what hand it is: 'tis Walter Scott's.' This was the hand, that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the last two volumes of 'Waverley.' "

"Waverley" was published on the 7th of July, 1814, — only six days after the issue of the nineteen volumes of Swift, which Jeffrey, partly because Constable asked him to notice it favorably in "The Edinburgh Review," treated in a criticism in which covert censure was mingled with apparent praise. The biographer and editor of Swift was informed that he had written "extremely well;" that he had been a courteous critic; that he had given a fair view of the political, social, and literary history of the period of Queen Anne; but that he had mistaken the character of Swift by too favorably representing it. Jeffrey, in this view of "the Dean," entirely anticipated Thackeray's terrible estimate of that gifted, wayward, unfortunate man.

In that same summer of 1814 appeared, dated in

the preceding autumn, Scott's "Abstract of the Eyrbyggja-Saga," prefixed to a large quarto by Henry Weber (the plodding, and finally lunatic, amanuensis of Scott) and Mr. R. Jameson, entitled "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities," — another of the losing Ballantyne publications.

These extensive publications produced a doubt, for a short time, as to the possibility of Walter Scott's having been able to find time to write "Waverley." A very few intimate friends he let into his secret. To Morritt he wrote, that he intended to maintain his *incognito*; adding, "Jeffrey has offered to take oath that it is mine, and another great critic has tendered his affidavit *ex contrari*." In a subsequent letter to the same friend, he says, "As to 'Waverley,' I will play Sir Fretful for once, and assure you that I left the story to flag in the first volume on purpose: the second and third have rather more bustle and interest. I wished (with what success, Heaven knows) to avoid the ordinary error of novel-writers, whose first volume is usually their best. But, since it has served to amuse Mrs. Morritt and you *usque ab initio*, I have no doubt you will tolerate it even unto the end. It may really boast to be a tolerably faithful portrait of Scottish manners, and has been recognized as such in Edinburgh. The first edition of a thousand instantly disappeared; and the bookseller informs me that the second, of double the quantity, will not supply the market for long." In a postscript he owns, "The hero is a sneaking piece of imbecility;" and positively repeats, "I shall *not* own 'Waverley:' my chief reason is, that it would prevent me of the pleasure of writing again." In 1829, in the general preface to his works, he said, "My original motive for publishing the work anonymously was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste which might very probably fail; and therefore there

was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture." As for concealing his name *after* the immense success of the work, the best reason that could be assigned was, that it was his humor. It kept him, at any rate, out of hearing some criticism and a great deal of compliment.

At the same time, Walter Scott was fully aware, particularly as the years rolled on, that his secret could be no secret to those who knew him intimately. He was aware that Lord Byron was fully in the secret; and must have smiled when he wrote to Morritt, "David Hume, nephew of the historian, says the author must be of a Jacobite family and predilections, a yeoman cavalry-man, and a Scottish lawyer; and desires me to guess in whom these happy attributes are united." The Ballantynes objected to the secrecy; but he adhered to his purpose, and, like an accused person at the bar, put in a plea of "Not guilty" to all indictments of authorship, leaving the accusers to prosecute their charge, and prove it—if they could.

Three weeks after the publication of "Waverley," just when the book had become an object of interest in Edinburgh, and before he had read any criticism upon it from England, Scott started on the pleasure-voyage from Edinburgh to Glasgow already mentioned; which, taking him round a great portion of Scotland, enabled him to visit the Shetland and Orkney Islands, and to revisit the Hebrides. This six-weeks' trip supplied him with scenery and notes, not only for his final poem, "The Lord of the Isles," but locality and materials, seven years later, for "The Pirate."

The success of "Waverley," anonymously published, was great. In five weeks, an impression of one thousand copies was disposed of; but six thousand went off in the first six months.

Up to this time, his only confidants were James

and John Ballantyne, his friends Morritt and Erskine, and his brother Thomas Scott, then quartered in Canada. To him, of whose talents he had the highest opinion, he wrote, "You must know there is also a counter-report, that *you* have written the said 'Waverley.' Send me a novel intermixing your exuberant and natural humor with any incidents and descriptions of scenery you may see, — particularly with characters, and traits of manners. I will give it all the cobbling that is necessary: and, if you do but exert yourself, I have not the least doubt it will be worth five hundred pounds; and, to encourage you, you may, when you send the manuscript, draw on me for one hundred pounds at fifty days' sight: so that your labors will, at any rate, not be quite thrown away. You have more fun and descriptive talent than most people; and all that you want — i.e., the mere practice of composition — I can supply, or the Devil's in it. Keep this matter a dead secret, and look knowing when 'Waverley' is spoken of." He even suggested an incident, with a ready-made hero, which Paymaster Scott might have used, — a young Edinburgh "rough," whom both had known in their high-school days, whom it was proposed to take across the Atlantic, and follow in a series of adventures among the native Indians, the old French settlers, and the lumberers of Canada, — classes and a locality with which Thomas Scott was very familiar. But his health was bad; he was as lazy as a Neapolitan; and he never wrote a line of the proposed book.

The authorship of "Waverley," known to nearly forty persons, including several ladies, was well kept for thirteen years, until, from the derangement of his publisher's affairs, it necessarily became known to creditors, accountants, and lawyers; and Scott finally avowed it.

The story of "Waverley" had the merit of presenting a popular sketch of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," during his short occupation of Edinburgh, in the Jacobite "rising" of 1745-46. There also is a graphic contrast between English and Scottish upper-class modes of life, at that period, in England and Scotland, at Sir Edward Waverley's well-maintained residence of Waverley Honor, and the Baron of Bradwardine's quaint and picturesque but neglected castellated mansion of Tully Veolan. As drawn by Scott, Tully Veolan, like his own Abbotsford in later days, was a composite construction, made up of various peculiarities in mansions actually existing, — a gate from one, an avenue from another, a cincture of elm-trees from a third; an old-fashioned garden, a filled-up moat, a terraced pleasance, from others. To introduce the scenery of the highlands of Perthshire, Waverley visits Fergus Mac Ivor, the actual hero of the tale; and after a hopeless and passionate love-suit to Flora Mac Ivor, the chieftain's sister, finally marries pretty Rosa Bradwardine, simply "a very nice little girl." The famous drinking-cup, "the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine," introduced at the first dinner at Tully Veolan, had its prototype in a silver beaker, also used for convivial purposes, preserved as an heir-loom at the Castle of Glamis, in Forfarshire, the seat of the Earls of Strathmore: it is in the shape of a lion, — the family name of Lord Strathmore being Lyon. Scott of Thirlestane, in Roxburghshire, had a similar cup, holding a pint of wine, which each guest was compelled to empty at a draught before departure: if his name were Scott, it was doubly necessary to pay this "devoir."

The execution of Fergus Mac Ivor at Carlisle Castle is imaginary, of course. Yet, when I first visited that ancient and massive edifice, I was shown, not only the staircase of the turret in which Mary, Queen

of Scots, had been confined, but a cell, which, I was gravely assured, had been occupied by Fergus Mac Ivor, and also the identical spot, where, with his face to the Scottish hills, only eight or nine miles distant, he had been hanged. Yet this was in 1830, while Sir Walter Scott was alive, and less than sixteen years after the publication of "Waverley"! The novelist's fiction had already become a tradition,—almost a fact!

In reviewing "Waverley," Jeffrey spoke favorably of it as Scott's. The criticism in "The Quarterly Review" was not so favorable. In general, however, the work was well spoken of by the reviewers, and soon became almost as popular in England as in Scotland. From personal friends, commendations poured in very abundantly during Scott's sea-journey.

"Waverley" concluded with a chapter, entitled "A Postscript, which should have been a Preface," in which, after speaking of the political and social changes in Scotland since the last attempt of the Stuarts, in 1745-46, to recover the crown which their own weakness, folly, and obstinacy had forfeited, and the circumstances which, in childhood and youth, had interested him in the fortunes of that fallen dynasty, he gracefully acknowledged, that, in presenting the romance of history, it had been his object to describe persons whom he knew, or had read of, "not by a caricatured and exaggerated use of the national dialect, but by their habits, manners, and feelings; so as in some distant degree to emulate the admirable Irish portraits drawn by Miss Edgeworth, so different from 'the Teagues' and 'dear joys,' who so long, with the most perfect family resemblance to each other, occupied the drama and the novel." At this time (1814), though Scott had corresponded with Miss Edgeworth, to whom common sense may be said to have supplied the place of

genius, they had never met. His compliment to her, therefore, in the conclusion of "Waverley," was wholly impersonal.

By his desire, James Ballantyne sent a copy of the novel to Miss Edgeworth on its first appearance, inscribed "From the Author." Mr. Lockhart says that the Irish lady "thanked the nameless novelist, under cover to Ballantyne, with the cordial generosity of kindred genius," and gives a copy of the answer sent to her by the printer. In this he expressed the gratification which her approbation of his work had given to the author of "Waverley," who had often said to him (Ballantyne), "If I could but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons, and make them live as *beings* in your mind, I should not be afraid;" declared that he had felt that his success was to depend upon the characters, much more than on the story; that he himself thought honest Bailie Macwheeble the best drawn character in his book, and that it certainly was the most *true*; and that the character of Rose is less finished than the author had one time intended, but the characters of humor grew upon his liking, to the prejudice, in some degree, of those of a more elevated and sentimental kind. "I am not authorized to say," he added, "but I will not resist my impulse to say to Miss Edgeworth, that another novel, descriptive of more ancient manners still, may be expected ere long from the author of 'Waverley;' but I request her to observe, that I say this in strict confidence, not certainly meaning to exclude from the knowledge of what will give them pleasure her respectable family."

Miss Edgeworth's letter was not published by Lockhart, because it was not found, after much search, among the papers of Scott or Ballantyne. It was my own good fortune, in 1842, to ascertain that the

original letter was in possession of an autograph collector in Glasgow, who kindly permitted me to take a copy of it. Having become acquainted with Miss Edgeworth at an early age in Ireland, and having long been in correspondence with her, I sent her a copy of this Waverley letter, and received her assurance that it was authentic. Her words were, "It was my father's letter and my own (for it is a *joint* letter) to Sir Walter Scott. I have, in truth, no copy of it, never keeping any letters of my own; but you have what we wrote." This letter to me is dated "Edgeworthstown, Sept. 16, 1842," and contained directions for correcting a few verbal mistakes. The Waverley epistle, wholly in Miss Edgeworth's own writing, on several sheets of note-paper, is as follows:—

EDGEWORTHSTOWN, Oct. 23, 1814.

"Aut Scotus aut Diabolus."

We have this moment finished "Waverley." It was read aloud to this large family; and I wish the author could have witnessed the impression it made—the strong hold it seized of the feelings both of young and old—the admiration raised by beautiful descriptions of Nature—by the new and bold delineations of character—the perfect manner in which every character is sustained, in every change of situation, from first to last, without effort, without the affectation of making the people speak in character—the ingenuity with which each person introduced in the drama is made useful and necessary to the end—the admirable art with which the story is constructed, and with which the author keeps his own secrets, till the precise proper moment when they should be revealed; whilst in the mean time, with the skill of SHAKESPEARE, the mind is prepared by unseen degrees for all the changes of feeling and fortune, so that nothing, however extraordinary, shocks us as improbable; and the interest is kept up to the last moment. We were so possessed with the belief that the whole story, and every character in it, was real, that we could not endure the occasional addresses from the author to the reader. They are like FIELDING; but for that reason we cannot bear them: we cannot bear that an author of such high powers, of such original genius, should, for a moment, stoop to imitation. This is the

only thing we dislike, these are the only passages we wish omitted in the whole work; and let the unqualified manner in which I say this, and the very vehemence of my expressions of this disapprobation, be a sure pledge to the author of the sincerity of all the admiration I feel for his genius.

I have not yet said half we felt in reading the work. The characters are not only finely drawn as separate figures, but they are grouped with great skill, and contrasted so artfully, and yet so naturally, as to produce the happiest dramatic effect, and, at the same time, to relieve the feelings and attention in the most agreeable manner. The novelty of the Highland world which is discovered to our view excites curiosity and interest powerfully; but, though it is all new to us, it does not embarrass, or perplex, or strain the attention. We never are harassed by doubts of the probability of any of these modes of life: though we did not know them, we are quite certain they did exist exactly as they are represented. We are sensible that there is a peculiar merit in the work, which is, in a great measure, lost upon us, the *dialects* of the Highlanders and Lowlanders, &c. But there is another and a higher merit, with which we are as much struck and as much delighted as any true-born Scotchman could be — the various gradations of Scotch feudal character, from the high-born chieftain and the military baron to the noble-minded lieutenant Evan Dhu, the robber Bean Leau, and the savage Callum Beg. The *Pre — the Chevalier* is beautifully drawn,

"A Prince; ay, every inch a Prince!"

His polished manners, his exquisite address, politeness, and generosity interest the reader irresistibly; and he pleases the more from the contrast between him and those who surround him. I think he is my favorite character: the Baron Bradwardine is my father's. He thinks it required more genius to invent, and more ability uniformly to sustain, this character, than any one of the variety of masterly characters with which the work abounds. There is, indeed, uncommon art in the manner in which his dignity is preserved by his courage and magnanimity, in spite of all his pedantry, and his *ridicules*, and his bear, and his boot-jack, and all the raillery of M'Ivor. (M'Ivor's unexpected bear and boot-jack made us laugh heartily.)

But to return to the dear, good Baron. Though I acknowledge that I am not so good a judge as my father and brothers are of his recondite learning and his law Latin, yet I feel the humor, and was touched to the quick by the strokes of his generosity, gentleness, and pathos, in this old man, who, by the by, is all in good time worked up into a very dignified father-in-law for the hero.

His exclamation of "Oh, my son, my son!" and the yielding of the facetious character of the Baron to the natural feelings of the father, are beautiful. (Evan Dhu's fears that his father-in-law should die quietly in his bed made us laugh almost as much as the bear and the boot-jack.)

Jinker, in the battle, pleading the cause of the mare which he had sold to Balmawhapple, and which had thrown him for want of the proper bit, is truly comic: my father says that this and some other passages respecting horsemanship could not have been written by any one who was not master both of the great and little horse.

I tell you, without order, the great and little strokes of humor and pathos just as I recollect or am reminded of them, at this moment, by my companions. The fact is, that we have had the volumes only during the time we could read them, and as fast as we could read, lent to us as a great favor by one who was happy enough to have secured a copy before the first and second editions were sold in Dublin. When we applied, not a copy could be had: we expected one in the course of next week; but we resolved to write to the author without waiting for a second perusal. Judging by our own feelings as authors, we guess that he would rather know our genuine first thoughts than wait for cool second thoughts, or have a regular eulogium or criticism put into the most lucid order, and given in the finest sentences that ever were rounded.

Is it possible that I got thus far without having named Flora, or Vich Ian Vohr, the *last Vich Ian Vohr*? Yet our minds were full of them the moment before I began this letter — and, could you have seen the tears forced from us by their fate, you would have been satisfied that the pathos went to our hearts. Ian Vohr, from the first moment he appears till the last, is an admirably drawn and finely sustained character — new — perfectly new to the English reader — often entertaining — always heroic — and sometimes sublime. The gray spirit, the *Bodach Glas*, thrills us with horror. *Us!* What effect must it have under the influence of the superstitions of the Highlands? This circumstance is admirably introduced. This superstition is a weakness quite consistent with the strength of the character, perfectly natural after the disappointment of all his hopes, in the dejection of his mind and the exhaustion of his bodily strength.

Flora we could wish was never called *Miss Mac Ivor*, because in this country there are tribes of vulgar *Miss Macs*, and this association is unfavorable to the sublime and beautiful of *your* Flora, — she is a true heroine: her first appearance seized upon the mind, and enchanted us so completely, that we were certain she was to be your heroine, and the wife of your hero; but with what unaccountable art you gradually convince the reader that she was

not, as she said of herself, *capable of making Waverley happy!* Leaving her in full possession of our admiration, you first made us pity, then love, and at last give our undivided affection to Rose Bradwardine, — sweet Scotch Rose! The last scene between Flora and Waverley is highly pathetic: my brother wishes that *bridal garments were shroud*; he thinks it would be stronger, and more natural — because, when the heart is touched, we seldom use metaphor, or quaint alliteration — *bride favors — bridal garment*.

There is one thing more we could wish changed or omitted in Flora's character: I have not the volume, and therefore cannot refer to the page; but I recollect in the first visit to Flora, when she is to sing certain verses, there is a walk, in which the description of the place is beautiful, but *too long*; and we did not like the preparation for a *scene*, and the appearance of Flora and her harp. It was too like a *common* heroine — she should be far above all *stage-effect or novelist's trick*.

These are, without reserve, the only faults we found, or can find, in this work of genius. We should scarcely have thought them worth mentioning, except to give you proof positive that we are not flatterers. Believe me, I have not, nor can I convey to you the full idea of the pleasure, the delight, we have had in reading "Waverley" — nor of the feeling of sorrow with which we came to the end of the history of persons, whose *real presence* had so filled our minds. We felt that we must return to the *flat realities of life*, and that our stimulus was gone. We were little disposed to read the *postscript which should have been a preface*. "Well, let us hear it," said my father — and Mrs. E. read on.

O my dear sir, how much pleasure would my father, my whole family, as well as myself, have lost, if we had not read to the last page! And the pleasure came upon us so unexpectedly! We had been so completely absorbed, that every thought of ourselves, or our own authorship, was far, far away.

Thank you for the honor you have done us, and for the great pleasure you have given us, — great in proportion to the opinion we had formed of the work we had just perused; and believe me, every opinion I have in this letter expressed was formed before any individual in the family had peeped to the end of the book, or knew how much he owed you.

Your obliged and grateful

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

The allusion, in the above letter, to the "large family" at Edgeworthstown, may be explained by the fact that Mr. Edgeworth had been four times married, and had children by each wife, nearly all of whom remained under the paternal roof.

The objection that the occasional addresses from the author to the reader were too like Fielding had also been made by Henry Mackenzie, who said, "You should never be forced to recollect, *maugre* all its internal evidence to the contrary, that such a work is but a work of fiction, and all its fine creations but of air." On the other hand, Bulwer and Thackeray have often suspended their story to gossip with the reader about it. Dickens never did.

At the time (late in 1842) when I gave Mr. Lockhart a copy of Miss Edgeworth's letter, the publication of the second edition of the "Life of Scott" had been completed; and he stated his regret to me at not having been able to insert it in its proper place. Of its interest as a contribution to the literary history of his time he expressed himself warmly, *viva voce* as well as by letter.

Among other literary ladies of note, who, about this time, passed judgment upon "Waverley," was Miss Mary Russell Mitford, who in October, 1814, wrote thus: "Have you read Walter Scott's 'Waverley'? I have ventured to say 'Walter Scott's;' though I hear he denies it, just as a young girl denies the imputation of a lover: but, if there be any belief in internal evidence, it must be his. It is his by a thousand indications, — by all the faults and all the beauties; by the unspeakable and unrecollectable names; by the vile pedantry of French, Latin, Gaelic, and Italian; by the hanging the clever hero, and marrying the stupid one; by the praise (well deserved, certainly, — for when had Scotland ever such a friend? — but thrust in by his head and shoulders) of the late Lord Melville; by the sweet lyric poetry; by the perfect costume; by the excellent keeping of the picture; by the liveliness and gayety of the dialogues; and last, not least, by the entire and admirable individuality of every character in the

book, high as well as low, — the life and soul which animates them all with a distinct existence, and brings them before our eyes like the portraits of Fielding and Cervantes." The Baron of Bradwardine was her favorite character: "And yet his is, perhaps, the least original of any; a mere compound, but a most entertaining compound, of Shakspeare's Fluellen and Smollett's Lismahago." Assuredly, as far as the latter was concerned, only personal resemblance was involved. Some weeks later, Miss Mitford, again writing to Sir William Elford, said that she remained convinced that Scott had some share in "Waverley;" adding, "I know not the evidence that could induce me to believe that Dugald Stewart had any thing to do with it. He! — the triptologist, as Horace Walpole says, — he! the style-monger, whose periods, with their nice balancing and their elaborate finish, always remind one of a worthy personage in blue and silver, ycleped, I believe, the Flemish Hercules, whom I have seen balancing a ladder on his finger, with three children on one end, and two on the other, — he write that half-French, half-English, half-Scotch, half-Gaelic, half-Latin, half-Italian, — that hotch-potch of languages, — that movable Babel called 'Waverley'! My dear Sir William, there is not in the whole book one single page of pure and vernacular English; there is not one single period of which you do not forget the sense in admiration of the sound." There were three cogent circumstances to confirm the doubt thus expressed, — first, Dugald Stewart, a life-long adept in metaphysics, logic, politics, and political economy, had never taken very kindly to literature; next, when "Waverley" was published, he was over sixty years of age; and, lastly, several "Waverley" novels appeared after his death.

CHAPTER XIV.

Abbotsford. — "Guy Mannering." — Origin of the Story. — Annesley Peerage. — Joseph Train. — The Cavern Scene. — Visit to London. — The Prince Regent. — Carlton-House Hospitality. — Checkmated for Once. — Intimacy with Byron. — Dagger and Vase. — Stolen Autograph.

1814—1815.

ABBOTSFORD, when Scott returned from the isles in September, 1814, had been augmented in acres by the purchase of a then desolate and naked mountain-mere, which, in the language of a famous landscape-gardener of the last century, had "great capabilities" (hence the *sobriquet* of "Capability Brown"), and gave him a little lake at one end of his estates, as a contrast to the silvery Tweed at the other. A fancy price was paid for it; landowners in that quarter being shrewd enough to see that "the Shirrá" was anxious to obtain territory. He favored planting on land not decidedly arable, and had indulged in this judicious taste from the first day of his becoming master of Abbotsford. Within three years he had the gratification of reporting to one of his friends, whose woods had been the growth of centuries, "I cannot walk, nor even sit, under my own trees; but I can rest me beneath their shadow:" and wrote to another, "I am anxiously measuring my oak-trees (which are to be) with a one-foot rule." The dwelling at Abbotsford was advancing. In place of the miserable farm-house was arising what Scott, writing to Terry, calls "the whimsical, gay old cabin

that we had chalked out. I have made the old farmhouse my *corps de logis*, with some outlying places for kitchen, laundry, and two spare bedrooms, which will run along the east wall of the farm-court, not without some picturesque effect. A perforated cross, the spoils of the old kirk of Galashiels, decorates the advanced door, and looks very well. This sly little bit of sacrilege has given our spare room the name of 'the Chapel.'” In Abbotsford, in November and December, 1814, were written the three closing cantos of “The Lord of the Isles,” the publication and reception of which, in January, 1815, have already been mentioned. The novel of “Guy Mannering” was begun and finished during the Christmas holidays. Inasmuch as the events of this tale were supposed to have occurred in the closing years of George II. and the first decade of George III., this could not have been the new novel, “descriptive of more ancient manners still,” which James Ballantyne informed Miss Edgeworth might be expected ere long from the author of “Waverley.”

Some months before, having called at Ballantyne's printing-office in the Canongate, Scott took up the proof-sheet of a volume of “Poems, with Notes, illustrative of Traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire; by Joseph Train, Supervisor of Excise at Newton Stewart.” The question, “Is this another poetical exciseman?” naturally arose; and Scott, struck with a ballad about a witch of Cormick, whose spells had caused the destruction of one of the scattered vessels of the Spanish Armada off the Mull of Cantyne, wrote to the author, suggesting an improved rhyme in one of the stanzas, and begging to be considered a subscriber for ten copies. Mr. Train gratefully acknowledged this kindness; and the book, having reached Scott as he was about to begin his yacht-tour, was read by him on his voyage. On his return he wrote

to Mr. Train, expressing the gratification he had received from several of his metrical pieces, but still more from his notes; and requesting him, as he seemed to be enthusiastic about traditions and legends, to communicate any matters of that order connected with Galloway which he might not himself think of turning to account: "For," said Scott, "nothing interests me so much as local anecdotes; and, as the applications for charity usually conclude, the smallest donation will be thankfully accepted."

Joseph Train was Scott's junior by eight years. His father, an Ayrshire farmer, apprenticed him to the weaving-business; but the lad — as happens oftener in Scotland, I believe, than in any other part of the world — applied all his leisure hours to reading and mental improvement. At the age of twenty he was drafted into a militia regiment, in which he served until the Peace of Amiens in 1802. While on duty at Inverness, he commissioned a bookseller there to purchase for him a copy of Dr. Currie's "Life and Works of Robert Burns," then sold at a guinea and a half. The pay of a British militia-man at that time being only twenty-five cents a day (and no rations), it showed great self-denial on Train's part to have saved four dollars to buy such a book. The circumstance came to the knowledge of Sir David Hunter Blair, also an Ayrshireman, colonel of the regiment, who purchased the work, had it elegantly bound, and presented it to the "full private" who had thus exhibited literary taste. Nor did he rest here, but, when the regiment was disembodied, procured Train a good commercial agency at Ayr, — that royal burgh, whose "twa brigs" figure so famously in the poem of Burns, and are near the cottage on Doon-side where the peasant-poet was born, adjacent to "Allo-way's auld haunted kirk," within whose ruins Tam O'Shanter did, or did not, see the grotesque demon-

revelry, described in a manner at once ludicrous and awe-inspiring.

The influence of his kind patron caused Train to be commissioned as an excise-officer; and he was serving in this capacity, after two promotions for steady conduct (in the burgh of Newton Stewart, in the district of Galloway), when he came under the notice of Walter Scott, then the most distinguished of Scottish authors. He had been collecting materials for a history of Galloway in conjunction with a friend; and they had obtained a large and excellent variety of materials, considerably assisted by the local clergy and schoolmasters: but, on receipt of Scott's letter, Train resolved to renounce all idea of authorship for himself, and thenceforth assist *him*. In the ballad which Scott read, "Turnberry's kine" were mentioned; and he asked Train to procure for him some account of the then condition of Turnberry Castle, which Robert the Bruce had surprised (as related in "The Lord of the Isles") on the commencement of the brilliant part of his career. Train, though he had known that part of Ayrshire in his youth, distrusted his memory, and visited the ruined structure on the coast, supplying Scott with abundant materials, speedily worked up into the fifth canto of the poem, and ingrafted upon the notes, with due and grateful acknowledgment.

After this,, Mr. Train sent to Scott a collection of anecdotes about the gypsies in Galloway, with a local story of an astrologer's calling at a farm-house at the moment when the gude wife was in travail, and predicting the future fortune of the child. This, which was told during Train's first visit to Abbotsford (he was a frequent and welcome guest there and at Edinburgh ever after), reminded Scott of a similar story told him in his youth by an old Highland servant of his father. After Scott's death, a rude Dur-

ham ballad was recovered by Mr. Train, which Scott had most probably heard or read in his youth. This is entitled "The Durham Garland," the prediction of which is, that the child should be hanged at a certain time; an act not accomplished, inasmuch as *he* is only put into matrimonial chains, while two wrongdoers, guilty of a robbery they had charged him with,

" Confessed their faults immediately,
And for it died deservedly."

There has been assigned, as the origin of one part of "Guy Mannering," — the abduction of the young heir, and his detention in foreign parts for many years, — the singular history of James Annesley, who, in 1749, claimed the titles and estates of the Irish Earls of Anglesey. He claimed to be only son of Lord Altham, heir to the Earldom of Anglesey; that, his father and mother having separated, he was brought up on charity and in utter poverty; that, when twelve years old, he attended his father's funeral, himself in rags; that his uncle, Capt. Annesley, took the barony and estates of Altham as next heir, wholly ignoring this unfortunate child, whom he had kidnapped and conveyed to America, where he labored for thirteen years as a plantation-slave; that, on the death of the Earl of Anglesey, his uncle quietly succeeded to his titles and large estates; that, at the age of twenty-five, he escaped from America, and succeeded in reaching Jamaica, where he entered a man-of-war as a volunteer; that Admiral Vernon, who heard his story, believed it, relieved him, and wrote in his favor to the Duke of Newcastle, then prime-minister of England; that his uncle unscrupulously used every means to retain the peerage and property he had usurped, and finally, on being recognized by old servants of the family and tenants, endeavored

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to induce him to accept a compromise, and reside in France; that in a trial which took place in Dublin in November, 1743, this James Annesley obtained a verdict, which his uncle endeavored to set aside by a writ of error; and that, before another trial could take place, the claimant died, leaving his uncle master of the field. This case was stated with some particularity in Smollett's "*Peregrine Pickle*," and Scott might have read it there or in the *Law Reports*. A saying of one of the witnesses, "He is the right heir, if right might take place," may have supplied a hint for "Our right makes our might," the motto of Bertram of Ellangowen.

Let me be allowed here to interrupt, or rather to illustrate, this story of Walter Scott's life by stating, that, during the following seventeen years, Joseph Train devoted himself to the collection of legendary tales and fragments, which he duly transmitted to Scott. These were made use of, not only in "*Guy Mannering*," but also in "*Old Mortality*," "*The Heart of Mid-Lothian*," "*Peveril of the Peak*," "*Quentin Durward*," "*Redgauntlet*," "*The Chronicles of the Canongate*," "*The Fair Maid of Perth*," and "*The Surgeon's Daughter*." He also supplied the materials on which Scott founded two of his dramas,—"*The Doom of Devorgoil*," and "*Macduff's Cross*." Mr. Train also communicated to what Scott called the "*Opus Magnum*" (or illustrated five-shilling edition of his works) many additional particulars of a number of the characters in the *Waverley* novels, the prototypes of whom he had introduced to Scott. In 1820, through his friend's kind offices, he was advanced to the rank of supervisor. At an advanced age he published a history of the Isle of Man, retired from office on a pension after twenty-eight years' service, and died in 1852. A few months after his death, his widow was allotted a pension of fifty

pounds a year "in consequence of Joseph Train's personal services to literature, and the valuable aid derived by the late Sir Walter Scott from his antiquarian and literary researches prosecuted under Sir Walter's direction."

Considering the long and efficient assistance given to Sir Walter Scott by such devoted and intelligent friends as James Ballantyne, William Laidlaw, and Joseph Train, I have devoted some extra space to characterize their worth. A man may be safely judged by his friends.

Scott went to Abbotsford, in Christmas, 1814, "to refresh the machine," as he informed Constable. The result was a new novel, founded on the subject which Train's suggestive tradition had brought to mind. Erskine and Ballantyne, having read two volumes of "Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer," thought it much more interesting than "Waverley." In January, 1815, "The Lord of the Isles" appeared; Scott telling Morritt, "It closes my poetic labors upon an extended scale; but I dare say I shall always be dabbling in rhyme until the *solve senescentem*."

On the 24th of February, exactly five weeks after the poem, "Guy Mannering" appeared. Probably the design was to keep up the new mystery of the authorship, as most readers would question the probability of even *his* genius being able so rapidly to have simultaneously produced two such works.

"Guy Mannering," as its author said, "was the work of six weeks at Christmas." It was hurried through to obtain money necessary for the repayment of a sum borrowed to carry on the unfortunate publishing-house of John Ballantyne & Co.

The public opinion upon "Guy Mannering," a simple domestic story, without a single historical incident, character, or allusion, was most favorable.

There is an anecdote, connected with this time, too good to be omitted. Its hero is Lord Hermand, then one of the judges of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. When "Guy Mannering" came out, he was so much delighted with the picture of the life of the old Scottish lawyers in it, that he could talk of nothing else but Pleydell, Dandie, and the High Jinks, for many weeks. He usually carried one volume of the book about with him: and one morning, on the bench, his love for it so completely got the better of him, that he lugged in the subject, head and shoulders, into the midst of a speech about some dry point of law; nay, getting warmer every moment he spoke of it, he at last fairly plucked the volume from his pocket, and, in spite of all the remonstrances of all his brethren, insisted upon reading aloud the whole passage for their edification. He went through the task with his wonted vivacity; gave great effect to every speech, and most appropriate expression to every joke; and, when it was done, I suppose the court would have no difficulty in confessing that they had very seldom been so well entertained. During the whole scene, Walter Scott was present, — seated indeed, in his official capacity, close under the judges.

The author had simply intimated to Morritt that it was "a tale of private life, and only varied by the perilous exploits of smugglers and excisemen." Guy Mannering, that model of a gentleman, courteous even in his reserve; the Laird of Ellangowan, a doomed man from the first; Sir Robert Hazlewood, an incarnation of full-blown family dignity; Gilbert Glossin and Dirk Hatteraick, villains in the grain; and honest Mac Morlan, the sheriff substitute, — stand out in decided individuality. Lucy Bertram and Julia Mannering are young ladies of the period. But honest Dandie Dinmont, his wife and family, at Charlie's-Hope, including the children and dogs;

Dominie Sampson, so “pro-di-gi-ous” in his attainments, so attached to the Bertrams, and so absent in his manners; Mr. Paulus Pleydell, so acute in legal matters, and so utterly unlawyer-like while enjoying himself at High Jinks, — these were acknowledged to be great creations, acting and speaking at the mere volition of the author; just as, had they lived, might have been expected. Above them all, reaching to the very sublimity of tragic passion and affection, stands Meg Merrilies, — “no better than she should be” I may be reminded, but reaching to a sublimity higher even than that of Lady Macbeth, The original of her character was Jean Gordon of Yetholm, close to the English border, a regular gipsy queen, who eminently possessed the savage virtue of fidelity, which was Meg Merrilies’ redeeming virtue.

In his final Introduction and Notes, the origin of some of the incidents and characters of “Guy Mannering” were stated by the author; who omitted, however, to mention the circumstance, well known to him, which suggested the pictorial effect in the smugglers’ cavern, when, Meg Merrilies dropping a firebrand upon a heap of flax previously steeped in some spirituous liquid, “it instantly caught fire, rising in a vivid pyramid of the most brilliant light up to the very top of the vault,” exhibiting Dirk Hatteraick to Bertram and Dinmont. The dramatic representation of this scene is startling. Scott related to Allan Cunningham, in 1821, the incident which most probably had suggested this melodramatic effect. He had been speaking of Matthew Boulton, the great steam-engine manufacturer, partner of James Watt, at Soho, near Birmingham. “I like Boulton,” he said: “he is a brave man; and who can dislike the brave? He showed this on a remarkable occasion. He had engaged to coin, for some foreign prince, a

large quantity of gold. This was found out by some desperadoes, who resolved to rob the premises, and, as a preliminary step, tried to bribe the porter. The porter was an honest fellow. He told Boulton that he was offered a hundred pounds to be blind and deaf next night. 'Take the money,' was the answer, 'and I shall protect the place.' Midnight came: the gates opened as if by magic; the interior doors, secured with patent locks, opened, as if of their own accord; and three men, with dark-lanterns, entered, and went straight to the gold. Boulton had prepared some flax steeped in turpentine: he dropped fire upon it. A sudden light filled all the place; and, with his assistants, he rushed forward on the robbers. The leader saw in a moment he was betrayed, turned on the porter, and, shooting him dead, burst through all obstruction, and, with an ingot of gold in his hand, scaled the wall, and escaped."

Mr. J. P. Muirhead, biographer of Watt, says, that "on Christmas Eve, 1800, a great robbery was attempted at Mr. Boulton's silver-plate manufactory, — a building which adjoined the engine-yards and workshops, and was at no great distance from his mansion-house." The facts as related by Scott were accurate, except Mr. Muirhead says that the porter or watchman — shot through the neck, and not shot dead — "recovered, and lived long afterwards on a pension, which was the reward of his fidelity to his employer." Thus poetical justice was rendered! Four of the thieves were taken. The fifth escaped, broke his arm, was otherwise badly wounded and bleeding from his fall, and was apprehended four or five months afterwards.

Four lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" were quoted as a motto to "Guy Mannering," to encourage the idea that the poem and the novel were by different authors; but this deceived few.

In the summer of 1814, when the allied sovereigns of Europe, accompanied by some of their leading ministers and soldiers, paid a visit to England, Scott, literally writing against time (producing two volumes of "Waverley" in three weeks), was unable to go to London. Early in the following spring, when "Guy Mannering" was an assured success, he informed Joanna Baillie that she might expect to see him soon. She answered, "Thank Heaven, you are coming at last! Make up your mind to be stared at only a little less than the Czar of Muscovy, or old Blücher." His last visit to London had been in 1809, after the publication of "Marmion," and before he had commenced "The Lady of the Lake." He was prepared, of course, to be lionized by the literary and fashionable society of the metropolis; but looked forward with more than ordinary interest to becoming personally acquainted with Lord Byron and the Prince Regent.

The Prince of Wales, who subsequently reigned (1820–30) as George IV., had allied himself in his youth to the liberal party, of which Charles James Fox was leader. He was more devoted to pleasure, however, than to politics; and, indeed, had paid little attention to the latter. Towards the close of the last century, he figured, in the words of Byron, who bitterly satirized him as a ruler, as

"A prince, the prince of princes at the time,
With fascination in his very bow,
And full of promise as the spring of prime;
Though royalty was written on his brow:
He had *then* the grace too, rare in every clime,
Of being without alloy of fop or beau,
A finished gentleman from top to toe."

As an *attaché* to, rather than a patron of, Fox, whose politics were heartily detested by Scott, always

a rank Tory, the Prince of Wales had been regarded by him with little favor, and less affection. The death of Fox, in the autumn of 1806, tended to sever the Prince from the liberal party. Early in 1811, when George III. was incapacitated by insanity, the British Parliament had to decide in whose name the government of the realm should be carried on. On a similar emergency, in 1789, it was conceded that the Prince, as heir-apparent, was the most suitable person *de jure*; but the recovery of his father at that time had rendered any such appointment wholly unnecessary. In 1811, there was no hope of the old king's recovery; and a regency was instituted, which, as Byron said, rendered the Prince, "in all but name, a king." By this time, approaching the mature age of fifty, and being almost sated with enjoyment, the Prince Regent had, at any rate, ceased to offend propriety by that open exhibition of immorality which had made his name a by-word for scorn and reproach in youth. On assuming the reins of government, he had endeavored to engage his old political friends — Lords Grey, Grenville, and Moira — to assist him by becoming members of his cabinet: but these leaders, jealous of him and of each other, attempted to obtain terms which would make them his masters;* and the Prince, to their surprise, declared that the ministry, then decidedly Tory, should continue in office. The result was the continuance of

* Sheridan, who was the Prince's friend and scribe at this crisis, thus keenly satirized this attempt:—

AN ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE, 1811.

"In all humility, we crave
Our Regent may become our slave;
And, being so, we trust that He
Will thank us for our loyalty.
Then, if he'll help us to pull down
His father's dignity and crown,
We'll make him, in some time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom."

the war with Napoleon, which the liberal party had always opposed. About the same time, the Regent refused the offer of an increased income from Parliament, on the novel ground, for one of the royal family, that the people were already very heavily taxed; and this self-denial, at once unexpected and prudent, obtained him a large increase of public esteem. To such a Tory of Tories as Walter Scott, the change in the Prince's politics was very acceptable. This was well understood; and when the laureateship was offered to Scott, by the Regent's personal desire, an intimation was made, that, when the poet next visited London, he would be warmly received at Carlton House, the royal residence at that time. "Let me know," the Prince said to Mr. Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty, "when Scott comes to town, and I'll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him."

Accordingly, after he had been presented and very graciously received at the *levée*, the "snug little dinner" was given to him. The party included the Duke of York (the Regent's next brother); three or four Scotch peers, the poet's old friends; Mr. Croker, a witty and eloquent Irishman, who had rendered himself useful, if not necessary, to royalty; and one or two others. "The Prince and Scott," says Mr. Croker, "were the two most brilliant story-tellers, in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet. They were both aware of their *forte*, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and, on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table." The Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness sometimes *capped* by ludicrous traits of certain er-

mined sages of his own acquaintance. Mr. Lockhart related, in the first edition of the "Life," that Scott told how a brutal judge, who on circuit usually played chess with a gentleman of good fortune near one of the assize towns, had, on one occasion, to leave the game unfinished; how, on the next circuit, the judge was not the guest, as before, of his friend, who, indeed, was tried and convicted on a capital charge; and how the judge, having passed sentence of death with the usual grave solemnities, then, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him, in a sort of chuckling whisper, "And now, Donald, my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance."

Mr. Lockhart's narrative continues in these words: "Towards midnight, the Prince called for 'a bumper, with all the honors, to the author of "Waverley,"' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, 'Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honors of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.' He then drank off his claret, and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But, before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Another of the same, if you please, to the author of "Marmion;" and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *ance*.' The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged; and Scott then rose and returned thanks in a short address, which struck Lord Chief Commissioner Adams as 'alike grave and graceful.' "

In a subsequent edition of the "Life," this story — which is good enough to be true — is printed, with a note to the effect that the Prince Regent did not apply it as above reported; and that there was reason to believe, from the report of two gentlemen who were present, "that a scene at Dalkeith, in 1822, may have been unconsciously blended with a gentler rehearsal of Carlton House in 1815." On Scott's return to Edinburgh, he said, in reply to the question, what opinion he had formed of the Regent's talents, "He was the first gentleman he had seen; certainly the first *English* gentleman of his day: there was something about him, which, independently of the *prestige*, the 'divinity,' which hedges a king, marked him as standing entirely by himself; but as to his abilities, spoken of as distinct from his charming manners, how could any one form a fair judgment of that man who introduced whatever subject he chose, discussed it just as long as he chose, and dismissed it when he chose?" Ballantyne asked him whether it was true that the Regent had questioned him as to the authorship of "Waverley," and had received a distinct and solemn denial. With a look of wild surprise, he said, "What answer I might have made to such a question, put to me by my Sovereign, perhaps I do not, or rather perhaps I do, know; but I was never put to the test. He is far too well-bred a man ever to put so ill-bred a question." At the same time, few can doubt, had the Prince Regent privately spoken to him on the subject, he would have been plainly and truthfully answered.

Lord Brougham states in his Autobiography, that in 1820, about the time of the trial of Queen Caroline (in which the principal witness against her, an Italian spy, answered to most questions from her counsel, that he did not recollect), he met the Duke of Clarence and Sir Walter Scott in a room attached

to the House of Lords. The duke, afterwards William IV., asked some question about the authorship of the Waverley novels; and Scott said, "Sir, I must give you the favorite answer of the day, — '*Non mi ricordo.*'"

There was another smaller and gayer dinner-party at Carlton House ere Scott quitted London. The Prince, who performed well on the violoncello, and is said by one of his biographers to have "also sang with considerable taste, often displaying his vocal powers in glee, &c., at his own parties, both before and after his accession," sang capital songs, and, before his guest returned to Edinburgh, sent him a gold snuff-box set in brilliants, with a medallion of the donor's head on the lid, as a testimony of his high opinion of the poet's genius and merit. Even at the first dinner, the Prince, as was his custom with those whom he most delighted to honor, uniformly addressed Scott by his Christian name, "Walter."

Byron and Scott had become acquainted, by correspondence, before the visit of the latter to London in 1815. The sentiments of the elder for the younger poet were those of affection and admiration. "James," he said to Ballantyne, "Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow." Byron, we know, had adopted the metre which Scott (who had been preceded by Coleridge in its employment) had used in his principal poems; but, besides this popular manner, the poetry of Byron was thoughtful, passionate, self-inquisitive, and dramatic, besides being wild, tender, or pathetic, at will. During Scott's stay in London, he was personally introduced to Byron, frequently met him in literary and fashionable society, and conversed with him for an hour or two almost daily in the drawing-room of Mr. Murray the publisher, who was the friend of both. In Moore's "*Life of Byron*" appeared Scott's recollections of this inter-

course of two months. He considered, that, with all his professions of liberalism, the wayward "Childe," proud of his rank and ancient family, was "a patrician at heart." He probably was as much a liberal as Scott himself was a Jacobite. They exchanged gifts; Byron receiving from Scott a beautiful dagger, mounted in gold, which had been the property of the redoubted Elfi Bey, and presenting him with a large sepulchral vase of silver, full of dead men's bones, found, as an inscription on the vase declares, "in certain ancient sepulchres within the long walls of Athens, in the month of February, 1811." This vase is now at Abbotsford. Scott said, "There was a letter with this vase, more valuable to me than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones; but it is now missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station, most gratuitously exercised certainly; since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of possessing this literary curiosity."

CHAPTER XV.

Anti-Bonapartism. — Visit to Waterloo. — Paris and London. — Introduced to Wellington. — Farewell to Byron. — “The Field of Waterloo.” — Pennon of Bellendon. — “The Antiquary.” — Miss Wardour’s Peril. — Pharos Loquitur — “Black Dwarf” and “Old Mortality.” — Jedediah Cleishbotham of Gandercleugh. — Claverhouse. — The Ermine in View. — Expansion of Abbotsford. — The Handsel. — Huntley Burn.

1815—1817.

INTERESTED as Walter Scott had always been in the opposition which England had offered with great persistency to the ambition and aggression of Napoleon Bonaparte, he was too much of a partisan to doubt the propriety and policy of going to war with France, after the execution of Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette, simply to assert the superiority of the monarchical over the republican principle. This, which was William Pitt’s doing, prepared the way for the establishment of an imperial instead of a republican government in France, and led to the supremacy of that able soldier of fortune, who, to use an image borrowed from one of the medals of the period, threw a bridle over the neck of the Revolution, and compelled her to his purpose. The annexation of Spain and the invasion of Russia, the two great mistakes of Napoleon, were bitterly denounced by all Tories; and his defeat and abdication, in the spring of 1814, were joyfully hailed by Scott as deserved retribution and punishment. Then followed the restoration of the Bourbons, — a family who

had forgotten nothing and learned nothing in twenty years of exile, and who, failing to win the confidence and affection of France, fled when the news of Napoleon's return from Elba reached them, in March, 1815; he fulfilling the imperial promise, that his eagles would fly from steeple to steeple until they alighted on the pinnacle of Notre Dame.

Then once more War yoked the red dragons of her iron car; and, Napoleon being declared an outlaw by the allied sovereigns of Europe, a new and terrible struggle ensued, which was not ended when Scott quitted London at the end of May. The contest was brief, but decisive; and Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo on the 18th of June, 1815, closed the wonderful Reign of the Hundred Days, and ended his own public career. There was a second Bourbon restoration, this time decidedly against the popular wish of France, but with the assistance of England, which, fifteen years later, surrendered the principle upon which she had engaged in long warfare, at the cost of doubling her national debt; declaring in 1830 that one nation had not a right to dictate to another what form of government she must have, nor from what dynastic family her ruler must be taken.

Several times, during the progress of the Peninsular war, Scott had felt inclined to visit the theatre of military action, in which some of his kindred, and many of his friends, were winning glory; but Mrs. Scott had so many wifely fears of danger, that he remained at home. When the news of the victory at Waterloo resounded through the land, he prepared to visit the battle-field, and take a view of conquerors and conquered at Paris. He did not reach Belgium until the first week in August, and was accompanied by his kinsman, John Scott of Gala, and two other young friends. He started, too, with the intention of writing a book, to be entitled "Paul's Letters to

his Kinsfolk," and had made arrangement for its publication. "Thenceforth, accordingly," Lockhart says, "he threw his daily letters to his wife into the form of communications meant for an imaginary group, consisting of a spinster sister, a statistical laird, a rural clergyman of the Presbyterian Kirk, and a brother, a veteran officer on half-pay. The rank of this last personage corresponded, however, exactly with that of his own elder brother, John Scott, who also, like the Major of the book, had served in the Duke of York's unfortunate campaign of 1797; the sister is only a slender disguise for his aunt Christian Rutherford, already often mentioned; Lord Somerville, long President of the Board of Agriculture, was Paul's laird; and the shrewd and unbigoted Dr. Douglas of Galashiels was his "minister of the gospel." These epistles, after having been devoured by the little circle at Abbotsford, were transmitted to Major John Scott, his mother, and Miss Rutherford, in Edinburgh: from their hands they passed to those of James Ballantyne and Mr. Erskine, both of whom assured me that the copy ultimately sent to the press consisted in great part of the identical sheets that successively reached Melrose through the post."

There was very little to be done to these manuscripts when he returned; and the result was a very readable volume, far more impartial than, considering his notorious political proclivities, had been expected from him. Like many others at that time, he took for gospel what Jean Baptiste de Costar, a shrewd Walloon, who pretended that he had served as Napoleon's guide all through the day of Waterloo, chose to relate of what that chief had done and said throughout the strife. There are serious grounds for doubting whether at any time De Costar was within seven miles of Waterloo: but he *said* that he was; told a plausible story, which, in the course of years, became

an incredible one, realizing Virgil's "*vires acquirit eundo*;" and lived all the rest of his life, a prosperous man, upon the reputation of having been Napoleon's guide.

"Paul's Letters" contain, with much of mere hearsay, a good deal of personal observation. In one letter, Scott anticipated the ultimate separation of Holland and Belgium; and in another, noticing the aroused dislike of the liberals in Paris to the restored Bourbons, predicted their final choice of the Duke of Orléans as sovereign.

The essence of Scott's subsequently extended account of Waterloo was given in a long letter to the Duke of Buccleugh from Brussels, in which he described the then appearance of that fatal plain, and gave, as it were, a bird's-eye view of the battle. This narrative is easy, clear, and comprehensive. He relates, with the keen delight of a collector, what relics of the strife he had been able to procure at Waterloo, — cuirasses, eagles, casques, swords, a cross of the Legion of Honor, a manuscript book of French songs, some of which he translated in "Paul's Letters," and even for the Duke, who also was to have one of "two handsome cuirasses," and one of the little memorandum-books which he had picked up on the field, in which every French soldier was obliged to enter his receipts and expenditure, his services, and even his punishments.

In Paris, the reception of Scott, not alone by the most distinguished British statesmen and soldiers, but by foreign sovereigns and their leading assistants in council and camp, was most distinguished. As a deputy-lieutenant of Selkirkshire, he chose to wear the handsome laced uniform of that rank; and, his lameness contributing to confirm the mistake, was kindly questioned at dinner, by the Czar Alexander, in what affair he had been wounded. He adroitly

parried the question with an *équivoque*. Platoff, the Hetman of the Cossacks, who took a great fancy to him, though neither understood what the other said, meeting him one day in the Rue de la Paix, jumped off his horse, and, running up to him, kissed him on each side of the cheek with extraordinary expressions of affection, and invited him, through an aide-de-camp, to join his staff at the next great review, promising to mount him on the gentlest of his Ukraine horses. Old Blücher, too, — the Prussian “Marshal Forwards,” who, coming up at Waterloo, had converted the retreat of the French into a rout, — seemed to take a great interest in the tall, sinewy, lame gentleman, with his ruddy complexion and sandy hair, upon whom, though certainly not a soldier, many eyes turned. Lastly, Scott was introduced to the Duke of Wellington by Sir John Malcolm (a Borderer who won two laurel crowns, of war and literature, in the East); and this, which soon matured into a lasting friendship, Scott repeatedly said was “the highest distinction of his life.”

Returning with his young friend, Scott of Gala, to London, he called with him upon Byron, who agreed to dine with them at Long’s Hotel. The party consisted of Scott, Byron, Gala, and the two actors, Charles Mathews and Daniel Terry. As might be expected, Scott talked chiefly about Waterloo, which Byron subsequently characterized as “bloody and most bootless.” This was on the 14th of September, 1815. The two poets never met again, but wrote to each other every now and then. Mathews accompanied the Scotts to Warwick and Kenilworth, both of which castles the poet had seen before, but now more particularly examined. Abbotsford was reached before the close of the month; and Scott immediately began to compose that poem upon Waterloo which has already been mentioned. It was completed in a

week; and the Ballantynes subjected it to a severe course of verbal criticism, the general justice of which the poet frankly acknowledged.

"The Field of Waterloo" was published in October, 1815; and the profits of the first edition, like those of "Don Roderick," were given to the fund for the relief of sufferers by the war. "Paul's Letters" appeared in a twelve-shilling octavo volume early in 1816, and the reception by the public was most favorable. While it was passing through the press, Scott was sketching out the plan of his third novel, "The Antiquary," and had assisted in a great foot-ball match at Casterhaugh, near the junction of the Ettrick and Yarrow, between the people of Selkirk and those of the dale of Yarrow. The Duke of Buccleugh, with most of his family, and other nobles and gentry of the county, were present; and Scott, the sheriff, was a proud man when his eldest son ("already a bold horseman and a fine shot," though only about fourteen years old), suitably mounted and armed, and dressed, like a forester of old, in green, rode over the field with the ancient banner of Buccleugh, — the pennon of Bellendon, — which he displayed to the sound of the war-pipes, amid the acclamation of the two thousand persons present. There was a great deal of feasting, with some noisy but sober revelry; and, as darkness descended before the sport was concluded, none of the contestants suffered the humiliation of defeat.

"The Antiquary," like most other of the novels, was written rapidly. "When once I get my pen to the paper," Scott wrote, "it will walk fast enough." It appeared in May, 1816. In the preface, the unknown author announced that it completed "a series of fictitious narratives intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods: 'Waverley' embraced the age of our fathers; 'Guy

Mannering,' that of our own youth; and 'The Antiquary' refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century." The plot is defective, chiefly in the melodramatic incidents which connect Major Lovel with the history and mystery of the Earl of Glenallan, and the Countess, his terrible mother. Some very impressive scenes are worked up with great power: the escape of Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter, when overtaken by a spring-tide on the sands of Halkethhead, — an escape chiefly effected by the gallantry and coolness of Lovel; Dousterswivel's alarm on the ruins of St. Ruth's Priory at midnight; the funeral-scene in the cottage of Mucklebackit; the fisherman at Mussel-crag; the death of Old Elspeth; and the recognition of Lovel by his father. Humorous situations are also presented; and among these must be included the siege of Knockwinnock by the bailiffs, and its being "raised" by Edie Ochiltree; the adventure of Hector with the *phoca*; the blunder about the Roman camp; the inquisitive proceedings at Fairport post-office; and, from first to last, the alternate meanness and liberality, quick temper and acute judgment, palpable pedantry and sound learning, rank prejudice and genuine good nature, of Jonathan Oldbuck. The king's bedesman, or licensed mendicant, fairly divides the interest with the antiquary. Lovel and Miss Wardour, though hero and heroine of the tale, have, to use Pope's words, "no character at all;" Dousterswivel would be all the better for losing *his*: but Edie and Oldbuck are new and good creations, — the former drawn from George Constable, his father's friend, whom Scott first met at Preston-Pans when he was only six years old; and the other also sketched from life, the original being one Andrew Gammels, an old mendicant, whose district, or beat, was in Scott's own vicinity in the country. Monkbarns, the residence

of the antiquary, is supposed to have been drawn from Mr. Constable's residence near Dundee. Fairport can be no other than Arbroath, whose ancient abbey is introduced as St. Ruth's Priory.

The powerful and thrilling narrative of the imminent peril from which Miss Wardour and her father are rescued by means of an extempore crane and a chair lowered down from one of the cliffs to the ledge of rock on which they crouched for safety, while the advancing tide raged and foamed below, is one of Scott's *chefs d'œuvre*. A vignette from a drawing by Birket Foster, in Osgood's household edition of the Waverley novels, accurately realizes the peril of the lady, as she swang to and fro, with danger of being dashed against the side of the precipice, either by the force of the wind or the vibration of the cord. It was not merely from imagination that Scott produced this scene: he had experienced a like peril. Five years ago, Mr. William Kennedy, then aged eighty-three, who had been engaged in erecting the Bell rock Lighthouse, fifteen miles from Arbroath, communicated to a Canadian paper some "Recollections of the late Mr. Robert Stevenson* and the Scotch Lighthouses."

These "Recollections" say that when the lighthouse commissioners, with Scott and two or three other guests, came to the Bell Rock, Kennedy was captain of the station, with two assistants. Let him tell the story in his own words: "At low tide, the whole party landed on the rock. Mr. Stephenson, leading, climbed up the rope-ladder in sailor fashion, the others following him. Sir Walter was a heavy man,

* This gentleman, who was the architect of the Scottish lighthouses designated "The Northern Lights," must not be confounded with Robert Stephenson, only son of the well-known maker of the first English railroad, and was himself the constructor of the Britannia Tubular Bridge in Wales, which he repeated over the St. Lawrence at Montreal, and over the Nile in Egypt. He died in October, 1859; and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Robert Stephenson, who died long before that date, published, in 1824, an "Account of the Bell-rock Lighthouse."

and lame, and had to be hoisted up with the crane. A large arm-chair, made for the purpose, was lowered down to the rock. Fixed Sir Walter into it, locked the chain, and hailed to heave away. I ran up the rope-ladder and received him at the door, thirty feet up from the rock; relieved him from the chair, and assisted him up through the house, describing the contents of each room as we ascended. On getting to the upper room, or library, I set a chair, and laid the house album before him: that is a large ruled book, in which every visitor wrote his name, and made what remarks he pleased. He looked over it a little; then took the pen and wrote the six lines of poetry* which since then have gone all over the world. We then ascended twelve feet higher to the light-room, where he stood quite in amazement. The beautiful machinery was in motion. The lantern frame, with its twenty-four silver reflectors, was revolving, the two bells on the balcony tolling, and every thing in fine order. Sir Walter said he never had seen such a sight before. He was rather timid, and dare not look over the balcony rail, ninety-five feet up from the rock. The whole height is a hundred and sixteen feet. But now the tide was rising, and the party must descend. Mr. Stevenson led the way down, and I stuck by Sir Walter. I went before him backwards; he following, also backwards, while I directed his feet on the iron steps of the twisted-rope ladder down to the door, placed him in the safety-chair, turned out the crane, and Sir Walter was dangling in mid-air,

* The lines, now included in all collections of Scott's poems, are these:—

“ PHAROS LOQUITUR.

“ Far in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep:
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of Night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And seems to strike his timorous sail.”

thirty feet from the rock, as pale as a ghost. I was down before him, and relieved him from the chair. He did not utter a word, but gave my hand a squeeze ; got into the boat with all the party on board the yacht, and made sail to the north, to the Shetland Isles, where Sir Walter was gathering matter for his tale of 'The Pirate.'"

It is recorded in Scott's diary that his visit to the lighthouse took place in July 30, 1814, and that "you enter by a ladder of rope with wooden steps about thirty feet from the bottom." Though he has made no mention of peril, it is difficult to suppose that Scott, lame as he was, could have climbed such a ladder of rope. Most probably he was "whipped" up in a chair by the crane. If he *was* frightened when swinging in mid-air as he returned, the world gained by his employment of the incident in his romance.

About the time when "The Antiquary" was published, Major John Scott died ; thus reducing the poet's own family to his mother, residing in Edinburgh, and Mr. Thomas Scott, his only surviving brother. He wrote to the latter, informing him that the deceased had left six thousand pounds between them, hinting that in a short space of years both of them must succeed to a similar sum belonging to their mother ; and urging him to return from Canada to Scotland, which he never did.

"The Antiquary," to which Scott said the public did not take very kindly at first, though six thousand copies were sold in six days, was his own favorite among all the novels. The period did not admit of so much romantic situation. "It wants the romance of 'Waverley' and the adventure of 'Guy Mannering,'" he said : "and yet there is some salvation in it ; for, if a man will paint from Nature, he will be likely to amuse those who are daily looking at it."

Before it was printed he had planned "The Tales

of *My Landlord*," and had begun to write the historical portion for "*The Annual Register*" of 1814; and subsequently worked up a considerable portion of this into his biography of Napoleon.

Constable, who, almost from the first, had been aware of the authorship of the novels, did not like to bargain for an unwritten story before the third had been published; and it was arranged that Murray of London, and his agent, Blackwood of Edinburgh, should take the risk and half profits of the first edition of the next work, on the title-page of which not even the attractive announcement, "By the author of '*Waverley*,'" was to appear. But the publishers and the public did not doubt from what mint this new coinage came.

Blackwood the publisher, — this was before the appearance of the celebrated magazine which bears his name, and the success of which was largely owing to his shrewdness and judgment, — who had been pleased with the early chapters of "*The Black Dwarf*," thought there was a decided falling-off towards the close; and having ascertained that such an acute critic as Mr. Gifford, of "*The Quarterly Review*," was of the same opinion, suggested that the conclusion should be re-written; which elicited a very strong expression of dissent and indignation from the author. When the first series of "*Tales of My Landlord*" appeared, the public agreed with Blackwood and Gifford; but "*Old Mortality*," the other story, was generally approved of, except by some who thought that injustice had been done to the old Scottish Cameronians. When Lord Holland, whose judgment in literary matters had great weight among a certain section of the British aristocracy, was asked his opinion of the new Scotch novel, he answered, "Opinion! we did not one of us go to bed last night: nothing slept but my gout."

In order still further to baffle curiosity, "The Tales of My Landlord" appeared as "collected and arranged by Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster and parish-clerk of Gandercleugh;" and the change of publisher was another little artifice with a similar purpose. Mr. Train, Scott's exciseman, had visited him in May, 1816, and given him a letter from a veritable schoolmaster, who had facetiously signed it *Clashbottom*, — a professional appellation derived from the use of the birch. On this hint was founded the conceited and pedantic pedagogue, who introduces the tales as the productions of his clever usher; and Galashiels, which lay at Scott's own door, was scarcely caricatured in the lively description of Gandercleugh. The few incidents which occur in that redoubted village are very naturally introduced.

"Old Mortality," the second story in this series, probably owed its origin to a hint from Mr. Train, who, on that first visit to Scott, saw in his library a portrait of Graham of Claverhouse, "the bonnie Dundee" of song, and was affected by the beautiful and melancholy visage, worthy of the most pathetic dreams of romance. Train said, that, in good hands, Claverhouse might be made as much of as "the Young Chevalier," and hinted that such a tale might be related by Old Mortality. Scott inquired into the identity of this personage, and received an account of Robert Patterson, whose mission for forty years in the last century, without fee or reward, was that of repairing the tombstones of martyr Covenanters, of recutting their half-obliterated inscriptions, and oft-times of erecting new memorials. He traversed the south-west of Scotland, fulfilling this pious purpose. Scott saw him thus occupied, in 1793, upon some tombs in the churchyard of Danottar, in Kincardineshire, close to the ruins of the castle, so called, belonging to the Earls Marischall. Their intercourse

was brief, and Old Mortality was uncommunicative. He died, at an advanced age, in 1801; and a monument, coupling his name with Scott's, was placed, not long since, over his grave in Caerlaverock churchyard, near Dumfries, by Messrs. Black, present publishers of the Waverley novels. Mr. Train received his information from a son of Old Mortality, — alive in 1816, in his seventy-first year. John, another son, sailed for America, in the good ship "Golden Rule" of Whitehaven, about the year 1774; made money during the War of Independence; afterwards became a wealthy merchant in Baltimore, where he married and had two children. Robert, his son, married Marian Caton, an American lady, who, surviving him, became second wife of the Marquis Wellesley, elder brother of the Iron Duke, and died in 1853. Elizabeth Patterson married on Christmas Eve, 1803, Jerome, youngest brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, who subsequently used his influence and power to have the union declared null and void. This lady survives: her only son, Jerome, died at Baltimore a year ago (June, 1870), but left at least one son. Thus singularly have the descendants of Old Mortality been connected with four countries, — Scotland, England, France, and the United States.

"Old Mortality" was the first of Scott's historical novels. The character of Claverhouse was drawn so favorably, that those who sympathized with the Covenanters took umbrage; and Dr. Thomas McCrie, the biographer of John Knox, challenged the accuracy of the novelist's coloring. These invectives, published month after month in an Edinburgh religious magazine, made so much impression on the public mind as to induce Scott to violate his rule of not minding criticism. He had promised to notice the novels in "The Quarterly Review," chiefly to baffle inquiry into their authorship; and the article was

written by William Erskine and himself, the portion contributed by the real Simon Pure being a defence of his own treatment of the Covenanters in his romance.

The Ettrick Shepherd has charged Scott with having stolen the idea of "Old Mortality" from his own "Brownie of Bodsbeck." Both tales were of the period of the Covenanters; but Scott's appeared in 1817, and Hogg's a year later. Hogg published "The Three Perils of Man" in 1823; and has recorded that it "made no ordinary impression on him [Scott], as he subsequently copied the whole of the main plot into his tale of 'Castle Dangerous.'"

By this time (the close of 1816), Scott had become a considerable landed proprietor, as far as extent of territory was concerned. To the original Clarty Hole, on Tweed-side, he had added Kaeside and part of Totfield adjoining, so as to augment his property from a hundred and fifty to about a thousand acres. These purchases had cost him fourteen thousand one hundred pounds in five years, — no great pressure upon one whose permanent income was over ten thousand pounds per annum; who could easily gain a great deal more by his pen; who had inherited within that period at least nine thousand pounds from his uncle and brother; and who, then only forty-five years old, apparently had before him twenty years of that labor, equally productive and profitable, which had become as a necessary pastime to him. But *surgit amari aliquid*: and the bitter drop in his draught was his secret partnership in the Ballantyne publishing-house; the continued and increasing involvement of which, it cannot be denied, arose largely from the unsalable nature of many and costly works which it produced on his own suggestion.

With the extension of his landed property, naturally came a desire to erect, not that "cottage of gentility" immortalized in Southey's diabolical satire,

but a mansion of imposing and picturesque aspect, which should somewhat resemble the ancient castles and towers he loved so well, and also possess the social comforts, and even the elegances, of an advanced state of civilization. With the assistance of Mr. Blore, an architect of considerable taste, an extension of the cottage originally designed by Mr. Terry was commenced, with handsome elevations to the river and the road. Mr. Bullock, who deserved the character of "a virtuoso," which Scott had claimed for himself in childhood, undertook to take care of the interior; and readily, with his own hands, made many casts of masks and grotesque carvings from Melrose Abbey for the ornamentation of Scott's private study. Already Mrs. Terry (whose father, Alexander Nasmyth, painted the best portrait of Burns) had offered the use of her pencil in designing those windows of painted glass which now shed a "dim religious light" in the armory. Some decorations from the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, — the prison which Scott designated "the Heart of Mid-Lothian," — particularly the copestones of the doorway, or lintels, may now be seen half-way up the front-wall of the house, giving entrance to no place! Mr. Atkinson, a famous London architect, also took great interest in the new mansion, revising the plans, and assisting with his excellent judgment and considerable experience.

Long before the autumn was over (it is several weeks later on Tweed-side than on the Thames-side), the new house was roofed, — that is, the western portion of it; for great additions to it were subsequently made. In front was placed the old stone fountain which formerly stood upon the Cross of Edinburgh, in "the auld toun," at which royal and civic proclamations were made with no small pomp and ceremony. This fountain flowed with wine at

the coronations of Scottish kings, and upon some other occasions of public rejoicing. In the following autumn, with his old friends Lord Melville and Adam Fergusson as guests, besides several neighbors, including John Wilson and J. G. Lockhart (his guests for the first time), Scott had a gay party, — the *handsel*; for he would now allow it to be considered the *house-heating* of the new Abbotsford.

The year 1817 had commenced with the publication of “‘Harold the Dauntless,’ by the author of ‘The Bridal of Triermain,’ ” part of which had been printed some years back. It did not maintain Scott’s fame as a poet. About this time, too, appeared, in a little weekly periodical called “The Sales-Room,” published by John Ballantyne, the humorous poem, entitled “The Sultan of Serendib, or the Search after Happiness.”

A project for raising him to the judicial bench fell through at this period. An expected vacancy in the Court of Exchequer led to his entertaining this idea. But Scott, though as good a lawyer as a man whose whole earnings at the bar had not amounted to fifteen hundred pounds in ten years, certainly did not possess the requisite judicial mind; and though very few cases came before the Court of Exchequer, still some little business was to be done. As one of the principal Clerks of Session, his duties in court were little more than clerical, and need not occupy his mind after the daily rising of the Court. But he must have known that a judge has a great deal to do besides hearing motions, giving decisions, and trying cases, in court. Besides, though some of the eminent men who have worn the ermine have flirted with the Muses, the constant occupation of producing works of fancy would have been scarcely compatible with the dignity of the Bench. The Duke of Buccleugh, whose opinion he sought, and on whose influence he would

mainly have relied, did not encourage the idea, which was then abandoned. All further consideration, at that time, was also checked by Scott's illness, — a severe attack of cramp in the stomach, to which he continued more or less of a martyr for the next two years, weakening his constitution, and evidently aging his appearance. The first attack prostrated him for three weeks, and fortunately occurred in Edinburgh, where the best medical advice could be instantly obtained. Immediately after his recovery, he wrote the "Farewell to the Stage," which Kemble delivered with touching effect. He installed his humble friend, William Laidlaw, in a cottage on his own newly-acquired property of Kaeside, obtained for him some literary work to execute, and (April 5, 1817) concluded a contract with Constable for a new romance.

It was Constable who suggested the title of "Rob Roy, by the author of Waverley ;" and the bookseller was so much delighted at being again "let in on the ground-floor," that he allowed himself to be talked over, on his return from Abbotsford, into taking all the dead stock of the Ballantyne publishers. In July, Scott made an excursion to refresh his memory of Rob Roy's haunts, visiting Glasgow to revive his recollection of Bailie Jarvie's place of residence. On his return, he increased his estate so as to include most of the country associated with the strains of Thomas the Rhymer. The additional cost was ten thousand pounds ; and, changing the name of the place from Totfield to Huntley Burn, he placed Adam Fergusson and his sisters there as tenants of an excellent mansion recently built, — thus bringing within an easy walk of Abbotsford one of his oldest and dearest friends. The garden of the Fergussons was the traditional scene of Thomas the Rhymer's interviews with the Queen of the Fairies.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Knickerbocker." — Henry Brevoort. — Scott's New-England Tracts. — Washington Irving at Abbotsford. — Parlor Sketch. — Other American Visitors: Edward Everett, George Ticknor, J. G. Cogswell, G. Stuart Newton, Charles R. Leslie. — Miss Coutts. — John Inman's Reminiscences. — S. G. Goodrich. — J. Fenimore Cooper. — Brockden Brown.

1813—1826.

WALTER Scott, says the biographer of Washington Irving, "was the first trans-Atlantic author to bear witness to the merits of 'Knickerbocker.'" The work had been placed in his hands by Mr. Henry Brevoort of New York, one of Irving's oldest and dearest friends; and a letter from Abbotsford, in April, 1813, to Mr. Brevoort, expresses the uncommon degree of entertainment which the writer had received from that "excellently jocose history of New York." While he could not understand the concealed satire of the piece, as a stranger to American parties and politics, he said, "I must own, that, looking at the simple and obvious meaning only, I have never read any thing so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker. I have been employed these few evenings in reading them aloud to Mrs. S. and two ladies who are our guests; and our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing. I think, too, there are passages which indicate that the author possesses powers of a different kind, and has some touches which remind me much of Sterne."

Mr. Brevoort — who, as early as 1810, had begun to form the fine library now possessed and enjoyed by his son, Mr. J. Carson Brevoort, attended lectures at the University of Edinburgh in 1812–13, where he became acquainted with Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, and other notabilities of that time and place, and with Irving, Ticknor, Everett, and J. G. Cogswell (finally superintendent and first organizer of the Astor Library) — came under Scott's definition of "another well-accomplished Yankee." It is stated in Dr. James Wynne's "Libraries of New York," that Scott was so much interested in the romantic personal narratives of an elder relative, who had spent a number of years upon the frontiers, and was well acquainted with the Indian character and mythical legends, as to have seriously thought of visiting America in person, and of examining the spots for himself whose associations had taken such deep root in his fancy. Thomas Scott, his brother, might have been this "elder relative;" for he had lived many years in Canada, where he died in 1823: but Thomas Scott had never returned to Scotland even for a short time, and therefore could not have *spoken* to him about Indian warfare and myths. Scott, we are told, had conceived the idea of writing some work requiring a full knowledge of early New-England history, manners, and customs, and an acquaintance with the traits and characteristics of the tribes of the American Indians. Thomas Campbell, it will be remembered, had published "Gertrude of Wyoming," with Pennsylvania scenery and incidents; and Robert Southey's posthumous poem, "Oliver Newman," is a New-England tale. When Scott abandoned the idea of taking up this American subject, he sent to Mr. Brevoort the most rare and curious of the quaint narratives of the early settlers and travelers in New England with a brief note, saying, "As the enclosed tracts must have more interest for you

than for any person of this country, you will do me great pleasure by accepting them from yours truly, W. Scott." These tracts, though not numerous, are valuable. Some have Scott's autograph; and one volume had his book-mark on the back, — a portcullis, with the words *Clausus tutus ero*, which is the anagram of his name in Latin, *UUalterus Scotus*. These publications are now in the possession of Mr. J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, son of the presentee, and inheritor of his library.

It was in return for these rare books that Henry Brevoort presented Scott with the second edition of "Knickerbocker." He sent Scott's eulogistic letter to Irving; adding, "You must understand his words literally; for he is too honest and too sincere a man to compliment any person." Although naturally a shy and retiring man, Irving, when leaving London in the summer of 1817, did not hesitate to accept a very particular letter of introduction to Scott from Thomas Campbell, knowing that "the Great Unknown," as the Lord of Abbotsford even then was designated, already was favorably disposed to him. In Edinburgh he resumed his acquaintance with Jeffrey and his brother, whom he had met in New York some years before. Mr. Brevoort, long ere this, had drawn this comparison, not quite after the method of Plutarch, between the poet and his critic: "I am now pretty well acquainted with the luminaries of Edinburgh (this was written early in 1813); and confess, that, among them all, Scott is the man of my choice: he has not a grain of pride or affectation in his whole composition. Neither the voice of fame nor the homage of the great has altered, in the least, the native simplicity of his heart. . . . Jeffrey excels him in brilliancy of conversation: but Jeffrey always seems to be acting a studied part; and although his social feelings may be no less warm than Scott's, yet they

are more or less disguised under a species of affectation. His friends esteem him a miracle of perfection; and, in point of talent, none will be found to contradict them: but, as for the *et cæteras*, I would not give the Minstrel for a wilderness of Jeffreys."

Irving has repeatedly told the story of his visit to Abbotsford: first in off-hand letters to his brother Peter, written at the moment; next in "The Crayon Miscellany," published in 1835, wholly devoted to Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey; and, after that, for Lockhart's "Life of Scott," where portions of his reminiscences are dove-tailed into the text. It would be unjust to my readers to draw largely upon such well-known productions. It is sufficient to state, that on the 30th of August, 1817, on his way from Selkirk to Melrose Abbey, Irving stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent in his letter of introduction and card; on receipt of which Scott quitted the breakfast-table, came out in company with a troop of dogs, laid friendly hands upon him, instantly made him at home with the family, detained him for several days, and took care, himself mostly acting as cicerone, that he should see Melrose (though not by moonlight), Ettrick Vale, Gala Water, the Braes of Yarrow, the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, Dryburgh Abbey, and Smallholm Tower on the Sandy-Knowe Crag, the beloved haunt of his childhood.

In a letter to his brother, Irving thus sketched the family group at Abbotsford: "I was with Scott from morning to night, rambling about the hills and streams, every one of which would bring to his mind some old tale or picturesque remark. I was charmed with his family. . . . It is a perfect picture to see Scott and his household assembled of an evening, — the dogs stretched before the fire, the cat perched on a chair, Mrs. Scott and the girls sewing, and Scott either reading out of some old romance or telling border stories.

Our amusements were occasionally diversified by a border song from Sophie [Miss Scott], who is as well versed in border minstrelsy as her father." Irving was pressed to pay a second visit. "I could not leave Scotland with a quiet conscience if I did not have one more *crack* with the prince of minstrels, and pass a few more happy hours with his charming family. I want to set out another evening there: Scott, reading occasionally from "Prince Arthur," telling border stories or characteristic anecdotes; Sophie Scott singing, with charming *naïveté*, a little border-song; the rest of the family disposed in listening groups; while greyhounds, spaniels, and cats bask in unbounded indulgence before the fire. Every thing around Scott is perfect character and feature." Unfortunately, however, Scott was not at Abbotsford when Irving called there again.

At that time, we now know — what Irving, in common with most others, only suspected — that Scott was busy on "Rob Roy." How he, apparently as unoccupied as his guest, — now "dawdling" through the plantations, anon rambling over the meadow, next loitering amid the buildings then in progress, and then riding half a dozen miles and back on pleasure or official business, — could have time to write, very greatly puzzled Irving, who, at the same time, was firmly persuaded that none but the one man could be the author of the novels.

On his return to England, Irving sent an American miniature edition of her father's poems to Miss Scott; which present was acknowledged by the Minstrel himself, with the observation, "I am not quite sure I can add my own [thanks], since you made her much more acquainted with much more of papa's folly than she would otherwise have learned; for I have taken special care they should never see any of these things during their earlier years." That this was no affecta-

tion is shown by an incident told by James Ballantyne. Going into the library, where he found Miss Scott, then a very young girl, by herself, he asked, "Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like "The Lady of the Lake"? — which had been recently published. Her answer, given with perfect simplicity, was, "Oh! I have not read it: papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry."

Irving never forgot how substantially he was aided by Scott in 1819, who offered him a magazine editorship in Edinburgh, with a salary of five hundred pounds per annum; and, in the following year, induced John Murray of London to publish "The Sketch Book," whose success, and the substantial results it realized, determined Irving to pursue authorship as a profession. To Scott, who was in London in April, 1820, to take up his baronetcy, this English edition of "The Sketch Book" was suitably and gratefully inscribed: to him, also, may be attributed the favorable tone of a criticism upon it, by Lockhart, in "Blackwood's Magazine."

Abbotsford received another distinguished American in 1818. Mr. Edward Everett, the eloquent statesman and scholar, who subsequently was United-States minister to England, made the acquaintance of Scott at Edinburgh through an introduction from Mr. Gifford; was kindly received, and invited to dinner. At that time, "Rob Roy" had not been long published; and was not alluded to, of course, when a portrait of that cateran, which Scott had borrowed to have a copy made, was handed round the table. This absence to all allusion was sufficient to awake suspicion; because, in ordinary course, such a work would naturally have formed a topic of conversation. Mr. Everett, like many others, has recorded, that, after tea, Miss Scott "sang several national ballads with great simplicity and feeling."

Mr. Everett subsequently was a visitor at Abbotsford, taking with him the first copy of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" that had been seen by the family. At that time, Scott had not taken any one at Abbotsford, his wife excepted, into his secret. Miss Scott told Mr. Everett, "We all believe that our father is the author; but we do not know it." They respected his mystery, if he had one, too much to pry into it: he had always written a great deal, and there had been no change in his habits since she had been old enough to notice them. On Sunday, the family attended family worship at Selkirk; and most of the day passed in conversation, — in part, of a grave cast. There must have been a curious scene next day, when a few hours were passed in reading "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" aloud, Scott taking his turn with the rest, remarking with unconcern on the passages that struck him, and jesting with Mr. Everett on his attempts to imitate the Scottish accent. A visit to Melrose in company with the poet; and the evenings passing in conversation, reading, or singing on the part of the ladies, with Scott's continuous flow of anecdote. Mr. Everett was then only twenty-four years old, and must have felt as in an enchanted garden of delight: the drone of the bag-pipes during dinner, however, might have tended to astonish one unused to it.* Twenty-six years after this, Abbotsford was revisited by Mr. Everett. "The saddest change," he said, "was the absence of those — the venerated, the joyous, the lovely — who filled the dwelling with light and happiness. The desolate apartments were kept in perfect order; the innumerable objects of taste, and of antiquarian and historical

* Mr. Everett wrote two accounts of his visit to Sir Walter Scott, — first for Dr. Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature, and of British and American Authors; and next in the Mount-Vernon Papers. I have taken leave to draw on both.

interest contained in them, admirably preserved and arranged: but I could contemplate them only with feelings of overwhelming sadness."

It was a great gratification to Scott that he had won the regard of several highly-educated and gifted Americans, such as Irving, Everett, Cogswell, and others, among whom are included G. S. Newton and C. R. Leslie, artists whose reputation is world-wide.

In the spring of 1819, Mr. George Ticknor of Boston, whose recent death has caused not merely sorrow to his friends, but deep regret to the world of letters, became acquainted with him in Edinburgh through the intervention of Irving. Slowly recovering from a dangerous illness, Scott did not then "entertain" as was his hospitable wont; but Mr. Ticknor (who contributed his reminiscences of Scott to the second volume of his friend Dr. Allibone's great literary dictionary) dined with him in Castle street, "very quietly, several times." At that time the host was not quite forty-eight years old, and the guest exactly twenty years younger. Both were highly interested in Spanish literature; of which, thirty years later, Mr. Ticknor became the historian, and in which Scott first became interested through the spirited translations of some of the romantic ballads by his friend John Hookham Frere. When Scott first attended the theatrical representation of "Rob Roy," he was accompanied by Mr. Ticknor; with whom, on another occasion, he wandered about the "auld" or historical portion of Edinburgh, pointing out the houses in which eminent Scottish literati and philosophers had lived, and telling anecdotes sometimes in much the same language with Pleydell, the lawyer in "Guy Mannering."

At that time, Miss Scott, who became Mrs. Lockhart in the following year, was "about twenty years old. She was not handsome, nor in any way bril-

liant; but she was natural, simple, full of Scottish feeling, and though not without outbreaks of enthusiasm, yet remarkable for that sort of canny tact, which was, I think, very much to her father's taste. She played on the harp, perhaps not very well; and she sang, without having a voice of grand compass or power: but she confined herself, so far as I heard her, almost entirely to the natural music and the old ballads, and in these was as successful as a sibyl, with not a little of a sibyl's air and character. It was like improvisation, so spontaneous did it seem." On one occasion, Mr. Ticknor adds, she was asked to play an old ballad of "Rob Roy," and was disturbed by the recollection of the way in which her father's name had been associated with the adventures of that extraordinary Highlander. She ran across the room, and whispered to him. "Yes, my dear," he replied, loud enough to be heard by those near him, "play it, if you are asked; and 'Waverley' and the 'Antiquary' too, if there are any such ballads."

When the spring vacation in the law-courts gave him a few days' leisure, Scott went to Abbotsford, having invited Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Cogswell to be his guests. They found the house on Tweed-side, "not far from the road; and a very odd-looking establishment it was,—neither cottage nor house, neither ancient nor modern, nor an imitation of any thing like Esther, but a complete nondescript, begun upon the foundation of a cottage; and gradually growing up by successive additions to become nobody could tell what."

At Abbotsford, Mr. Ticknor, like his friends Irving and Everett, was agreeably impressed by the thorough hospitality of its master, who "seemed, like Antæus, to touch his kindred earth, and to quicken with his influences." His conversation, when walking by the side of his own Tweed, or after dinner or

supper, " was equal in interest to the same amount of reading in one of his novels. It was very different; but it was as good, and as full of his peculiar talent." There was only a single guest besides the Americans; and this was Mr. Skene, an old friend, who knew how to draw out Scott's best stories. If literary work were done, — and " *The Legend of Montrose* " appeared shortly after, — it was before breakfast; for Scott was a great deal with his guests, showing them places which had been named in song and story, relating traditions, and quoting snatches of old ballads about them. After an early dinner, throughout which (to Mr. Ticknor's annoyance) John of Skye, the piper, played so distressingly loud as to render conversation not easy, Scott's " talk was as good as a given number of pages in one of his novels would have been ; " then a ramble rather to, than through, the infant plantations; after that Scott reels in a large room which had just been finished; tea and conversation until ten, at which " a moderate hot supper, with whiskey-punch, which Scott valued himself upon brewing with more than common skill; and then a very short and very gay hour at the table or by the fire-side sent us to bed." Mr. Ticknor, like all others who have written their impressions of Abbotsford, bears testimony to the great frankness in the whole family, and on the way they talked about one another. Scott was very fond of his children; and his aim had been, " not to over-educate them, but to follow the natural indications of their characters rather than attempt to mould them."

On the third day, the visit ended. Scott had another and most severe attack of cramp or spasm in the stomach, which a surgeon attempted to subdue by laudanum and bleeding; and the strangers left next morning, — a day earlier than they had intended. The disease was finally conquered; but the

attack had greatly alarmed the family. Mr. Ticknor never saw him afterwards. His sketch gives a lively idea of the great author at home.

In 1824, Mr. C. R. Leslie (who, with Copley, West, and Alston, completed the quartet of American artists admitted to the highest honors of the Royal Academy of England), visited Abbotsford to paint a half-length portrait of Sir Walter Scott for Mr. Ticknor, which Lockhart says that he "never saw in its finished state; but the beginning promised well, and I am assured it is worthy of the artist's high reputation." Mr. Leslie was the bearer, from Murray the publisher, of a mourning-ring which had been left to Scott by Lord Byron.

When Scott was in London, in April, 1820, to "kiss hands" on being created baronet, Leslie was taken by Washington Irving to breakfast with him. Therefore, when he reached Abbotsford in August, 1824, accompanied by Newton, he knew him personally. As usual, there was a bevy of visitors, — the Marchioness of Northampton, whom Scott had "given away" on her marriage in 1815; Stuart Rose, the poet; Terry the actor, and his wife; Lady Alvanley and her daughters; and Miss Coutts, the millionaire, who brought with her a lady-companion, doctor, secretary, page, ladies' maids, and many footmen, — exactly the Mrs. Million and suite drawn with such spirit and fun in Disraeli's brilliant "Vivian Grey." It was on this first visit (there was another in 1825, with the young Duke of St. Alban's in her train) that some of the ladies *cut* the rich bankress; in whose behalf Scott quietly interfered, telling the marchioness, whom he had known all her life, that, Miss Coutts's visit having been announced, if any of his guests objected to meeting her because she had been an actress, they should have departed before she arrived. The hint was taken: the marchioness spoke to

the other ladies, and the millionaire was soothed. She did not remain for the usual three days, — the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day, — but departed, in great state and many carriages, next morning. She subsequently told Stuart Newton, “I remember it was when those horrible women were there. Sir Walter was very kind, and did all in his power; but I could not stay in the house with them.” The excuse for *them*, if any, was their belief, that, in her person, Scott had paid an undue deference to mere wealth.

Since his celebrity began, he had little time to give to artists, and disliked sitting for his portrait. Leslie had to paint him as he sat in the library, writing or talking, with guests around. When Sunday came, the master of the house read the morning service of the Anglican Church to his whole family and guests in an impressive manner. Mr. Leslie mentions Scott’s attachment for dogs. He talked of scenery as he wrote of it, — like a painter; yet had no taste for pictures as works of art. The greater number of paintings on the walls of Abbotsford were poor indeed, — such, Leslie said, as “no eye possessing sensibility to what is excellent in art could have endured.” There was more benevolence expressed in Scott’s face than is given in any portrait of him. Mr. Leslie painted a sketch of Tom Purdie, the factor of the estate, at Scott’s request. This was the worthy who told Scott, “Them are fine novels of yours. When I have been out all day, hard at work, and come home very tired, if I sit down with a tankard of porter by the fire, and take up one of those books, I’m asleep directly.”

While Leslie was at Abbotsford, Stuart Newton was Lockhart’s guest at Chiefswood, hard by. There he painted that likeness of Scott which Lockhart says “is the best domestic portrait ever done.”

There are no recollections or memoranda by Newton of this time ; but four years afterwards, in London, while he was painting a sketch of Mr. John Inman of New York, brother of the painter, an incident occurred, from a relation of which, published in "The New York Mirror" for 1835, I take a few sentences, Mr. John Inman being the writer. It runs thus :—

"The time had nearly elapsed, and I was about preparing to take my leave, when a carriage drew up at the door. A double knock reverberated through the house ; and in the course of another minute I heard a strange clattering sound upon the stairs, that gave me the idea of a person coming up with a cane in each hand, planting them with considerable force at each step as he ascended. 'There is Sir Walter now !' exclaimed Newton ; and I began to feel a little as though my head was too big and heavy for my body. The door opened, and a tall, robust, large-framed man, plainly but neatly dressed in black, entered the room. I was introduced to Sir Walter Scott. You may suppose that I examined him as closely as good-breeding would permit, and listened with all my ears to his conversation ; taking good care to hold my tongue except when he addressed himself directly to me, which he did several times. Old age—a premature old age it may be called—was, at this time, advancing rapidly upon him. Although his frame was herculean, and his aspect rugged, he was evidently weak. The exertion of coming up the stairs had fatigued him ; and, when he seated himself, it was with a languid heaviness very much in contrast with his broad shoulders and ample chest. His hair was long, thin, and as white as snow,—the effect, I was told, of illness at some former period, and not of old age. One of his legs was apparently weak, and somewhat smaller—not shorter—than the other ; and he was sometimes obliged, as in the present instance, to wear a mechanical contrivance—an arrangement of iron rods, the construction of which I could not distinctly make out—to support it. His complexion was dark,—not swarthy, but sunburnt ; indeed, I should suppose that it must have been originally fair, though somewhat florid ; his features were large and prominent ; his eyes of a light gray, or perhaps blue ; his eyebrows long, and very heavy ; and his head remarkably large. The most remarkable peculiarity of his face, as you perceive in the engraving, was the inordinate length of the upper lip, between the mouth and nose ; of his head, its extreme depth from sinciput to occiput, which I should think was more than nine inches and a half. I am wrong, however, in saying that this was the *most* remarkable pecu-

liarity of his head. Striking as it was, perhaps the eye would be more certainly and quickly caught by the height of the cranium; the immense pile of forehead towering above the eyes and rising to a conical elevation which I have never seen equalled, either in bust or living head. The predominant expression of his face was shrewdness. Meeting him in the street with his hat on, you would have been struck, certainly, by his physiognomy; but the impression it would make on you would be only that of strong, good sense, without a particle of ideality: you would say to yourself, 'There goes a sturdy, straightforward thinker, who knows what he is about as well as most people; a sort of man whom a lawyer would find it hard to puzzle if he were on a jury.' But, with the hat off, it was a different man that stood before you: you could not look upon that mass of admirably-proportioned head—so enormously developed in its anterior portions—without being convinced that the intellect working within it was a mighty one. When he began to talk, — which he did in a rather low tone, and with rapid utterance, — his face, usually heavy, became more animated, and an expression of grave humor — humor which seemed to be mingled largely with enjoyment of itself — lurked around the corners of his mouth, and sometimes, though not frequently, sparkled for a moment in his eyes. I can easily imagine, that earlier in life, before his health began to yield to incessant application, he must have been an admirable *raconteur* (excuse the French word; we have none in English that is exactly synonymous), and a most amusing companion. But, when I saw him, he was dull, and seemingly dispirited. Perhaps he already felt the approaches of disease: indeed, I feel confident that such was the fact, judging from an expression that dropped from him, as I thought, unaware.

"After he had sat perhaps half an hour, I felt so much emboldened by his hearty, homely, and most unassuming manner, — of all men I ever saw, he had the happiest faculty of making people feel easy and comfortable, — that I ventured to say, half jestingly, something to the effect that I had never envied the artist, or coveted his talent, so much as I did at that moment; and how proud I should be, if I were an artist, to carry with me to America what I had never seen there, — a good likeness of Sir Walter Scott. 'That you can do,' said Sir Walter, 'if Stuart here has a mind to be obliging to his countryman: he can make excellent likenesses from memory, — or, indeed, from fancy, — eh, Newton?' — 'I can make a likeness of you from memory, Sir Walter,' answered Newton; 'but if you will sit just as you are, three minutes, "*my countryman*" shall have one, drawn neither from memory nor fancy.' Sir Walter smiled, and gave me a side-glance, in which I thought I could read a little amusement at the idea of having piqued New-

ton into making a sketch for me, — as I supposed, by an allusion to some former event which the artist did not care to have referred to; and the latter, having selected a piece of thick drawing-paper, in about five minutes made the sketch from which your engraving is taken, and which I pronounce the most perfect likeness of Sir Walter, as he was when I saw him, that possibly could be made, — giving an accurate presentment of the shape of his head, the outline of his features in profile, and of his habitual expression when not speaking. It is the only direct profile-likeness of him I have ever seen; and therefore more valuable, as giving what no other that I have ever seen does give, — a distinct idea of the grand formation of his head.”

Considering that Mr. Inman’s account is “as good as manuscript” (as Coleridge used to say of interesting but scarcely known productions), I have not hesitated to use it rather *in extenso*.

Of Mr. S. G. Goodrich’s meeting Scott twice in 1824, during a short visit to Edinburgh, I have made mention elsewhere. During his hurried visit to Paris, in 1826, to consult the French archives for his “Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,” Sir Walter Scott twice met Mr. J. F. Cooper the novelist, whose “Pilot” he had strongly eulogized, not long before, in a letter to Miss Edgeworth. But the intercourse of the two novelists was very slight. Scott considered that Brockden Brown was the greatest master of prose fiction that America had produced up to that time.

CHAPTER XVII.

“Rob Roy” published.—Wordsworth’s Poem.—The Novel *Terry-fled*.—Mackay’s *Bailie Nicol Jarvie*.—Scott at the Play.—Finding the Scottish Regalia.—Lockhart introduced to Scott.—Christopher North.—“The Chaldee Manuscript.”—“Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk.”—The Author’s Den in Edinburgh.—“Heart of Mid-Lothian” published.—Ballantyne’s Reading.—Original of Jeanie Deans.—House-heating at Abbotsford.—Baronetcy offered.—Profitable Copyright Remainders.

1818.

“ROB ROY” was published on the last day of 1817; the first edition of ten thousand copies going off in a fortnight. Like “Waverley,” it was a Jacobite story, — only that this related to the attempt of the Stuarts, in 1715, to regain the British crown; whereas the other, of which Prince Charlie was the hero, was a tale of 1745. “Rob Roy” is written in the autobiographical manner; and the opening account of Francis Osbaldistone’s early fancy for literature is somewhat in the vein of Edward Waverley’s loitering over the same field. In other respects, the two romances have not much in common. Diana Vernon, the heroine, a charming sketch, is finely contrasted with the force and deep shadow of Helen McGregor’s character; Rob Roy himself has been called the Scotch Robin Hood; Bailie Nicol Jarvie stands out as one of the most natural and amusing humorists in fiction; while Rashleigh Osbaldistone — bold, bad, and brave — seems as if he had walked out of one of Mrs. Radcliffe’s romances or a popular melodrama. The death of Morris is a tragedy, told

in the fewest words, and therefore the more impressive. Owen, the smug clerk from London, is fairly balanced by Nicol Jarvie, pragmatical and self-interested, yet capable of doing a generous action. The wholesale manner in which the six sons of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone come to violent deaths, to insure the succession to their cousin Frank, shows a certain clumsiness, and perhaps carelessness, of workmanship, which rather increased than diminished in future years.

The motto to this novel, taken from a poem by Wordsworth, entitled "Rob Roy's Grave," was this : —

"For why? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The story goes, that Wordsworth received the three volumes of "Rob Roy" when half a dozen visitors, who had dropped in to see him in his den, were sitting in his little parlor at Ambleside. Opening the parcel, one of the books fell on the ground; and the gentleman who picked it up read the title-page aloud, including the motto. Wordsworth solemnly strode to his book-shelf, — for his very few books never were so numerous as to deserve the title of library, — opened a volume, read aloud his verses, "Rob Roy's Grave," then, emphatically closing the book, exclaimed, "That's all that need be said about Rob Roy!" and, without saluting his visitors, stalked out of the house into the garden. It is so characteristic, that it might have happened.

The success of "Rob Roy," at least its hold on the popular mind, was largely owing to the fact of its having been well dramatized, and still better acted. The author's friend Mr. Terry, who was in the se-

cret, had dramatized "Guy Mannering" in 1816, — Joanna Baillie writing some of the glees for it; and Scott himself contributing the "Lullaby Song," which is not in the original novel. Terry dealt with "Rob Roy" in the same way — as Scott used to say, he *Terry-fied* it — while he was stage-manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, London, — the part of Nicol Jarvie being written up for John Liston, the comedian; Macready playing Rob Roy with great power; Mr. John Sinclair, the singer, taking the part of Francis Osbaldistone; and Sir Henry Bishop contributing some beautiful music. Terry sent a marked or "acting" copy of the play to his friend Mr. Murray, manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, who produced it there in February, 1819; when Murray rehearsed for the part of the Bailie, but, on a hint from Scott, gave it up, looked out for some person master of the Scottish dialect and acquainted with Scottish manners, and found him in Mr. Charles Mackay, who had been a fifer in the band of the Argyleshire militia at the time when Mr. John Sinclair was bandmaster. On leaving the militia, Mackay went on the stage, singing between the pieces, and playing small parts. In Aberdeen he made such a hit in the Bailie, that Murray made him an offer to join the Edinburgh Theatre; which he did, remaining there nearly thirty years, — until his retirement from the stage in 1848. Mackay, himself a native of Glasgow, gave the West-country dialect in its most racy perfection; and Scott, after witnessing the performance, sent him an amusing letter of criticism and praise, enclosing a five-pound note to pay for the central place of the pit whenever Mackay should take a benefit, and signing, "Jedediah Cleishbotham." Scott was so much interested, that he went behind the scenes to remind Murray that Miss Nicol, who played Mattie, "must have a mantle

with her lantern." On the night of his first seeing this play, he was accompanied by Mr. Ticknor, who wrote, "The box which Mr. Scott had taken was not far from the stage, so that it could be seen by most of the house; and his presence was evidently noticed and his features watched by many of the audience, especially those in the pit near us. He protected himself a little from their attention, at first, by placing himself behind a small pillar; but, as the piece advanced, he became so much interested, that he leaned forward eagerly, and became very noticeable. Two or three times he objected to the details of Mackay's acting: but, upon the whole, he enjoyed it prodigiously, and, when it was over, said to me, 'That's fine, sir; that's very fine;' adding, with the peculiar Scotch look which he sometimes wore, — half sly, wholly humorous, — 'And all I wish is that Jedediah Cleishbotham could be here to enjoy it.' He evidently did not intend that I should doubt who wrote the novels." In two months, Murray made three thousand pounds by "Rob Roy," which was performed before George IV. during his visit to Scotland in 1822. When Scott acknowledged that he was sole author of the Waverley novels, he closed by drinking to Bailie Nicol Jarvie in the person of Mr. Mackay.

Before he had concluded "Rob Roy," Scott entered into negotiations for producing a second series of "Tales of My Landlord," in four volumes, and, as by this time whatever he touched was converted into gold, obtained his own terms from Constable. He was able to pay back the four thousand pounds advance for which his good friend the Duke of Buccleugh had been bondsman, and to wind up the affairs of his publishing-house, by which his entire loss was about twelve thousand pounds. John Ballantyne opened auction-rooms in Edinburgh for the sale of

books, pictures, antiquities, articles of *virtu*, and other curiosities,—a business for which he was qualified, and which prospered beyond even his sanguine expectation.

Early in 1818, Scott acted as a royal commissioner to examine the crown-room in the Castle of Edinburgh, and ascertain the fate of the long-lost Regalia of Scotland. The Act of Union, passed in 1707, provided that the Regalia should never be removed from Scotland under any pretext. Accordingly, they had been formally locked up in a strong chest, which was securely placed in a strong room. But there was a popular idea, that, though room and chest remained, the Regalia were not within them: so, with great ceremony, the sealed doors of iron and oak were opened; and the chest, shut since 7th March, 1707, was broken open, and the ancient and beautiful Regalia—including the diadem, with the beautiful Sword of State presented by Pope Julius II.—were found, to the great joy of Scott and all true Scots. It was resolved to exhibit them, at a slight charge, in the Castle of Edinburgh; and Capt. Adam Fergusson, Scott's school-fellow, was commissioned keeper of the Scottish Regalia,—the gallant custodian, after the manner of the time and place, exhibiting them by proxy. As might be expected, Scott was deeply interested in this search for the Regalia. He wrote an essay upon them, which is to be found in the collection of his prose works.

At this time, while the new romance was in progress, Scott was also writing for "Blackwood's Magazine," then not long established, but already a powerful rival, not alone to Constable's monthly, but even to "The Edinburgh Review" itself. He was superintending the progress of Abbotsford, when the sudden death of his friend Mr. George Bullock, to whose talent and suggestion that edifice owed much, was a heavy blow to him.

In May, 1818, began that friendship between Scott and Lockhart which ended in inseparably connecting their names together. At that time, Lockhart was twenty-four years old. His father, cadet of an old country family, was a clergyman. After passing through Glasgow College, he graduated at the University of Oxford, taking what are called "first-class honors." Called to the Scottish bar at the age of twenty-two, it soon was seen that he preferred literature to law. For public speaking, he had, if not actual incapacity, insuperable distaste. Capable of the deepest personal affection; — as witness his life-long friendship for John Wilson, and his devotion to Walter Scott, — it was Lockhart's misfortune to be not merely cold, but even supercilious, in his manner. Silent and reserved, almost shy, in general society, he overflowed with fun among the few associates to whom he was attached. He did not often unbend out of that small circle, and then, for the most part, satire lurked amid the flowers which he produced; and it was no consolation to those whom his keen and polished wit made uncomfortable or ridiculous that they had been smitten with a jewelled cimeter. Alison the historian, who knew him well, said, that, as a writer, he preferred exchanging thrusts with a court rapier to wielding the massy club of Hercules. Lady Wallace, who has rendered good service to English literature by her translations of German works, once said, "Sir Walter always puts me in mind, in conversation, of his own description of Richard Cœur de Lion. He lets fall a massive club: Lockhart is Saladin, who flings around him a Damascus cimeter." Very soon after "Blackwood's Magazine" was established, Lockhart became one of its principal contributors; he and Wilson, in fact, writing about one-half of each number for many years. To the celebrated "Noctes Ambrosianæ,"

suggested, if not commenced, by Dr. Maginn, much was contributed by Lockhart, even after he removed to London, when Wilson was the principal author. Lockhart's first independent work was "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,"—full of vigor, saucy satire, clever personal sketches, views of Scottish society, with criticism upon the leading literati, lawyers, artists, and philosophers. He was assisted in this by Wilson, but not largely. This work was introduced to the public in an unusual manner. A pretended "Translation from an Ancient Chaldee Manuscript," couched in biblical language, and divided into chapter and verse, which appeared in an early number of "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1817, was a sharp and amusing satire upon the leaders of the Whig party in Scotland, their especial organ, "The Edinburgh Review," and Mr. Constable, its proprietor and publisher. The Ettrick Shepherd had written some verses of this *brochure*, which Lockhart and Wilson extended to four chapters. The satire was keen, personal, and intelligible. The outcry was at once raised by those who had been the hardest hit, that it was "a ribald and profane parody upon the Bible." Greatly affrighted, the publisher cancelled the article, apologized in his next number for its appearance, was defendant in a legal suit or two for libel which it contained, and, in a short time, saw that the sensation thus created was a capital advertisement for his magazine, which, in a few months, began to refer to "The Chaldee Manuscript" as a publication of great cleverness and truth. From that moment, Wilson and Lockhart (the Leopard and the Scorpion of the parody) had great ascendancy in "Blackwood," and, seeing how thin-skinned the Whigs were, resolved to give them personal satire to their hearts' content, and beyond.

In "Blackwood's Magazine," early in 1819, ap-

peared a review, with extracts, of “Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk; being the Substance of some Familiar Communications concerning the Present State of Scotland, written during a late Visit to that Country. Aberystwith, 1819.” The review opened with a complaint, that though the title declared the work to be “sold by all booksellers, yet, strange to tell, a single copy is not to be found among all the bibliopoles of Edinburgh;” and proceeded to state that it was a work in two volumes, written by one Dr. Peter Morris of Aberystwith, a small watering-place in the Welsh county of Cardigan. Copious extracts, selected so as to pique personal and political curiosity, were then given, relating to society in Glasgow as well as in Edinburgh. This pseudo-criticism excited attention and alarm, and was continued in the next number of the magazine, with further extracts, containing sketches of three great Scottish lawyers, — John Clerk, George Cranstoun, and Francis Jeffrey, all of them friends of Walter Scott, and each in time a lord of session.

This was in March, at which time not much of the work had been written: but in April appeared an announcement of “a second edition, corrected and enlarged, and illustrated with numerous portraits, etched and engraved by amateurs;” three volumes octavo. This work was published in June, 1819, by Blackwood: and a new edition was soon called for; the *first* had never been printed. The work exhibits Scottish society, and eminent Scotsmen, as they flourished half a century ago; and, as Scott said, it would have been well if a similar work could be published every fifty years. The portraits, engraved on steel, are all good; that of Scott particularly so. “Peter’s Letters” have been so long out of print, that a perfect set is now rarely met with.

Lockhart’s subsequent productions in Scotland

were, "Valerius," a Roman story; "Adam Blair," a powerful Scottish tale of passion, contrition, and atonement; "Reginald Dalton," a story of English university life; "The History of Matthew Wald," a Scotch tale; and "Ancient Spanish Ballads," a volume of spirited translations. In 1826, he went to London to conduct "The Quarterly Review;" in performance of which duty he continued until 1853. His "Life of Sir Walter Scott" appeared in 1837-39. He married Sophia Scott in April, 1820; and his grand-daughter, Miss Monica Hope Scott, is now the sole heir to Abbotsford, for which Scott may be said to have paid with his life. Lockhart was as a son to Scott: however cold and reserved to others, he was affectionate and devoted to him.

A casual meeting in May, 1818, at the table of a mutual friend, at which Lockhart sat next Scott, interested the older author in favor of the junior, who had not then won his spurs. German literature and literati, with which subjects Lockhart was well acquainted, drew them together. In a few days, Lockhart was invited, by Scott's desire, to take his place in supplying the historical department of "The Edinburgh Annual Register" for 1816; and, in the performance of this task-work, he often met Scott that summer.

"The Heart of Mid-Lothian" was published in June, 1818; before which time, however, Lockhart and a few other favored persons heard that most striking portion of it, — the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle, and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park. James Ballantyne, who had married not long before (his wife was Mrs. Charles Dickens's aunt), gave a good, old-fashioned dinner, in his good, old-fashioned house, near his printing-office, while the new novel was going through the press. Scott, with his friends Erskine and Terry, were of the

party ; and "the Great Unknown," who owed that title to his printer, remained until the name of the new novel was announced, and the health of the author of "Waverley" drank in a bumper: but, after *he* had retired, it was not difficult, over a finishing and mighty bowl of punch, for the remaining guests to persuade Ballantyne to produce the proof-sheets, and read a chapter out of the forthcoming story. As he read very well, though with a little pomposity, the effect was highly dramatic.

"The Heart of Mid-Lothian" was better received, if possible, than any of its predecessors. It was founded on an incident like that of which Jeanie Deans was made the heroine. A poor girl named Helen Walker actually went to London on foot to solicit the pardon of her sister, which she obtained through the intervention of the Duke of Argyll. She walked back with it, arriving just in time to save her sister. Like Jeanie Deans, she had been told, that if on the trial she would declare that her sister, accused of child-murder, had given her the slightest intimation of her condition, the charge against her would fall to the ground ; but she refused to swear falsely, and her erring sister was condemned to a shameful death. To Scott belongs the credit of having mixed it up with the Porteus affair of 1736, and of having introduced Queen Caroline as the intervening medium of clemency.

Sir Walter Scott's last action, in October, 1831, was to send from London, on the eve of his voyage to Italy, an inscription for a modest pillar-monument, erected, at the proper cost of "the author of 'Waverley,'" over the remains of Helen Walker, who died in 1791, and was interred in the churchyard of Irongrey, near Dumfries. This inscription declares that Helen "practised in real life the virtues with which fiction has invested the imaginary character of

Jeanie Deans; refusing the slightest departure from veracity, even to save the life of a sister: she nevertheless showed her kindness and fortitude in rescuing her from the severity of the law, at the expense of personal exertions which the time rendered as difficult as the motive was laudable."

It showed true genius, in the construction of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," to resist the temptation of making Effie Deans — young, lovely, and unfortunate — the heroine of the story, and of putting her homely sister into that position. On the other hand, it is a pity that the story did not conclude with the marriage and happy settlement of Jeanie Deans in the manse at Roseneath. To make Sir George Staunton die by the hands of his own son, that semi-savage, almost spoils the story. Many of the characters are finely drawn, particularly Douce Davie, the stern father with the tender heart.

Before this tale was finished, Scott had already half completed "The Bride of Lammermoor," which, with "The Legend of Montrose," was published by Constable in 1819; the first edition consisting, as then had become usual, of ten thousand copies.

In the autumn of 1818, Lockhart and Wilson first were guests at Abbotsford, specially invited to be introduced to Lord Melville, who then had the disposal of most of the government patronage in Scotland. It was at this time that the *handsel* of Abbotsford, already mentioned, took place. Then, too, Lockhart first met that true-hearted, intelligent, humble friend of Scott, William Laidlaw. There was a *house-heating* of Abbotsford, at the end of October, in honor of young Walter Scott having completed his seventeenth year; but neither Lockhart nor Wilson could wait for nor return to it.

Before the close of 1818, Scott had written several articles for "The Quarterly Review," "Blackwood's

Magazine," and "The Edinburgh." The first in "The Quarterly" was that generous notice, not so much of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" as of the personal and poetical character of its noble author, which may be said to have turned the tide of public opinion in his favor. The contribution to "The Edinburgh" (the first in ten years) was upon a novel by Maturin, the Irish author.

Before the year closed came a formal announcement from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, that the Prince Regent desired to confer upon Mr. Scott the rank of baronet: this had been privately communicated to him some months before. At that time, though Davy, the great chemist and natural philosopher, had been created baronet shortly before, the successful cultivators of science and literature were generally passed over in the distribution of the titular honors, which cheaply acknowledge, though they cannot reward, eminent merit. In our own time, to say nothing of numerous baronets and knights belonging to the intellectual ranks, we have seen peerages bestowed upon Macaulay, Monckton Milnes, and Bulwer-Lytton. Scott, though he was making at least ten thousand pounds a year over and above his large official income, would scarcely have accepted a title, which his sagacity readily foresaw would unavoidably induce increased expense of living; but, just before the receipt of the Secretary of State's missive, he had heard of the sudden death of his brother-in-law in India, with the bequest of the reversion of his fortune to Mrs. Scott and her children. By the advice of the two men, the Duke of Buccleugh and Hugh Scott of Harden, whom he considered in their respective characters of chief of his clan and head of his family, who thought that Sir Walter Scott would sound as well as Sir Humphry Davy, he accepted the title, which was not formally gazetted

for fourteen months. He might well say, "It was an honor directly derived from the service of honor, and neither begged nor bought, as is the usual fashion."

The year 1818 ended with something more solid than such honors. His son was about entering life as cavalry-officer, every step in that branch of the military service being very costly. Money was wanted for the completion of Abbotsford on an extended plan. New purchases of land were in view. Therefore he listened to a proposal to sell all his existing copyrights of the poems and novels to Constable the publisher for twelve thousand pounds; the purchaser executing a bond not to disclose the authorship of "Waverley" during his life, under a penalty of two thousand pounds.

The purchase-money was paid in bonds; all of which not having been paid off prior to Constable's bankruptcy in 1826, the author of Waverley's interest in all the above copyrights legally reverted to him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Ettrick Shepherd. — Death of Buccleugh. — Authorship by Dictation. — “The Bride of Lammermoor.” — Stephanoff the Painter. — “Legend of Montrose.” — Walter Scott in the Army. — “Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk.” — Death of his Mother. — “Ivanhoe.” — Rebecca and Rowena. — “The Monastery.” — Capt. Clutterbuck of Kennequhair. — “The Abbot.” — Mary, Queen of Scots. — Portrait by Lawrence. — Bust by Chantrey. — Receives a Baronetcy. — Miss Scott married to Lockhart. — Miss Edgeworth’s Tribute.

1819—1820.

SCOTT was prevented from going to London, in the Easter vacation of 1819, to receive his baronetcy, by a return of the grievous illness which had prostrated him two years before. During the first attack, an incident occurred, very characteristic of the Ettrick Shepherd. Scott was suddenly attacked, while there was an evening-party at his house, at Edinburgh, with a cramp on the right side, which, he wrote to a friend, sent him to bed “roaring like a bull-calf.” From this party Hogg and James Ballantyne walked home together; and the latter said, “I don’t at all like this illness of Scott’s. I have often seen him look jaded of late, and am afraid it is serious.” Hogg burst out with, “Haud your tongue, or I’ll gar you measure your length on the pavement, you fause, down-hearted loon that you are! Ye daur to speak as if Scott was on his death-bed! It canna be! it *must* not be! I will not suffer you to speak that gate!” The sentiment was like that of Uncle Toby at the bedside of Le Fèvre; and, as the Shepherd spoke, his voice became suppressed with emotion.

On his partial recovery on that occasion, Scott was ordered to the country, and put upon what he called starvation-diet; and he had not wholly recovered up to 1819, when the news reached him that his excellent friend, Charles, fourth Duke of Buccleugh, who had gone to Portugal for the benefit of his health, had died at Lisbon, leaving as his successor to titles and estates a boy in his thirteenth year, — the present Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry. In the last letter to Scott, written when about to embark at Portsmouth, the duke announced that he had begun to build a library at Bowhill, his favorite residence; and had reserved a place for one picture over the chimney-piece, in which warm situation he proposed “to place the guardian of literature,” — a portrait of Scott, with his dog Maida introduced, to be painted by Raeburn. It was soon after he received this letter, and during the visit of Mr. George Ticknor to Abbotsford, already mentioned, that Scott had the second severe attack, of which he wrote to Southey, “If I had not the strength of a team of horses, I could never have fought through it, and through the heavy fire of medical artillery, scarce less exhausting: for bleeding, blistering, calomel, and ipecacuanha have gone on without intermission; while, during the agony of the spasms, laudanum became necessary in the most liberal doses, though inconsistent with the general treatment. I did not lose my senses, because I resolved to keep them; but I thought once or twice they would have gone overboard, top and top-gallant.” After a struggle which lasted for a fortnight, he became better; except in point of weakness, well. Mr. Gillies, who saw him ambling on a low Highland pony, sitting slanting on it as if unable to hold himself upright, and with his complexion changed from its usual healthy hue to an olive-brown, almost black, tinge, said he looked

nearly as ill as during his last malady in 1831. "The physicians tell me," Scott said to Gillies, "that mere pain cannot *kill*; but I am very sure that no other man would for *over* three months encounter the same pain that I have suffered, and *live*."

Under contract to produce a third series of "Tales of My Landlord" by mid-summer, and scarcely able to hold a pen, he was compelled to dictate, — a process which Oliver Goldsmith once attempted, and found utterly impracticable. Scott, however, did it, as he reported to Constable, "easily and with comfort." The pen was held for him by John Ballantyne and William Laidlaw; the latter preferred, from his superior rapidity. No matter what his bodily pain, — and it was great, — Scott scarcely ever paused, but, after turning himself on his pillow with a groan of torment, usually continued the sentence in the same breath. "But," Mr. Lockhart says, "when a dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, spirit seemed to triumph altogether over matter: he arose from his couch, and walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. It was in this fashion that Scott produced the far greater portion of 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' the whole of 'The Legend of Montrose,' and almost the whole of 'Ivanhoe.'"

One passage in "Ivanhoe," however, and that the finest, — being the dialogue in the thirty-ninth chapter, in which the Templar tempts Rebecca, and offers to forsake his Order if she will go with him to Palestine, where, on Mount Carmel, he would pitch the throne which his valor would win for her, and exchange his long-desired bâton for a sceptre, — a facsimile of a single page of this passage, in the close, small writing of Scott, was lithographed. It does not show a single erasure or blot; and, except an occasional full point, punctuation was wholly disregarded.

Quotation-marks in the dialogue are accurately inserted; but not a solitary *i* is dotted. The size of the paper, such as Scott almost invariably used, is eleven by eight and a half inches. The whole, written solid, without a single break, consists of fifty-three lines, each averaging fifteen words, — making in all over two and a half of such printed pages as are given in the Household Edition of the Waverley novels. He considered three such pages a good day's work.

When he could see visitors, he received Lockhart and John Ballantyne at Abbotsford; read to them the translation of a German ballad ("The Noble Moringer") he had turned into rhyme one day, when he was anxious to know whether his mind had been affected; and, soon after his exertion, had another sharp recurrence of suffering. Lockhart wrote, "I can never forget the groans which, during that space, his agony extorted from him. Well knowing the iron strength of his resolution, to find him confessing its extremity by cries audible not only over the house, but even to a considerable distance from it, it may be supposed that this was sufficiently alarming to me." Next morning he would not hear of either of his guests leaving him, but took them a ride of twenty miles; and the same occurred day after day, Scott merrily telling anecdotes as they went. He was so ill, notwithstanding, that, when Lockhart left Abbotsford, it was with dark fears of its being his last visit.

Long before this, James Ballantyne was proprietor and editor of "The Edinburgh Weekly Journal," in which he published at this time the brief character of the Duke of Buccleugh dictated by Scott, and now properly included in his miscellaneous prose works.

When the law term began in May, Scott attended in his place in the Court of Session, but was unable to do so regularly; nor did he attempt it for several

weeks. In June, when the new "Tales of My Landlord" appeared, the general impression was, it must be the last of his works, so ill did he look.

Neither "The Bride of Lammermoor" nor "The Legend of Montrose" showed to the reader in any way that their author had been almost at death's door while composing them. After he rose from his sick-bed, and read "The Bride," he did not recollect one incident, character, or conversation, in it; though he remembered the original incidents of the story, which, indeed, his mother used to relate with great effect. The story was literally founded on fact. Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Earl of Stair, had engaged herself to Lord Rutherford without the knowledge of her parents, to whom he was not acceptable, either from his politics or his want of fortune. The lovers had broken a piece of gold together, and mutually pledged their troth in the most solemn manner,—the young lady invoking dreadful evils to happen to her if she should prove false. Her mother, an imperious woman, urged her to marry Mr. David Dunbar of Baldoon, in the county of Wigton. Lord Rutherford remonstrated; but Lady Stair sent him word that her daughter now retracted a vow which had not been sanctioned by her parents, and refused to fulfil her engagement with him. Lord Rutherford was a man of too high rank and too determined a character to be trifled with; and Lady Stair had to sanction an interview with her daughter, taking care to be present, warmly arguing, on scriptural grounds, that her troth was null and void because her father had not sanctioned it. The poor young lady spoke no word, but sat mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. At her mother's stern command, she handed back to her suitor the piece of gold which was the visible pledge of her troth. He received it, uttering maledictions on the mother as he

quitted the room ; and his last words to his unfortunate mistress were, " For you, madam, you will be a world's wonder ! " He went abroad, and never returned to Scotland. The marriage of Miss Dalrymple with Dunbar of Baldoon occurred in August, 1669 ; the lady being passive, silent, and sad. The bridal feast was followed by dancing. The bride and bridegroom retired as usual ; when, of a sudden, the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber, on entering which the family and guests found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. In a corner of the large fireplace, covered with only a single night-garment, which was dabbled in gore, the bride was found. She was insane : all she said was, " Take up your bonny bridegroom ! " She survived only a fortnight.

Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly refused to answer inquiries. He was killed by a fall from his horse about thirteen years after his ill-omened marriage. Family tradition ran, that it was not the bride who stabbed him, but Lord Rutherford, the rejected lover, who had concealed himself in the chamber, and wreaked his vengeance on his successful rival.

Since I began to write this book, a statement has been published, to the effect that the Earl of Selkirk, who holds the estate and is the representative of the family of Dunbar of Baldoon, had lately discovered among his papers the marriage contract of the bride of Lammermoor, signed by Janet Dalrymple, the bride ; James Dalrymple, her father ; David Dunbar, the bridegroom ; and Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, his father. The existence of this document was unknown, was unsuspected, when Scott wrote ; but it strengthens the tale. He increased the tragic effect by the death of the master of Ravenswood.

There is another tragedy connected with this story, which I heard many years ago from Mr. J. Goodyear, the eminent English engraver. One illustration of "The Bride of Lammermoor," in the annotated edition of the novels, represents Lucy Ashton restoring the piece of broken gold, the troth-pledge, to the master of Ravenswood. It was painted by Mr. F. P. Stephanoff, whose wife, a very lovely lady, sat for the silent and heart-broken heroine. She threw into her face such a sad and hopeless expression, that Mr. Stephanoff, by the time he had transferred it to the canvas, had well-nigh lost his senses from constantly gazing at it; and in fact was compelled, soon after, to be placed under restraint in a *maison de santé*. Even in the engraving executed by Mr. Goodyear, the peculiarly desolate expression I have mentioned is conveyed. In the picture it was terrible.

"The Legend of Montrose" was a set-off, in many respects, to the deep tragedy of "The Bride." Its true hero was Dalgetty, the soldier of fortune, whose sword and service were at the disposal of the highest bidder.

In the autumn of 1819, Scott's health became slowly re-established. At one time, however, in June, he really did despair of recovery; called his children to his bed-side, and took leave of them with solemn tenderness. After giving them, one by one, such advice as suited their years and characters, he added, "For myself, my dears, I am unconscious of ever having done any man an injury, or omitted any fair opportunity of doing any man a benefit. I well know that no human life can appear otherwise than weak and filthy in the eyes of God; but I rely on the merits and intercession of our Redeemer." He then laid his hand on their heads, and said, "God bless you! Live so that you may all hope to meet each other in a better place hereafter. And now leave

me, that I may turn my face to the wall." They obeyed him : but he presently fell into a deep sleep ; and when he awoke from it, after many hours, the crisis of extreme danger was felt by himself, and pronounced by his physician, to have been overcome. It seems as if, on that occasion, he had taken a new lease of life.

In the following month, his eldest son became a cornet in the eighteenth Hussars, — by purchase, as usual. He wanted only a few months of eighteen years, was almost as tall as his father, and made a very handsome soldier, — athletic, active, and intelligent ; fond of mathematics, engineering, and all sorts of calculation ; clear-headed, good-tempered, affectionate, and steady ; an excellent horseman ; and — some recommendation for a British officer in these " piping times of peace " — a graceful and untirable dancer. As he was to join his regiment in Ireland, his father specially introduced him to Miss Edgeworth and some other friends in that country. His own letters to the young man, frequent and kind, are exceedingly interesting ; and it is gratifying to see with what liberality he provided for his son's extra expenses, and how successfully he applied himself to win his confidence. The shrewd man of the world prevails all through ; and he took care to keep up the young soldier's interest in home by giving him details of current goings-on there. " Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk," which appeared that summer, highly amused Scott ; and he must have been much gratified with Dr. Morris's account of a visit to Abbotsford (imaginary of course), and the admirable sketch of Scott himself which formed part of it.

" Ivanhoe " was approaching its close in the winter of 1819 ; at which time political troubles, very sad some of them, had arisen out of the popular demand for parliamentary reform. Volunteer companies were

being formed to put down these demonstrations; and Scott, a vehement and veteran partisan, took no small trouble to organize a brigade of sharp-shooters in Ettrick and Teviotdale.

His uncle Dr. Rutherford, his excellent aunt Christian, and his own mother, died within one week, before the year closed.

In the midst of this gloom, "Ivanhoe" was published. In England, where the scene was wholly placed, it instantly became more popular than any of the Scotch novels; and a first edition of twelve thousand copies (actually thirty-six thousand volumes) went off with great rapidity. As usual, the hero was not Ivanhoe, who gave a title to the work, but the Black Knight, or even Locksley of merry Sherwood; that is, lion-hearted Richard, or gallant Robin Hood. Rebecca the Jewess was greatly preferred to Rowena the stately blonde. It was a romance of chivalry; and the entire change of locality and characters showed that the author, when he pleased, could take a far wider range than he had previously got credit for. As many readers of "The Old Curiosity Shop" found it difficult to pardon Dickens for the death of Little Nell, so many of the admirers of "Ivanhoe" regretted that the Saxon knight had not been mated to Rebecca rather than to his own countrywoman Rowena; forgetting that, according to the prejudices existing, not only then, but for centuries after, a Christian knight, however his heart might have been touched, would not have been allowed to marry a Jewish maiden, however good and lovely.

The publication of "Ivanhoe" marks the most brilliant epoch in Scott's history, as the literary favorite of his contemporaries. With the novel ("The Monastery") which he next put forth, the immediate sale of these works began gradually to decline: and neither Constable nor Ballantyne had the moral cour-

age to tell him of it; though his expenditure, already large, was increasing yearly, and his only capital was his imagination. At the same time, even the least popular of his novels had a sale far exceeding that of any other author. His success had enlarged the field of fiction.

The year 1820 opened with Scott's approval of Lockhart's suit for the hand of his eldest daughter, and his desire, as he disliked long engagements, that the marriage should take place in the spring. The betrothed did not object. He prepared, within a short distance of Abbotsford, a little cottage for the future residence of his daughter. He witnessed the proclamation of King George the Fourth (who had succeeded to the throne on his father's death) from that part of the Old Town where stood the beautiful Gothic Cross, now within the court of Abbotsford, but which was removed to widen the thoroughfare on the royal visit. Finally, he went to London early in March; and, a few days after his departure, "The Monastery" was published.

The old habit of mystification which had induced him to conceal the authorship of the Waverley novels, and to make Jedediah Cleishbotham, schoolmaster at Gandercleugh, stand sponsor for three series of "Tales of My Landlord," induced him to have "Ivanhoe" ushered in by a new *eidolon* of his fancy, one Lawrence Templeton; and, for the "Monastery," brought into the field a retired military officer, ycleped Capt. Clutterbuck, of the village of Kennaquhair, with an introductory story of having received a visit from a Benedictine monk, who, with his assistance, discovered, or rather recovered, from the second monastery of St. Mary, at Kennaquhair, a leaden box, covering a porphyry case, containing what had been a human heart, and, on departure, handed him a bundle of manuscript memoirs relating to transactions

in Scotland during the sixteenth century. This introduction described, in Scott's best manner, the idle *dilettanti* life of a half-pay army-officer in a remote village, thrown, in default of books and society, into local antiquarianism, and at last arriving at the dignity of being consulted as a knowing cicerone when visitors required information. The sketch of the Benedictine is clear and sharp. This introduction resembles a magnificent vestibule, with Grecian or Italian architecture, to a common-place country-house: it made the reader expect too much. Yet Scott's foot was on his native heather: for the ruined monastery of St. Mary, Kennaquhair, was his own beloved Melrose Abbey; and the leading action of the story was in the adjoining locality, which he knew so well from childhood. The story is deficient in interest. The White Lady of Avenel, who flits through it like a shadow, was imitated from the German: the episode of Sir Piercie Shafton, in which a bodkin is supernaturally produced to show that he was a tailor's son; and the introduction of a treasured human heart at Melrose (which had been the place of deposit of the great Robert Bruce's heart), without any reference to it in the story, — showed a certain timidity, on the author's part, to deal with a very suggestive fact.

"The Abbot," published soon after "The Monastery," greatly surpassed as well as continued that romance. It introduced Mary, Queen of Scots. Those who had accepted the accusations against her of light conduct, and even of deadlier crime, could scarcely avoid being charmed with the description of her loveliness and grace, and being touched by the narrative of her misfortunes and escape. The Abbot is not the hero of the tale, but either George Douglas, who enabled Mary to escape from Lochleven Castle, or Rowland Græme, the orphan page, who is developed in the story into a brave knight, heir to honors and land,

and fortunate in his wooing of a noble damsel. In his capacity of a page he attends the queen in her duress at Lochleven. Some known historical facts are worked up with great skill, particularly that in which Mary's abdication in favor of her son is forced from her by Ruthven and Lindesay on the part of the Scottish lords. The pen-portrait of Mary is drawn with a wondrously delicate yet truthful touch; Scott's idea of Mary's character being, that his imagination led him to doubt her guilt, while his reason forbade him to believe in her innocence. Constable's suggestion, that Queen Elizabeth should be brought into the next romance as a companion to Mary Stuart, was acceded to. Scott's own wish was to call it "Cumnor Hall," after the ballad by Mickle, which suggested the introduction of Amy Robsart; but, in further deference to his publisher's wishes, he adopted the more catching title of "Kenilworth." Another proposal, to write a romance entitled "The Armada," was under consideration for some time, but never acted upon.

On his arrival in London in the spring of 1820, Scott was informed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, then a very distinguished artist, that the king wished for his portrait, to be placed among monarchs, statesmen, soldiers, leading authors, and men of science, his contemporaries at home and abroad. The wish really being equivalent to a command, this portrait was painted. It represents Scott in his fiftieth year, and is not merely a fine work of art, but a fine resemblance to the great author in his prime. It is in Windsor Castle. Chantrey the sculptor executed, at the same time, the well-known bust of Scott which is to be seen in Abbotsford. On this occasion, Scott first met Allan Cunningham, who was manager in Chantrey's establishment. "Honest Allan," as it became the fashion to call him, said something about

the pleasure he felt in touching the hand that had charmed him so much. Scott looked at it with one of his comic smiles, and said, "Ay, and a big brown hand it is!" The natural expression of Scott's face, half grave, half humorous, has never been so well expressed as in this bust. Originally, Chantrey had made him serious, intending to convey merely a thoughtful look; but his face brightened up so much in conversation, that this design was abandoned. The head of the clay-bust, cut off with a string, was placed a little on one side, and a few touches of the eyes and mouth given: so that, when Scott came for the third sitting, he smiled, and said, "Ay, ye're mair like yoursel' now! Why, Mr. Chantrey, no witch of old ever performed such cantraps with clay as this!"

After Scott's baronetcy was officially announced, — and a good round sum for heralds and court fees was paid before that was done, — he had to attend the *levée* of his gracious and genial friend, the new monarch. Allan Cunningham, who had called to bid him farewell, found him in court-dress, preparing to kiss hands at the *levée* on being gazetted as Baronet. "He seemed any thing but at his ease," says Cunningham, "in that strange attire. He was like one in armor. The stiff cut of the coat, the large shining buttons and buckles, the lace ruffles, the queue, the sword, and the cocked hat, formed a picture at which I could not forbear smiling. He surveyed himself in the glass for a moment, and burst into a hearty laugh: 'O Allan,' he said, 'O Allan, what creatures we must make of ourselves in obedience to Madam Etiquette!'"

George the Fourth, who seems to have had a warm regard for Scott, conferred the title on Scott without suggestion from any one. I have heard, that, when one of his ministers suggested that simple knighthood

would be sufficient, the reply was, "No; that is a mere personal compliment, conferred indiscriminately: but Baronet is an hereditary title, and I hope that Walter Scott's descendants will retain it for centuries." At the *levée*, when, as usual, the poet kissed the hand of the monarch, the latter said, in clear, loud voice, as if determined to be heard, "I shall always reflect with pleasure on Sir Walter Scott's having been the first creation of my reign." Assuredly, whatever the defects in this monarch's personal character, he had the rare faculty of heightening a favor by a graceful and gracious manner of conferring it.

Scott's letters to his family and friends at this time were lively and pleasant; glancing only slightly, however, at the welcome which greeted him on all sides. He felt gratified, no doubt, when he was able to introduce "the long Cornet," his son, to the Duke of Wellington, at a friend's dinner-table, where he talked of war and Waterloo. One of his letters, written three days before he was gazetted, is addressed, "For the Lady Scott of Abbotsford, to be." His confidence in Lockhart, who now was in the "Waverley" secret, was so great, that he desired Balgantyne to consult him on every doubt where Scott himself, if present, would be referred to. He wrote to "Willie" Laidlaw on affairs in Abbotsford; and also to his daughter, the bride-elect, not glancing more at the coming event than to hint, "There is a certain veil of Flanders-lace floating in the wind for a certain occasion, from a certain god-mother; but that is more than a dead secret."

Hurrying home as soon as he could to carry out the national and classical prejudice against marrying in May,* Scott reached Edinburgh, accompanied by

* The idea that May is an unlucky month in which to be married pre-

his soldier-son, late in April, and, on the 29th of that month, gave Lockhart the hand of his daughter Sophia. This proved to be a well-assorted union. Lockhart was twenty-six years old, and the bride not twenty-one. Without what is called loveliness, or even beauty, she was comely and well-formed, highly educated, intelligent, lively, and affectionate. From her mother — who did not conceal her gratification at being *Lady* Scott — she had inherited, it may be, a certain airy grace of manner, which was prevented, by the common sense she took from her father, from running into frivolity. It was thought, when the marriage took place, that Scott might have done better for his favorite child than give her to a briefless barrister. But he saw in Lockhart a man of old and respectable family, of the highest education and attainments, of acknowledged ability, of good habits, of polite if often frigid manners, and with great tenderness and depth of affection underlying all the more obvious points in his character. The high position in the craft of literature which Lockhart won so soon and retained so long after his marriage was a practical illustration of the correct estimate which his father-in-law had formed of him.

Mrs. Lockhart's married life was happy and prosperous: the only shadows that clouded it were the deaths of children, and of her father, mother, and sister, and the misfortunes which made her father's latter years years of toil. Her husband most dearly loved her, and cannot be said ever to have got the better of the deep sorrow caused by her death, which took place on the 17th May, 1837. Miss

vails not only in Scotland, but in many other parts of Europe; and was received in ancient Rome, for Ovid mentions it in his *Fasts*. The Scottish adage is, —

“ From the marriage in May
All the bairns die and decay.”

Edgeworth, in a letter to myself, dated Nov. 21, 1837, wrote, in reference to a message which my friend Wordsworth the poet had charged me to convey to her, "The last time I met Mr. Wordsworth was at dinner at Lockhart's, in London. Alas, poor Mr. Lockhart! dear Mrs. Lockhart! His allusion to her in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott' is most delicately and beautifully done; and every heart must go with him through the whole of that very interesting biography."

The passage referred to by Miss Edgeworth appeared in the fifth volume of the first edition of the "Life," published in October, 1837, and runs thus: "Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle, — as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices forever silenced, seem to haunt me as I write. With three exceptions, they are all gone! Even since the last of these volumes was finished, she whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight of all those simple meetings, — she to whose love I owed my own place in them, — Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children, who, in countenance, mind, and manners, most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like him in all things as a gentle innocent woman can ever be to a great man, deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life, — she, too, is no more!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Prosperity and Happiness. — Abbotsford Hospitality. — University Honors. — The Lockharts at Chiefswood. — Dr. Wollaston and Sir Humphry Davy. — “Novellists’ Library.” — Archdeacon Williams. — Presidency of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. — “Kenilworth” published. — Historical Pen-Portraits. — Remarkable Anachronisms. — Royal Society of Literature. — Death of John Ballantyne. — Secret Charities. — Coronation of George IV.

1820—1821.

WITH his worldly affairs apparently in the most prosperous condition; an hereditary dignity conferred upon him by his sovereign; his dearest daughter married to the man whom she loved and he approved; his pen at once productive and profitable; his family relations in the happiest state; troops of friends gathering around him; “love, honor, and obedience” tending upon him; his writings becoming naturalized, through the skill of translators, into foreign lands; the trees which he had planted, and the mansion which he was building, rising before him; Imagination yielding up her richest treasures, as if at command to the Slave of the Lamp in the Eastern story; health entirely restored; a highly intellectual and thoughtful nation proudly linking its honor with his name, and middle age scarcely reached as yet, — Sir Walter Scott, in the summer of 1820 and for five succeeding summers, was abundantly happy. If he could only have *fixed* the wheel of Fortune!

A month after his daughter’s marriage, he purchased another accession to his territory, — at a too high price, he admitted: but Laidlaw thought “it could

be made worth the money ;” and, at all events, there was the double consolation, that “ it rounds the property off very handsomely.” Throughout the summer, then and in other years, was greatly tasked the capability of Abbotsford to accommodate many guests ; some of them old and valued friends ; some, persons of distinction in literature, science, and society ; some drawn from abroad to see the country which he had described so well ; and some, accepting the slightest hint as an invitation, quartering themselves upon him, with selfish and audacious curiosity, for several days at a time. I have heard it stated on good authority, that, when Abbotsford had literally become a “ house of call,” there were as many as sixteen ladies’ maids in the house at one time ! Of course, the hospitality thus flagrantly abused was extremely costly. The numerous visitors rarely took the trouble of thinking, I dare say, at what an expenditure of intellectual power and industry this lavish rate of living had to be maintained. The estate supplied vegetables and fruit, with some other aliments, occasionally ; but the bills of butchers (called *fleshers* in Scotland), poulterers, millers, wine-merchants, and grocers, must have amounted to thrice the amount of his official, which was the only assured and permanent, income. Scarcely any of the very wealthy nobility in England or Scotland kept open house like this : such of them as preserved game received their friends in the shooting-season and at Christmas. But, for their weeks, there were months of not less costly hospitality at Abbotsford. *There*, at least, it was evident that Poetry and Poverty were not twins. If he had never made a sixpence by his pen, but had lived, in town and country, upon the joint incomes of his clerkship and sherifffdom, and the interest of the money, which, from time to time, fell into his lap from the bequests of near relations, Scott might have

enjoyed life far more, if less quietly, than he did. But of course the impulse to write could not be repressed: for Genius aspires and creates; and with him, to use his own homely words, *not* to write would have been much the same as to put a kettle on the fire, and say, "Kettle, don't boil!" If he had inherited a moderate landed estate, he would have been an admirable laird, — probably a justice of the peace, deciding petty village cases and feuds, mixing freely with his neighbors, hospitable within bounds, and, at all events, a great reader, and fond of collecting books and curiosities.

In May, 1820, intimation was given to Sir Walter Scott, by the vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, that these universities respectively desired to confer upon him the honorary degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D. But it was necessary that he should attend each Commemoration (equivalent to our Commencement) in person; and, as he never was able to do this, he never received these high public compliments.

It was a great comfort to Scott that his daughter's marriage did not entirely separate her from him. For a few months that summer, she and Lockhart were guests at Abbotsford: for, until their removal to London in 1826, they lived quietly in Edinburgh during the winter and spring; spending each summer and autumn, as Scott wrote to his brother, in a nice little cottage in a glen belonging to the Abbotsford property, with a rivulet in front, and a grove of trees on the east side to keep away the cold wind. It was connected with Scott's own dwelling by a pleasant walk through the plantations. This place was called Chiefswood; and Scott, particularly when pressed with work and oppressed by guests, would walk or ride to it in the morning, to be out of the world, and write with ease and facility. On the estate of Ab-

Abbotsford, too, were other places with friends in them, — Huntly Burn, where he had installed those old friends, Adam Fergusson and his sisters; and Kaeside, in which he had placed William Laidlaw, his friend, factor (or land steward), and amanuensis. The intercourse between these four dwelling-places was constantly kept up; and Laidlaw and his wife, whom some of Scott's high-born visitors looked down upon, — perhaps because, though intelligent and finely educated, they belonged, first and last, to the noble order of Scottish peasantry, — frequently had their place at Scott's table, and there were treated with consideration as marked as if they had coroneted chariots, with castles and acres of their own. Scott had none of the *parvenu* insolence of wealth which so much annoys the sensitive mind. His relative and neighbor, John Scott of Gala, was also on the most intimate terms at Abbotsford; as, indeed, were all the gentry in the district. As might be expected, his official brethren, the other clerks of the Court of Session, often ran out for a few days to Abbotsford in their vacation. The heads of the legal profession were frequent visitors also. From the south, and even from foreign countries (I have shown how highly he esteemed and how agreeably he entertained Americans at Abbotsford), came a throng of visitors of the highest rank, often with the most inquisitive curiosity to see the author who had delighted, touched, or instructed them. For seven years, Abbotsford was the most visited private mansion in Europe.

One day, soon after he received his title, Scott had a small gathering, which included Henry Mackenzie, then the patriarch of Scottish literature; Dr. Wollaston, the eminent physicist, who realized thirty thousand pounds by the discovery of a simple process for making platinum malleable; and Sir Humphry Davy,

the inventor of the safety-lamp. When Davy, who had a good deal of poetic feeling and expression, was explaining some scientific subject with an eloquence which might have been inspired by the *genius loci*, after Scott made the conversation alternate with anecdotes of Dryden, Gay, and Pope, with brief quotations by way of illustration, William Laidlaw whispered, "Gude preserve us! this is a very superior occasion! Eh, sirs!" he added, cocking his eye like a bird, "I wonder if Shakspeare and Bacon ever met to screw ilk other up?"

At that time, — it was fifty years since, — no adventurous speculator had broached the theory, that Bacon and Shakspeare were one and the same person!

Occasionally too, at this time, came the Ballantynes: James, — shrewd, solid, and inflated; John, — gay, quaint, and, as a mimic and humorist, not surpassed by Charles Mathews or Frederick Yates. Thither came Constable too, the great publisher, a power in the land, — adventurous, autocratic, energetic, and suggestive. It was said of George IV., that, at a certain period of the evening, he would astonish his guests by declaring that he had commanded a cavalry regiment at Waterloo; to whom, when appealed to as authority for such a statement, the Duke of Wellington would gravely answer, "So I have heard your Majesty say." In like manner, Constable, who had been allowed to give names to two of the Waverley novels which had obtained great success, was so elated, that, when in his high moods, he used to declare, with an asseveration rather stronger than a friend's simple affirmation, "I am all but the author of the Waverley novels!"

In a ride with John Ballantyne, while "Kenilworth" was yet in progress, Scott listened seriously to his project, broached long before, of writing biographical notices to be prefixed to a new series,

Ballantyne's "Novelists' Library." The first volume appeared in February, 1821; but the series was ruined by the proprietor's death in the ensuing summer. This series, in the words of "the trade," did not pay: the collection, necessarily bulky and costly, was printed in double columns and small type, in royal octavo size. The biographical prefaces supplied by Scott (and for which he refused payment) introduced the novels of Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Sterne, Johnson, Goldsmith, Le Sage, Horace Walpole, Cumberland, Mrs. Radcliffe, Charles Johnstone, Clara Reeve, Charlotte Smith, and Robert Bage. The sketch of De Foe, as formerly stated, was written by Ballantyne himself, and is not the worst of the series now republished in "Scott's Miscellaneous Works." In these prefaces, the main biographical facts were mentioned; but a vein of fine criticism on the subject of novel-writing in general runs through the whole.

In this eventful year, Charles Scott, the second son, was sent to complete his education under Mr. Williams, Vicar of Lampeter in Wales (not far from Dr. Peter Morris's, Aberyswith), to qualify him for passing through the University of Oxford, as a preliminary to his future official employment in India. The vicar's success with Charles Scott led to the sons of several Scotch gentlemen of distinction being placed under his care; and the result was Mr. Williams's appointment, in 1824, as Rector of the New Edinburgh Academy. He had been contemporary with Lockhart at Oxford; and, in his responsible occupation in Edinburgh, proved to be not only one of the best, accurate, and extensive scholars of his time, but also one of the most efficient teachers. He was made Archdeacon of Cardigan in 1833; and officiated at Scott's interment in Dryburgh Abbey in September, 1832.

Surprise has been expressed at Sir Walter's being willing to trust his son to the peril of the Indian climate. In the first place, however, it must be remembered, that Scott, master of an estate, which, owing to its cost, was very unproductive, had it not in his power, that property being settled on the elder son, as inheritor of the baronetcy, to provide for his other children, — except by life-assurance, which he strangely neglected until his worldly losses came; in the next, as he wrote that very year to his brother Thomas, holding out strong hopes of procuring an East-Indian cadetship for one of *his* sons, "the climate of India is now well understood, and those who attend to ordinary precautions live as in Britain." As it happened, Charles Scott did not go to India, but entered the diplomatic service, being so employed when Sir Walter visited Italy in 1831–32; and, after all, died in Persia at an early age.

Honors pursue those who do not want them is an old saw which has truth for its basis. In November, 1820, the Presidency of the Royal Society of Edinburgh became vacant by the resignation of Sir James Hall (father of Capt. Basil Hall, the sailor-author); and the Fellows, though on all former occasions men of science had been elected to the chair, unanimously elected Sir Walter Scott: they expressed themselves desirous of being represented in letters as well as in science. From this time, Scott was greatly in request as chairman of public and social meetings. His geniality kept the company in good temper.

"Kenilworth" appeared in January, 1821; and, however his own countrymen may have desired that he would again have touched Scottish soil, his English readers at once took the story to their hearts. He had placed before them, with little exaggeration, "Good Queen Bess" and her court. Even Shakespeare himself, called "a halting fellow" by one of

the characters, flitted across the stage. Elizabeth, who was then forty-two years old, was flatteringly endowed with youth, grace, and personal beauty: her red hair was called auburn; her bad temper was subdued into spirited energy; and, though she had to swear a little, — the habit of the Tudor family, — it was done, as Bottom would have roared, “gently as any sucking dove.” In this tale, as if a collection of national portraits had been subject to a panoramic movement, a great historic gallery of notables passed before the public. Scott had carefully collected the prominent traits of the illustrious men of the Elizabethan era from a variety of sources, and adroitly applied them so as to give individuality to his sketches. Next to Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, who are limned at full length, Sir Walter Raleigh, as we can imagine him in his early manhood, is most artistically drawn. Elizabeth is said, in her advanced years, to have cautioned a painter against putting the shadows into her face: Scott appears to have remembered this in his portrait of her. The story of “Kenilworth” is deeply tragic, and literally founded upon history and tradition. Amy Robsart is a charming heroine of romance; though from the first, when she greets her husband in Cumnor Hall, the reader has an involuntary idea that hers must be

“The doom
Heaven gives its favorites, — an early tomb.”

It has been said, “Great Homer sometimes nods,” and therefore perhaps Scott may be excused for some palpable mistakes he made in “Kenilworth,” — in quoting passages from Shakspeare which were not written at the stated date of the story. Elizabeth paid that visit to Lord Leicester in Kenilworth Castle, so well described by Scott, in July, 1575; and

at that date we have Wayland Smith "singing" a stave from a comedy which was then new, and was supposed, among the more favorable judges, to augur some genius on the part of the author." The quotation, a couplet put into the mouth of Caliban, occurs in "The Tempest," which was not acted until 1611. Queen Elizabeth quotes from "Troilus and Cressida," written only two years earlier. Walter Raleigh quotes the beautiful compliment to the maiden queen, the

"Fair vestal throned by the west,"

uttered by Oberon in a "Midsummer-Night's Dream," not written until 1598, — thirty years later! There seldom has been a greater anachronism than this, especially as, when Elizabeth was at Kenilworth, William Shakspeare, born in 1564, was only eleven years old, and probably presenting in his own person the reality described in the "Seven Ages," of

"The whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school."

However, Scott avoided the mistake committed by Schiller, the German poet, in his tragedy of "Mary Stuart," — of bringing Elizabeth and Mary together at Fotheringay; the fact being, that they never met.

Early in 1821, Sir Walter, in London on official business, was detained there nearly three months, and again was greatly courted. During his absence, Mrs. Lockhart had a son, John Hugh Lockhart, — the "Hugh Littlejohn" for whom the "Tales of a Grandfather" were written, but who died young. Sir Walter was consulted as to the establishment of a Royal Society of Literature, with ten pensionaries of the crown: his opinion was, "Let men of letters

fight their own way with the public; and let the Sovereign honor with his patronage those who are able to distinguish themselves, and alleviate by his bounty the distresses of such as, with acknowledged merit, may yet have been unfortunate in procuring independence." The Society was established, and still exists; but the ten members who were pensionaries of the king, paid out of his civil list, were struck off, without notice or compensation, by his successor, 1830.

The death of John Ballantyne in June, 1821, was a severe blow to Scott, a man of warm affections, who, with a full knowledge of the foibles of his friend's character, kindly cherished the recollection of its more amiable parts, and told Lockhart, as they walked home from the funeral, how "Jocund Johnny," having observed a poor divinity-student at his book-sale, said that he looked in ill health, which the young man acknowledged with a sigh. "Come," said Ballantyne, "I think I ken the secret of a sort of draft that would relieve you; particularly," he added, handing him a check for five or ten pounds, — "particularly, my dear, if taken upon an empty stomach."

Scott's own liberality was great. When his friend John Leyden went to India, Scott lent him a hundred and fifty pounds (never repaid) to defray expenses. When Thomas Campbell the poet, in his early struggles in London, knew not where to turn for money, Scott lent him fifty pounds. On both these occasions, he was not very prosperous himself. In Maturin's distress, Scott sent him fifty pounds unasked; and the fact became known only through Maturin's own grateful disclosure. In fact, he was in the habit of doing these generous deeds, and would have "blushed to find it fame." Not long before his death, after he had somewhat recovered from the shock of Constable's failure and his own ruin, he

offered to place the sum of three hundred pounds, which he had by him, at the disposal of a literary friend, much his junior, who, he thought, might want it. At the same time he knew the value of money, and had no idea of idly wasting it in indiscriminate charity. Worth and want were always the "Open sesame" of his purse. So largely did he give, that he might have been designated "Relieving Officer of the Parish of Parnassus."

The coronation of George IV., deferred for a twelvemonth on account of what was called "The Trial of Queen Caroline," took place on the 19th of July, 1821. This, the most gorgeous and costly pageant of the present century, drew Sir Walter Scott, the poet of princes, once more to London. In a letter written on the day after this ceremonial, which threw into the shade all scenes of similar magnificence, from the Field of the Cloth of Gold down to modern times, Scott gave a general sketch of what had taken place, and of his own impressions. This was published in Ballantyne's newspaper, and, though not included in Scott's prose miscellanies, has been properly inserted in his biography by Lockhart, who also has added the following anecdote: "Missing his carriage, he had to return home on foot from Westminster after the banquet, — that is to say, between two and three o'clock in the morning, — when he and a young gentleman, his companion, found themselves locked in the crowd, somewhere near Whitehall; and the bustle and tumult were such, that his friend was afraid some accident might happen to the lame limb. A space for the dignitaries was kept clear at that point by the Scots Greys. Sir Walter addressed a sergeant of this celebrated regiment, begging to be allowed to pass by him into the open ground in the middle of the street. The man answered, shortly, that his orders were strict; that the thing was impossible.

While he was endeavoring to persuade the sergeant to relent, some new wave of turbulence approached from behind; and his young companion exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Take care, Sir Walter Scott! take care!' The stalwart dragoon, on hearing the name, said, 'What! Sir Walter Scott? he shall get through anyhow!' He then addressed the soldiers near him, 'Make room, men, for Sir Walter Scott, our illustrious countryman!' The men answered, 'Sir Walter Scott! God bless him!' and he was in a moment within the guarded line of safety."

He had tried to induce the Ettrick Shepherd to accompany him to London on this occasion; thinking, that if he wrote something about it, as he *could* write when "i' the vein," perhaps a little pension might be granted him. But Hogg, unable to forego the pleasure of attending at the Fair of St. Boswell, remained in Ettrick, and let his chance pass by forever.

During this flying visit to London, Chantrey's bust of Scott was finished. The original, in marble, was presented to Scott in 1828, and is in Abbotsford. Casts taken from this bust were disposed of among the poet's most ardent friends. From one of these was made the mould which has supplied the world with the printed copies so generally known.

At this time, Chantrey made a profile-sketch of Scott, which, drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, the author-artist, is very rare. It is before me now, this side-face; and I doubt whether the general expression, shrewd and thoughtful, with the eye fixed (I use his own words) "in listening mood," has ever been so correctly given. It was a pencil-sketch, evidently drawn in a few minutes, like that by Newton already mentioned.

CHAPTER XX.

Who wrote the Waverley Novels?—Scott, Thomas Scott, Lord Kinnedder, Lord Cranstoun, Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, Sir Adam Ferguson, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Brunton, Dr. Greenfield, Lord Byron?—Adolphus's Letters to Richard Heber.—Solution of the Mystery.

1821.

THE authorship of the Waverley novels, a matter of continuous speculation for many years, was assigned, by repute or conjecture, to various authors, male and female.

1. To Sir Walter Scott, chiefly by his friends in Edinburgh, who recognized his conversational style, peculiar turns of expression, particular incidents expanded from anecdotes which they had heard him relate, and other internal evidence. The doubt was settled * on the 23d of February, 1827, when Scott publicly declared that he was “the author,—the total and undivided author.”

2. It was whispered for many years, and probably believed by many, that Mr. Thomas Scott, elder

* Whoever had any doubt upon the question, the Ettrick Shepherd had none. He received presentation-copies of the novels as they appeared, with “From the Author” on the fly-leaf of each. One day, when Scott had called upon him at his farm-house in Ettrick Forest (as it continues to be called, though nearly all the trees have disappeared), he turned to the bookshelf, on which stood the books nicely bound, and labelled “SCOTT'S NOVELS.” — “James,” said the Shirrá as he caught Hogg's eye upon him, with a comic expression on his face, “you have o'er many letters here. Scots' Novels should not be spelled with a double t.” — “I dinna ken,” answered the Shepherd. “Scott's Novels they are marked there, and Scott's Novels I'd take my oath they are! Man, I'd own them if they were mine.”

brother of Sir Walter, had a hand in the production of these novels. After "Waverley" had got into a third edition, in 1814, Sir Walter wrote to his brother in Canada, that there was a report that he (Thomas Scott) was the author; suggesting that he should write and send on a novel intermixing his exuberant and natural humor with any incidents and descriptions of scenery he might see, particularly with characters, and traits of manners. This, to which W. S. "would give all the cobbling that is necessary," would probably be worth five hundred pounds. "You have more fun and descriptive talent than most people," Walter Scott wrote; "and all that you want — i.e., the mere practice of composition — I can supply, or the Devil's in it. Keep this matter a dead secret, and *look knowing when 'Waverley' is spoken of.*" In the joint article in "The Quarterly Review" in 1817 by Erskine and Scott, a hint, that not the poet at Abbotsford, but his brother in Canada, might be "the Great Unknown," was thrown out, with the same intention of baffling curiosity which suggested the composite critique itself. Many years later, on the publication of "Peveril of the Peak," the scene of which is partly in the Isle of Man, the rumor that Thomas Scott had at least largely helped his brother was revived; sundry Edinburgh people remembering that he had resided in the Isle of Man for some time before he went to Canada, and suspecting that he had there picked up the materials which Sir Walter used in the story. In 1831, in the final Introduction to "Peveril," it was stated that Thomas Scott, having access to the registers of the Isle of Man, had copied many of them, which he subjected to his brother's perusal. In these, which were probably lost in the course of a military life, the interesting and romantic story of William Christian especially struck Sir Walter's fancy.

3. William Erskine, afterwards Lord Kinnedder, that most familiar friend, upon whose refined judgment and pure literary taste Scott mostly relied, was occasionally spoken of as a probable author of the novels; but, though an admirable critic, he wrote very little, and died in 1822, — years before the pen had fallen from the hand of the real author.

4. George Cranstoun, who, like Erskine, finally reached the judicial bench, was thought capable of the authorship in question; but this was a mere suspicion.

5. As previously mentioned, Miss Mitford heard and indignantly repudiated the idea that Dugald Stewart, the Edinburgh philosopher, was the man.

6. Henry Mackenzie, whose “Man of Feeling” was published in 1771 (the year of Scott’s birth), was slightly suspected; but a literary “statute of limitations” would certainly be operative in his case.

7. Capt. (afterwards Sir Adam) Fergusson, who was in the secret, would occasionally endeavor to look conscious when the novels were mentioned; and on one occasion, when the wife of a Scotch judge closely pressed the real author, and named Fergusson as the probable person, Scott looked mysterious, kept silent, and sent her away with the impression that she had hit the mark.

8. Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, a maiden lady, whose “Cottagers of Glenburnie,” a clever novel of Scottish domestic life, was published in 1808, obtaining great popularity, was named, on the appearance of “Waverley” in 1814, as one of the persons who might have written it; but her death in 1816 supplied an unanswerable negative.

9. Mrs. Mary Brunton, whose serious novels, “Self-Control” and “Discipline,” appeared in 1811–14, was another of the suspected; but, as she died in 1818, she, too, was out of the ring.

10. A Dr. Greenfield, or Grenfield, who lived in Edinburgh while Scott's first and most successful poems were published, and who had to leave Scotland under suspicion of a horrible crime (*non nominatum apud Christianos*), was spoken of in many publications as the actual author of the Waverley novels. He had written nothing to justify this impression of ability. Four authors of his name are chronicled by my friend Dr. Allibone. The only one who might correspond in time with him is Thomas Greenfield, who published an octavo volume of "Epistles and Miscellaneous Poems, London, 1815." Mr. Egerton Smith, editor of a Liverpool newspaper (he is believed to have been the original of Mr. Pott of "The Eatanswill Gazette," immortalized in "The Pickwick Papers"), repeatedly declared that Greenfield, whom he located in the Isle of Man, *was*, and that Walter Scott *was not*, the author of the Waverley novels; and "The Eclectic Review," a periodical of the time, which had such able writers as Robert Hall and John Foster among its contributors, solemnly declared at least once a year, from 1814 to 1827, that Dr. Greenfield, and no other, was the man.

Lastly, singular to say, even Lord Byron has been suspected of being "the Great Unknown." In one of his letters to Mr. Murray, his publisher, May, 1817, occurs this passage: "'The Tales of My Landlord' I have read with great pleasure, and perfectly understand now why my sister and aunt are so very positive in the very erroneous persuasion that they must have been written by me. If you knew me as well as they do, you would have fallen, perhaps, into the same mistake. Some day or other, I will explain to you why, — when I have time: at present it does not much matter. But you must have thought this blunder of theirs very odd;

and so did I till I had read the book." He referred to the first series of "The Tales," containing "The Black Dwarf" and "Old Mortality."

In one of Scott's poems will be found an allusion to

"Mystery half veiled and half revealed ;"

which precisely describes the effect of an 8vo volume, published in London in July, 1821, entitled "Letters to Richard Heber, Esq., containing Critical Remarks on the Series of Novels beginning with 'Waverley,' and an Attempt to ascertain their Author." The person to whom they were addressed was the well-known book-collector, who expended over two hundred thousand pounds in the purchase of books, of which he had considerable knowledge. He was brother of Reginald Heber the poet, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and then represented the University of Oxford in the House of Commons. The author of the work on the authorship of the Waverley novels was Mr. John Leycester Adolphus, son of Mr. John Adolphus, author of an excellent history of England during the whole reign of George the Third, and of several other works, among which the best known is "The Life of John Bannister, Comedian." The son, who was well acquainted with Heber, was born in 1794, and informed me, in 1844, that a prize-poem, published at Oxford in 1814, and the volume on the Scotch novels, were "the only publications, amounting to independent works," of which he was the author; but that subsequently, for many years, he was joint-editor, in conjunction, first with Mr. Barnewell, and next with Mr. Ellis, of "The Term Reports of Decisions in the King's and Queen's Bench." He was a county-court judge from 1852 to his death in December, 1862; was distinguished for his scholarship, genial wit, highly re-

finer and sensitive mind and character. At the time his "Waverley" book appeared, he was twenty-seven years old, and was not called to the bar until the following year.

After the publication of this able and entertaining volume, Sir Walter Scott was revealed rather than the veiled magician. It was eagerly read by the public, as well as by his friends; though, strange to say, it never went into a second edition, and is now very rare. Mr. Adolphus carried out, with equal delicacy, courtesy, and success, his proof from internal evidence that the "Waverley" series could have been written by no one except the author of "Marmion." Of course, he had to consider the novels only up to "The Abbot" inclusive,—the latest published at the time he wrote. His reasons were characterized by remarkable ingenuity and acuteness.

Mr. Adolphus reasoned, that, if the author of "Waverley" were any other than the author of "Marmion," it was astonishing that he should be able to remain concealed; that to abandon his character of an established favorite, and pursue his fortune in disguise, was not without precedent, for Scott had anonymously published "The Bridal of Triermain" and "Harold the Dauntless," and afterwards put his name to them; that the author of "Marmion" had neglected his poetical vein in proportion as the author of "Waverley" had cultivated his talent for prose narration; that, though not a Highlander, he was evidently a Scotchman, a great part of whose life had been passed in the city or neighborhood of Edinburgh; that his mind was given, habitually as well as naturally, to the Muse of song; that "The Bride of Lammermoor" is a tale which no man but a poet could tell; that his prose narrative abounds in poetical imagery, thought, and expression; that, as well as the poet, he was acquainted with the German and

Spanish languages and literature ; that he was a lawyer ; that he was fond of rural sports and manly exercise ; that he was particularly attached to the canine race, to horses and horsemanship ; that he described battles and marches with great effect and pleasure, without being a soldier ; that he moved in good society, and never made any personage recommended to the full esteem of the reader commit an unhandsome action, or utter a depraving sentiment ; and that the author of " Waverley " had made honorable mention in his writings of almost every distinguished contemporary poet except the Minstrel of the Border, — that is, of Campbell, Byron, Crabbe, Hogg, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, and Joanna Baillie. The sole exceptions are four lines on the titlepage of " Guy Mannering " from " The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and a passage in the introduction to " The Monastery," where that poem is dryly, not to say ungraciously, alluded to, but the writer is never mentioned by name. So in " Paul's Letters," also published anonymously, he is merely designated " one of our Scottish men of rhyme ;" and in the preface to " The Bridal of Triermain," which was fashioned and published so as to lead to the belief that William Erskine was the author, Scott was merely mentioned as " one individual," who had revived the popularity of romantic poetry with unparalleled success.

None but Scott in one condition of authorship, it was shrewdly argued by Mr. Adolphus, could thus have ignored or slighted the existence of Scott in *another*.

The various points of coincidence apparent in the characters and habits of these two eminent writers were thus glanced at : " Both are natives of Scotland ; both familiar from old with her romantic metropolis ; both Lowlanders, though accustomed to Highland manners and scenery ; both are poets ; both are

conversant with those parts of our national literature which contain the materials of British history; and both enjoy, perhaps, more than an amateur's acquaintance with ancient classics. Both, if I mistake not, are lawyers by profession; yet both equally delight in military subjects, and excel in martial descriptions and the delineation of soldierly character. Both are evidently gentlemen, and frequenters of the best society. The novelist is a devoted antiquary; so is the poet: 'Go to, then; there's sympathy.' One is a bibliomaniac; the other reveres books: 'Ha, ha! then there's more sympathy.' Each is a cultivator of German and Spanish literature: 'Would you desire better sympathy?'* The same taste for every manly exercise and rural sport characterizes the versatile pair. I would warrant each well qualified to judge

'Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;'[†]

though neither, I am sure, could add the protestation, —

'But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.'"

A comparison of the author's various works follows, showing the coincidence in good morals and good sense, the latter particularly shown in the arrangement of character; the manner of telling a short story, and the free use of Scotticisms; the happy adaptation of dialogue to character; faults of dialogue as connected with character of speakers; bookish air in conversation;

* *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act ii. sc. 1.

† *First Part of Henry VI.*, act ii. sc. 4.

historical personages alluding to their own celebrated acts and sayings; occasional eloquence and tenderness; simple conception and composition of description; dramatic effect; striking pictures of individuals; frequency and beauty of similes; real basis of all the stories; scene laid in real places; local peculiarities minutely attended to; melodramatic turn; theatrical introduction of lyrical pieces; comparative unimportance of heroes; frequent rejection by ladies, and union with others whom they had before slighted; tender affection of fathers and daughters; surprises and unexpected discoveries; frequent recourse to the marvellous; dreams well described; living persons taken for spectres; violent deaths of bad characters; similar sources of information largely drawn upon; similar incidents in poems and novels; similarities of thought and language; same authors quoted by both; the anecdotes, legends, and incidents, in the notes appended to the poems, freely used as materials for the novels; occasional employment of a phrase, verse, or sentence, from the Latin and French classics; compliments to contemporary friends in the dedication of the Introductions to the "Marmion;" and high commendation, in the novels, of Wilkie and Allan Cunningham, Raeburn the painter and Chantrey the sculptor, Henry Mackenzie and Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Grant, Miss Ferrier and Chalmers, Graham of Aberfoil and John Ballantyne; but no notice in any of his productions of the author of "Waverley" by the author of "Marmion," either as an acquaintance or as an admired countryman and contemporary. The habit, common to both authors, of introducing an old-fashioned and quaint turn of expression, — where the thoughts appear in a kind of masquerade dress, sometimes the garb of a remote age, sometimes an anomalous and merely fanciful costume, — was also observed by Mr. Adolphus, as

well as the occasional inadvertent use of Scotticisms in the novels.

Throughout the volume, each of the above points, with others which I need not mention, are set forth, not alone with assertion or argument, but with hundreds of illustrations, consisting of quotations from the writings of the authors of "Marmion" and "Waverley." In short, Mr. Adolphus proved his case. There was a secret which Sir Walter Scott had fairly challenged the world to penetrate, if possible. The materials out of which Mr. Adolphus read this riddle were lying in the full view of the world: he combined them as his own fancy, judgment, and good taste, guided him; he got into the heart of the mystery, yet leaving the author as fully master of his secret as he was before.

The volume concluded with this graceful peroration: "The unclaimed honors of the novelist must ultimately descend on some head; and I would gladly see them rest on one which has already been adorned with wreaths of literary triumph. There is a magnificence in the thought, that all these noble fictions, in poetry and prose, are the vast and various creations of one genius, one versatile and energetic mind, such as our country, such as the world, has seldom seen disporting itself in works of imagination. And, if this mighty talent is to be discovered in a single mortal, there is none in whom I should so much rejoice to find it recognized as the ardent, the chivalrous, the tender, the stainless, the patriotic Minstrel of the Border. It is, I am well aware, an intrusion even to thrust greatness upon one who would decline it: but the zeal which is distasteful to him may meet with indulgence, and even with sympathy, from his admirers; and you, I am sure, will pardon the mistaken—if mistaken—enthusiasm which would invest your honored friend with the sovereignty of a two-

fold intellectual kingdom more valuable than Spain or the Indies."

Sir Walter was so much pleased with the manner in which his *right* (for he kept back his *claim*) to the double sceptre was made clear, that he conveyed his thanks through Mr. Heber, with a cordial invitation from the author of "Marmion," that Mr. Adolphus would not revisit Scotland without reserving a day for Abbotsford. Accordingly, the visit was paid in 1823: and Scott took so kindly to his critic, or champion, that it was several times repeated in following years; indeed, he was among the very last friends whom Scott received in the autumn of 1831, immediately before leaving Scotland to proceed to Italy.

It was impossible for Scott not to have taken notice of a book which personally and pleasantly related to himself. Accordingly, in the introduction to "The Fortunes of Nigel," some months later, he put these words into the mouth of the *eidolon* of "the author of 'Waverley: '" "These letters to the Member for the University of Oxford show the wit, genius, and delicacy of the author, which I heartily wish to see engaged on a subject of more importance; and show, besides, that the preservation of my character of *incognito* has engaged early talent in the discussion of a curious question of evidence. But a cause, however ingeniously pleaded, is not therefore gained. You may remember the neatly-wrought chain of circumstantial evidence, so artificially brought forward to prove Sir Philip Francis's title to 'The Letters of Junius,' seemed at first irrefragable; yet the influence of the reasoning has passed away, and Junius, in the general opinion, is as much unknown as ever. But on this subject I will not be soothed or provoked into saying one word more. To say who I am not would be one step towards saying who I am; and as I desire not, any more than a certain Justice

of Peace mentioned by Shenstone, the noise or report such things make in the world, I shall continue to be silent on a subject, which, in my opinion, is very undeserving the noise that has been made about it, and still more unworthy of the serious employment of such ingenuity as has been displayed by the young letter-writer."

Thenceforth Scott wore his mask loosely. In 1823, a French gentleman asked him to accept some champagne in exchange for a set of his works; which was sent on, the novels inclusive.

Almost coincident with this was the election of the author of "Waverley" to occupy a vacant chair in the Roxburgh Club (a bibliomaniac social confederation of a particularly exclusive character); his promise to occupy the said chair as *locum tenens*, if the author did not appear in person; and, in the correspondence which took place, a certain carelessness in the manner of expressing himself, which was the result of his having no secret, after the able elucidation by Mr. Adolphus.

In treating of what when I was a school-boy, and long after, was a great literary mystery, I have not been too diffuse, I hope. The subject, it appears to me, even after the lapse of all these years, is not wanting in interest even yet; and indeed, considering how secretive Scott was in his literary matters, the firmness with which he endeavored to protect all his little stratagems of authorship and publication from public view must be considered as exhibiting one peculiarity of idiosyncrasy in a very decided manner.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lady Scott and Tom Purdie. — Progress of Abbotsford. — Constable's Great Projects. — "The Pirate." — Further Sale of Copyrights. — Julian Young. — Scott's "Nonsense-Books." — Dedication of "Cain." — A Book of Dramas. — "Fortunes of Nigel." — Melrose Abbey repaired. — Royal Visit. — Sir Walter's Knights. — Mons Meg. — Scottish Peerages restored. — "Peveril of the Peak." — "Quentin Durward." — Roxburgh Club. — Death of Thomas Scott. — Visit of Mr. Adolphus. — "St. Ronan's Well." — "Redgauntlet." — Death of Lord Byron. — Marriage of Capt. Scott. — "Tales of the Crusaders." — Life of Napoleon begun.

1821—1825.

TWO persons greatly enjoyed the title which Scott had received from his sovereign. The first was the Lady of Abbotsford, who was fond of society, show, and splendor, and was more proud, it is said, of her husband's official rank as Sheriff of Selkirkshire, than of his far more lucrative station as a principal clerk of session, or of his fame as an author. The other was Tom Purdie, who used to speak of his master's "buiks" as if, like trees, they were produced from seeds, and flourished most in fair weather! Mr. Lockhart has told how, the morning after the news of Scott's baronetcy reached Abbotsford, Tom was not to be found in any of his usual haunts: he remained absent the whole day; and, when he returned at night, the mystery was thus explained: He and the head shepherd (who, by the by, was also butcher in ordinary), Robert Hogg (a brother of the Bard of Ettrick), had been spending the day on the hill, busily employed in prefixing a large S. for Sir to the W. S. which previously appeared on the backs of

the sheep. It was afterwards found that honest Tom had taken it upon him to order a mason to carve a similar honorable augmentation on the stones which marked the line of division between his master's moor and that of the Laird of Kippilaw.

The summer of 1821 passed happily in work, which is pleasure to well-regulated minds, — work material and intellectual: for Sir Walter had brought with him from London the final and detailed plans of Mr. Atkinson, the architect, for the completion of the mansion of Abbotsford; and a new romance, "The Pirate," was also in progress, and went on at the rate of a chapter a day when he could take or make time to write; for then, and for years afterwards, he was literally overrun with visitors, who taxed his personal attention very heavily. Most of "The Pirate" was written at Chiefswood, within hail of Abbotsford, but as secluded, when they wished, as if Lockhart and his wife occupied a log-cabin in the Far West. One of Scott's guests at this time, for some weeks, was his old friend William Erskine, on whose refined taste he had always relied, and to whom, in this particular instance, page after page was handed as it was written, to be read aloud by him to Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart. Inasmuch as Erskine was Sheriff of Orkney and Zetland, and, from having often visited the isles, could correct any mistakes of locality, — likely enough to occur, as seven years had passed since Scott's voyage with the Northern Lighthouse Board, — he was of especial use to his friend on this occasion. As was his wont, Scott was occupied with other work while writing "The Pirate." He edited two or three curious books; wrote some of the biographical notices for Ballantyne's "Novelists' Library;" and took into consideration a proposal from Constable to edit a "Select Library of English Poetry," with prefaces and notes,

and another collection of English novels, each series to contain twenty-five volumes, to be completed in two years, with a payment of six thousand pounds to Scott. Neither of these proposals was acted upon; but Scott varied his labors by writing a series of "Private Letters," supposed to have been discovered among the papers of a noble English family, and giving a picture of manners in town and country early in the reign of James the First. These were sent to the press as fast as they were written. Mr. Lockhart says, "He furnished the margin with a running commentary of notes, drawn up in the character of a disappointed chaplain, a keen Whig, or rather Radical, overflowing on all occasions with spleen against monarchy and aristocracy. When the printing had reached the seventy-second page, however, he was told candidly by Erskine, by James Ballantyne, and also by myself, that, however clever his imitation of the epistolary style of the period in question, he was throwing away in these letters the materials of as good a romance as he had ever penned; and, a few days afterwards, he said to me, patting Sibyl's neck till she danced under him, 'You were all quite right: if the letters had passed for genuine, they would have found favor with only a few musty antiquaries; and, if the joke were detected, there was not story enough to carry it off. I shall burn the sheets, and give you bonnie King Jamie and all his tail in the old shape, as soon as I can get Capt. Goffe within view of the gallows.'" Such was the origin of "The Fortunes of Nigel." One set of these uncompleted letters having been preserved, Mr. Lockhart printed a long extract from it in the "Life." It is a clumsy imitation of the quaint language and spelling of a period when Shakspeare was still alive. For example, take this, the first sentence in the extract: "Towching this new mishappe of Sir

Thomas, whereof your Lordshippe makes querie of me, I wolde hartilie that I could, truth and my bounden dutie alweys firste satisfied, make such answer as were fullie pleasaunte to me to write, or unto your Lordshipe to reade." This sort of writing, which is not easy or pleasant to read in the original, is intolerable when imitated: it involves great labor as far as the author is concerned, and the result is rarely satisfactory to the reader.

With his usual promptitude, having decided not to proceed with this fictitious correspondence, and "The Pirate" being completed, Scott began "The Fortunes of Nigel," and, one fine autumn day, came out bareheaded to Lockhart and Terry, who were spending the day with him, and handed them "a bunch of manuscript" to read, saying that he had launched the keel of a new lugger that morning, and would wish to hear how they liked it. They were struck with the thorough air of London life in this first chapter, which was in complete contrast with a chapter about Norna of the Fitful Head, in the third volume of "The Pirate," which they had read the morning before.

"The Pirate," published in December, 1821, was well received, like every work of fiction, at that time, from the same hand; though the intense interest which the early novels, up to "Rob Roy" and "Ivanhoe," had created, had greatly subsided. In this tale, Scott relied even more than usual upon his descriptions of scenery and local manners. The story is essentially melodramatic; and it can scarcely be said that Norna of the Fitful Head was a felicitous creation: indeed, she seemed to be only a new variety of the tall, gaunt, awe-imposing old crone who did yeoman's service as Meg Merrilies in "Guy Mannering," as Meg Murdickson in "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," as Urfried in "Ivanhoe," and as Magdalen

Græme in "The Abbot." Magnus Troil, however, was a new creation; Minna and Brenda Troil, so charmingly contrasted, can never cease to interest; and Cleveland, the sea-rover, really is the proper hero of the story, from first to last, contrary to Scott's ordinary habit. New ground was broken in "The Pirate;" and its author had the advantage of sketching, not from imagination, but memory, the peculiarities of society as it might have existed at the beginning of the last century in the melancholy islands of the Ultima Thule. Some of the lyrics in this tale are poetic gems, equal to the most successful performances of Moore and Byron.

I have already mentioned, that, at the close of 1818, Scott had sold all of his copyrights, to the third series of "Tales of My Landlord" inclusive, for twelve thousand pounds. The year 1821 closed with the sale of "Ivanhoe," "The Monastery," "The Abbot," and "Kenilworth," for five thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. By these, the fruits of two years' labor, Scott had already cleared ten thousand pounds. He had a right to expect, when, some months before, he began the larger division of his building at Abbotsford, that, in a couple of years, he could realize thirty thousand pounds by new works. Before "The Fortunes of Nigel" appeared (May, 1822), Scott had sold *four* works of fiction, each of at least three volumes, and received Constable's bills or notes for them! At that time, not a page of any of these had been written, and each work was unnamed; yet within two years, as we shall see, all of them were produced, — being "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," and "Redgauntlet." Unfortunately, Scott's belief that he wrote best when he wrote against time was not justified by these productions.

Mr. Julian Young, then in his seventeenth year,

visited Abbotsford in the autumn of 1821 with his father, the late C. M. Young, the last great actor of the Kemble school and times. In a memoir of his father, recently published, with extracts from his own journal, he gives some particulars. The first glimpse of the great author was through a window: his hand was "glibly gliding" over the pages of his paper. "It was not long," Mr. Young continues, "before we heard the eager tread of a stamping heel resounding through the corridor; and in another second the door was flung open, and in limped Scott himself. . . . His light-blue waggish eye, sheltered, almost covered, by its overhanging pent-house of straw-colored, bushy brows; his scant, sandy-colored hair; the Shakspearian length of his upper lip; his towering Pisgah of a forehead, which gave elevation and dignity to a physiognomy otherwise deficient in both; his abrupt movements; the mingled humor, urbanity, and benevolence of his smile, — all recur to me with startling reality. . . . He looked like a yeoman of the better class; but his manners bespoke the ease, self-possession, and courtesy of a high-bred gentleman. Nothing could exceed the winning cordiality of his welcome. After wringing my father's hand,* he laid his own gently on my shoulders, and asked my Christian name. As soon as he heard it, he exclaimed with emphasis, 'Why! whom is he called after?' — 'It is a fancy name

* Mr. Young the tragedian, one of the ablest and best educated members of the profession, had long been on intimate terms with Scott, who, as early as 1808, wrote to the Marchioness of Abercorn, describing him as a valuable addition to the society of Edinburgh; and, down to the end of Scott's life, Mr. Young was never in the North without visiting him. In 1808, sundry responsible gentlemen fond of the drama, desiring to place the Edinburgh theatre under proper and permanent management, purchased shares in the property, and looked out for a desirable lessee. Scott wrote to Young, suggesting that he should consider the matter; adding, that he himself had promised to support Mrs. Siddon's son or nephew, but did not think either would be the man. In the following year, Mr. Henry Siddons became lessee; and, after his death, his widow was lessee, with her brother, Mr. W. H. Murray, another of Scott's friends, as manager, for many years.

in memoriam of his mother, compounded of her two names, "Julia Ann." — 'Well, it would be a capital name for a novel, I must say.' This circumstance would be too trivial to mention, were it not, that, in the very next novel that appeared by the author of 'Waverley,' the hero's name was Julian. I allude, of course, to 'Peveril of the Peak.' "

Lady Scott, it is said, had not much sympathy with her husband's intellectual pursuits; though she keenly enjoyed the comforts, elegances, luxuries, and distinction which they brought. Mr. Julian Young says, that on the first day, at lunch, his father had been admiring the proportions of the dining-room, and the fashion of its ceiling. Lady Scott, observing his head uplifted and his eyes directed towards it, exclaimed in her peculiar foreign accent, "Ah! Mr. Young, you may look up at the bosses on the ceiling as long as you like: but you must not look down at my poor carpet; for I am ashamed of it. I must get Scott to write some more of his nonsense-books, and buy me a new one." This grated on Mr. Young's ears, he says. Much depends on the manner in which a thing is said, — on voice, gesture, glance. Scott being present, it may charitably be accepted as lively badinage. Perhaps the lady wanted a carpet. Every one knows how important carpets and hangings are to a good housewife.

William Erskine was promoted to a seat on the bench of the Court of Session in January, 1822, but died in August following. This was a heavy blow to Scott, who tenderly loved even the weakness of his habits and character. He successfully used his interest with Sir Robert Peel to have his daughters placed on the pension-list.

Early in 1822, every one was reading "Cain, a Mystery," dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, who wrote of it to Murray as a "grand and tremendous drama,"

and accepted the dedication "with feelings of great obligation." He added, "I may be partial to it, and you will allow I have cause; but I do not know that his Muse has ever taken so lofty a flight amid her former soarings. He has certainly matched Milton on his own ground. Some part of the language is bold, and may shock one class of readers, whose tone will be adopted by others out of affection or envy. But then they must condemn 'The Paradise Lost' if they have a mind to be consistent. The fiend-like reasoning and bold blasphemy of the Fiend and of his pupil lead exactly to the point which was to be expected, — the commission of the first murder, and the ruin and despair of the perpetrator." Byron himself, in the preface, had justified the poem, saying, "With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman on the same subjects." In a letter from Byron, acknowledging Scott's letter of acceptance, he complimented Mrs. Lockhart's recent maternity; adding a wish, "that Sir Walter might live to see as many novel Scotts as there are Scott's novels."

Among Sir Walter's works is a volume of dramas, — little read. It contains the translation of "Goetz von Berlichingen," published in 1799; "The House of Aspen," written at the same early period, but not printed until 1830, when it appeared in "The Keepsake;" "The Doom of Devorgoil," founded on an old Scottish tradition, written for Mr. Terry, to be produced on the London stage, but not published until 1830, when it appeared with "Auchindrane, or the Ayrshire Tragedy," founded on one of Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; "Halidon Hill," from Scottish history, in which a gallant Swinton, one of his own maternal ancestors, figures handsomely (as he previously had done in the pages of Froissart); and "Macduff's Cross," a short sketch in blank verse, written for

a volume of original miscellaneous poetry which Joanna Baillie was getting up for the benefit of a Scotch gentleman who had been unfortunate in mercantile business in London. "Halidon Hill" was written on two rainy mornings; and, on hearing of without seeing a line of it, Mr. Constable offered a thousand pounds for the copyright. Five thousand dollars for the work of two mornings! Not without cause had Scott once said, that, whenever he chose, he could get as much money as he wanted from the publishers.

Constable, who was in London in May, 1822, when "The Fortunes of Nigel" was published, wrote to Sir Walter, telling him that the bales of volumes were got out of the vessel which brought them from Edinburgh by one o'clock in the morning; and that, before half-past ten that same forenoon, seven thousand copies had been dispersed from the premises of his agents in Cheapside. He was so well satisfied with "Halidon Hill," that he asked Scott to give him a similar production every three months, and suggested "Bannockburn" (already used in "The Lord of the Isles,") as the next subject and title; also a battle of Hastings, Cressy, Bosworth Field, and many more." He forgot that Shakspeare had been on the latter ground with Richard and Richmond. At this time, too, there appeared a volume consisting of the poetry, original songs, mottoes, and other *morceaux*, scattered through the novels from "Waverley" to "The Pirate." A first edition of five thousand was speedily exhausted. At that time, Ballantyne had printed, or was printing, of Scott's various works, a hundred and forty-five thousand copies, which used up seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-two reams of paper; and, within a year, from thirty thousand to forty thousand volumes from the same prolific mind were printed. It would have been

scarcely wonderful if author, publisher, and printer had lost their balance amid such unsurpassed popularity as this.

It can scarcely be conceded that Scott was successful in filling out the character of the nominal hero of "The Fortunes of Nigel," who, sooth to say, is but a sorry nobleman "of the period." Neither did he make much of George Heriot, founder of the splendid institution which has perpetuated his name in Edinburgh. But King James is one of the best drawn of his numerous historical portraits. We see him in public and in private, pedantic and mean, with scarcely a thought above self. Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham merely pass across the stage. Moniplies, Nigel's servant, is a new edition, revised and corrected, of Andrew Fairservice, in "Rob Roy." Among the courtiers, the old Earl of Huntington is almost the only gentleman. Honest John Christie, of Paul's Wharf, who was "cursed in a fair wife," bears his wrongs with dignity. The Alsatian scenes are admirable and new; at least in prose fiction, though not in some of the old plays. For a heroine, Margaret Ramsay is far above the average; though, according to Scott's favorite practice, she dons the attire of a page for some little time.

While this authorship was proceeding, Cornet Scott was in Germany, with the intention of studying the art of war, seeing the country, and studying the language. Miss Edgeworth, who had promised to visit Abbotsford that summer, was prevented by the death of a relation; but Scott told her, that next year, "when his house would be completed, his library replaced, his armory new furnished, his piper new-clothed, and his family around him, she must visit him in pity, and remain for a month or two." The young Duke of Buccleugh (he was only sixteen years

old then), hearing that the progress of decay and neglect threatened to destroy the ruins of Melrose Abbey, so strongly expressed a desire to check it, that his guardians acquiesced. Who but the poet whose song had spread its name throughout the world, and caused thousands and tens of thousands from all lands to admire it, — who more fit to say what repairs were needed? Much was done, at no small expense, with care and skill; and Melrose Abbey was made safe for perhaps another century.

At this time, Sir Walter had every hour of his time occupied; and, the intended visit of George the Fourth to Scotland having been announced, the authorities of Edinburgh threw upon Scott the whole trouble of arranging the reception and entertainment.

Wilkie, the Scotch painter, who thought that he could find a subject for his pencil in this visit, reached Edinburgh some days before the king, who was the first prince of the Guelphic line (with the exception of the Duke of Cumberland, or “the Butcher,” who defeated the Young Chevalier at Culloden) who was known to have touched the soil of Scotland. The feeling among the Scottish liberals, during what was called the Queen’s Trial, had been very strong against the king. However, *she* was dead; and the natural “let by-ganes be by-ganes” prevailed. Scott’s personal influence, no doubt, greatly helped to smooth down all asperities, political and personal. Having the highest respect for the Clans, he took care that the Highlanders should occupy a commanding situation in the programme of every public ceremonial; and claymore and philibeg, dirk and pistol, bagpipes and tartan, became the order of the day.

This is not the story of King George’s life; and therefore I shall only say, that the royal fleet arrived in the roads of Leith (the harbor of Edinburgh) on Aug. 14, 1822; that, owing to unfavorable weather,

the landing had to be deferred until next day ; that Sir Walter, taking a boat, was rowed out to the royal yacht, and was greeted with “ Sir Walter Scott ! — the man in Scotland I most wish to see ; ” that, on the quarter-deck, he presented the king with a St. Andrew Cross, in silver, from the ladies of Edinburgh, and was detained to dinner ; that, the next day (Aug. 15, on which Scott completed his fifty-first year), the king, wearing a field-marshal’s uniform and the order of the Thistle, landed, and proceeded to Holyrood, the palace of the Scottish sovereigns when they resided in or visited Edinburgh, amid salvos of artillery from the stately Castle ; that Wilkie sketched the scene at the moment of the king’s entrance into the palace, introducing Scott into the brilliant group in his capacity of Bard ; that at the *levée*, where the king wore kilt and hose, he paid particular attention to Lady Scott and family ; that, during his residence in Scotland, his Majesty was the guest of the boy-duke of Buccleugh at Dalkeith Palace, six miles distant from the city ; that his dinner-party almost daily included Sir Walter ; that, on Sunday, he attended divine service in St. Giles’s Church, where, the “ poor’s plate ” not having been presented to him through some petty error, he yet sent a dole of a hundred guineas ; that on this or some other occasion, seeing how well-conducted and respectably-attired the populace were, he asked, “ Where’s the mob ? ” and emphatically exclaimed, “ The Scotch are a nation of gentlemen ! ” that there were state visits to the Castle, and to the theatre, where “ Rob Roy ” was represented, having been commanded by the king ; that the magistrates of Edinburgh gave him a grand banquet in the Parliament House, Sir Walter presiding at one of the tables ; that in the act of proposing the health of Mr. Arbuthnot, the chief

magistrate, he conferred a title on him by speaking of him as "Sir William Arbuthnot, baronet," and then gave, "The Chieftains and Clans of Scotland," and "Prosperity to the Land of Cakes;" that the king embarked, to quit Scotland, on the 29th of August, and at the last moment, acting upon a request of Scott's, knighted his two friends, Adam Fergusson, Keeper of the Regalia, and Henry Raeburn, R.A., the painter. On the eve of the king's departure, Mr. Peel, Home Secretary, addressed a letter to Sir Walter, personally returning thanks to him in the warmest terms for all that he had done to insure the success of all the arrangements, and, through him, to the Highlanders and heads of Clans, whose "ardent spirit of loyalty" was graciously acknowledged. On the king's return to London, he was received by Mr. Wilson Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty, whose first words were "all about our friend Scott." If, as once was contemplated, the king had returned by land, it was almost certain that he would have paused at Abbotsford for a short time.

One particular favor Sir Walter personally solicited, and obtained from the king, was the restoration of a gigantic (and useless) piece of ordnance called *Mons Meg*, which had been removed from Edinburgh Castle to the Tower of London after the Jacobite campaign of 1745. As usual, this matter had to pass through the circumlocution-office; but the gun was restored in 1829, during the ministry of the Duke of Wellington, — a gentleman like the centurion, who, when he said "Do it," insisted on its being done without delay. I perceive by an entry in Scott's diary, dated March 9, 1829, that under an escort of the Celtic club, a Highland regiment, dragoons, and artillerymen, *Mons Meg* was restored to its old place on the Argyle battery. This large cannon, weighing seven or eight tons, was taken up the Castle Hill in a grand

procession. "Six smaller guns," Scott wrote, "would have been made at the same expense, and done six times as much execution as she could have done."

Another and far more important event, also forwarded by, if not springing out of, the king's visit, was suggested and strongly solicited by Sir Walter Scott. This was the restoration of the Scottish peerages forfeited in consequence of the insurrections of 1715 and 1745. The appeal to the crown in this matter was written by Scott, who adroitly introduced as a precedent the reversal of the attainder of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Irish rebel, — understood to have been the personal act of the king, — not long before, and which had elicited from Lord Byron a sonnet, highly complimentary, ending with these lines : —

"For thus
Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete :
A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us."

The appeal was not made in vain ; for, not long after, the forfeited Scottish peerages were restored.

In November, 1822, Abbotsford was entirely roofed in ; and Scott's frequent letters to Terry and others are crowded with details of the progress of its ornamentation and fitting up. His health was frail ; for he had had a slight seizure of apoplexy, which he hinted to one of his correspondents might be visible, he feared, in the fourth volume of "Peveril of the Peak," just completed. A large portion of "Quentin Durward" was written before the close of the year ; and a new contract had been made, and Constable's bills received, for another unnamed "work of fiction." The last of any importance which the energetic bibliopole was to have from him was "Woodstock," not published until 1826.

It is scarcely necessary to mention here that the popularity of the Waverley novels was as great at least in the United States as in "the old country." Forty or fifty years ago, however, foreign authors literally had no market for their productions in this country: at this moment they look to it for reputation and remuneration, and are the recipients of liberal shares of both. Carlyle was appreciated here as an original thinker when he was regarded in England only as a writer of strangely-worded articles in magazines and reviews. These articles, first collected here, were greeted with hearty approbation, the echo of which was heard in England. There was an eager desire in Scott's time to obtain early copies of his novels; but there was no desire to pay him well for them. One of Ballantyne's workmen was suspected of playing foul, and sending proof-sheets to America "for a con-si-de-ra-tion" (as old Trapbois would have said); and, after this, almost as much care was taken as if Bank-of-England notes, not a romance, were passing through the press. The name of "Peveril" was kept secret, and appeared only on the title-page.

"Peveril of the Peak" appeared in January, 1823. The fault of the story is, that it is spread over too extended a period, and that its *dramatis personæ* are needlessly numerous. Charles II. and James II.; Catherine of Braganza, Henrietta Maria, and Prince Rupert; Lords Rochester, Shaftesbury, Buckingham, and Arlington; Nell Gwynne, and other mistresses of "Old Rowley," Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the dwarf, and that wretched Titus Oates; the Queen of Man and her son, with a crowd of other characters, — fill the pages. The attempt of Col. Blood to steal the crown jewels from the Tower of London is an integral portion of the plot. Sir Walter expected much from Fenella, the pretended dumb girl; and owned that he took the idea of such a being from the fine sketch of

Mignon in Wilhelm Meister's "Lehrjahre," but did not succeed in realizing his ideal. After all, Scott suffered only when his later were compared with his earlier novels. As yet,

"Within that circle, none durst walk but he."

In his next novel, new ground was broken ; for the scene went back to the close of the fifteenth century, when Louis XI. was King of France, and Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, his nominal vassal, was intent on converting his coronet into a royal diadem. "Quentin Durward" cost Scott more trouble than any other three of the novels ; for he had to "read up" for it, to take care that he made no mistake in historical facts, dates, characters, manners, descriptions, and incidents. In one of his letters to Constable, he bitterly complained that the village of Plessis les Tours, though famous in history, was not to be found in any map, provincial or general, which he had consulted. He drew largely from Philip de Comines, the gossiping annalist of the time ; and the contrast between the king and the duke is not only striking and full of interest, but also generally correct. The introduction, which makes the reader acquainted with that fine old French gentleman, the Marquis de Hautlieu, and that veritable Caleb Balderstone, La Jeunesse, valet and factotum, is a delightful piece of *genre* pen-painting in Washington Irving's easiest manner. By the way, there is high eulogy in this introduction of "An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhine, made during the year 1819," by John Hughes, A.M., of Oriel College, Oxford. This author, "the Buller of Brazenose" of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," son of one of Scott's old English friends, was father of Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., whose "Tom Brown at Rugby" is, perhaps,

the most extensively read juvenile book of the present century.

In France, the reception of "Quentin Durward" was most enthusiastic; for, at that time, the historical novel was almost unknown in the literature of that country. Half a dozen translations were made, and the fidelity of the character-sketches was at once admitted. The interest, the excitement, thus created, had its effect in England, where Scott's popularity had been waning: and "Quentin Durward" was soon admitted to its proper place among the novels; that is, next to "Ivanhoe" and "Kenilworth."

It was about this time, as I have already stated, that Sir Walter was elected member of the Roxburgh Club, or rather *locum tenens* for the author of "Waverley." He was also elected to membership in "The Club," established at the Turk's Head, London, in 1764, by Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds. He became connected, too, with the Royal Academy, by being chosen its Professor of Ancient History. He founded the Bannatyne Club for the publication of works illustrative of Scottish history and antiquities, and presided at its annual dinners from 1823 to 1831. Previously, as may be remembered, he had been elected President of the Royal Society; and was chairman of an oil-gas company, and at no small expense for apparatus, and thousands of feet of delicate pipes, lighted Abbotsford with gas, which, however, did not always work well.

In the spring of 1823, the death of Mr. Thomas Scott took place in Canada. Miss Edgeworth and two of her sisters visited Abbotsford in the summer, and remained, not the month or two for which Sir Walter had stipulated, but a fortnight. He made another contract with Constable, by which he disposed of his property in "The Pirate," "Nigel,"

"Peveril," and "Quentin Durward," for five thousand guineas. He wrote "The Essay of Romance" for the supplement to "The Encyclopædia Britannica," and commenced "St. Ronan's Well." Both of his sons were with him in the summer,—the soldier from Germany, the student from Wales. Mr. Adolphus, who so completely, but with gentle hand, had raised the veil from the authorship of the novels, paid his first of four visits, and was charmed, like all others, as much by the naturalness as the genius of his host, the dramatic skill with which he put his anecdotes into action, and (what Byron had observed long before) the intelligence which lighted his countenance when he recited poetry, and its varying expression as the subject was grave or gay, humorous or tragic. He was struck, too, by the delighted attention with "which he followed the fine old songs which his daughter sang to her harp, with his mind, eyes, and lips, almost as if joining in an act of religion."

"St. Ronan's Well" appeared in December, 1823. Its author again had set foot on Scottish ground. There is no doubt that Gilsland, where he had wooed and won Charlotte Carpenter twenty-five years back, was the actual locality of the new story. The good folks of Innerleithen fancying, however, that their little ville was in Scott's mind, dropped the old and proper name of that place, and adopted that of St. Ronan's. There is one genuine Scottish character, however,—that of Mrs. Margaret Dods, innkeeper at old St. Ronan's,—worthy of the author's genius. Clara Mowbray is powerfully sketched; and Peregrine Touchwood, the inquisitive and well-meaning traveller, is also thoroughly original. In the drama founded on the tale, Mr. Murray made this a very telling part; and Mackay was an excellent Meg Dods. When Mackay had his benefit,

the drama of "St. Ronan's Well" was performed. Scott, by this time, had become so careless as to his "Waverley" secret, that he wrote an epilogue, which Mackay spoke in character. It is to be found only in the latest collective editions of Scott's poems, is in the six-line metre which Burns made so popular, and was crowded with local and personal allusions, which, in their day, were probably considered amusing. A single stanza will suffice as a specimen : —

"But whar's the gude Tolbooth * gane now ?
Whar's the auld Claught wi' red and blue ?
Whar's Jamie Lang ? and whar's John Doo ?
And whar's the Weigh-House ?
Deil hae't ! I see but what is new,
Except the playhouse."

"Redgauntlet," originally entitled "Herries," but changed on the remonstrance of Constable and Ballantyne, begun immediately after "St. Ronan's Well," was completed, and was published in June, 1824. It presented, as at the date of 1770, Prince Charles Edward, who had so gallantly figured in "Waverley," — the same ; but, oh, how changed ! Twenty-five years of misfortune, baffled hopes, and miserable self-indulgence, had changed the spirited Young Chevalier of 1745 into a broken and prematurely aged man. Scott took advantage of these facts, — first, that the Chevalier really had visited England some years after the failure of his enterprise at Culloden ; next, that Miss Walkinshaw, his mistress, was suspected, on strong grounds, of betraying

* The Tolbooth was the Heart of Mid-Lothian; the Claught was a name for the ancient Town Guard; John Doo, or Dhu, was a terrific-looking member of this Guard; the Weigh-House, in the Lawnmarket, which it encumbered, was taken down to make way for the royal procession to the Castle, which took place on the 22d August, 1822; and Jamie Lang, at the head of the police, was a terror to evil-doers in Edinburgh.

his secrets to the British Government; and lastly, that when his adherents remonstrated with him, and begged him to dismiss her, he positively refused, declaring, that, though he neither loved nor esteemed her, he would not be dictated to. On this, his party intimated that they would no longer peril their lives by serving a man so infatuated and weak. The sketch of Prince Charles, in this story, is impressive and able. Wandering Willie (who, in a powerful tale of *diablerie*, tells how Sir Robert Redgauntlet's piper paid his rent, and whither he went for the receipt), unfortunate Nantie Ewart, that wreck of a noble heart, and, above all, poor Peter Peebles, that most unfortunate litigant in the Scottish courts, are original characters of the highest merit. Darsie Latimer, the hero, does not rise above the ordinary level; nor does his friend Alan Fairford take higher rank: but they were drawn from Scott's friend Clerk, and from Scott himself; and the elder Fairford is a readily-to-be-recognized portrait of Sir Walter's own father. In *Green-mantle*, too, there may be a reminiscence of the author's first love. The scenes on the Solway are spirited and faithful. A story, however, is rarely well told in a journal and letters,—the vehicle of narration adopted by Scott in this instance. Mr. Lockhart truly says that "*Redgauntlet*" "contains perhaps more of the author's personal experiences than any other of the novels, or even than all the rest of them put together."

It was the only novel published in 1824; but Scott had to prepare for the press a new edition of his nineteen-volume "*Life and Works of Dean Swift*," making numerous additions, correcting the notes, and revising the biography. He wrote some reviews, and perhaps the most admirable brief essay that he ever produced,—the tribute to the memory of Lord Byron. It was in the Court of Session that Sir Walter heard

of the death of Lord Byron, — an event which caused as great a shock, from its unexpectedness, as did the sudden deaths of the Princess Charlotte of Wales in 1817, of Prince Albert in 1861, and of Charles Dickens in 1870. I was little advanced beyond boyhood when I heard of Byron's death, and remember now, as if it happened yesterday, how much I was stunned by the blow. If a raw youth could be thus affected, the blow must have fallen sharply on the great heart of Scott, who admired the genius of the great English poet, had ever been not merely willing but anxious to give it the noble tribute of a rival's praise, who deeply loved the many fine traits in the personal character of "the Pilgrim of Eternity," and who had tenderly cherished the hope that he would one day return with a chastened mind, and live to be an honor to his country and her literature.

Scott, I was told by an advocate who was in the court at the time, was writing at the clerk's table, when a newspaper marked with a deep black border around a particular paragraph was handed to him. At a glance he took in the sad intelligence, and, leaning his head down over his extended arms, remained motionless for a short time; his face, when he raised it, exhibiting deep emotion. He walked out of the court in an abstracted manner, leaving the key in his desk; and, when his signature was required for some document, the judge was informed that he had been taken ill. He went down at once to the printing-office, and dictated to James Ballantyne the tribute to Byron which was published in the next number of "The Edinburgh Weekly Journal." It would occupy about four such pages as the reader has before him, and was printed without the alteration of a word. It is subdued and mournful: pride in the genius of the *poet* is softened by a tender regret for the loss of the *man*. It concludes with the sentence,

“Death creeps upon our most serious as well as upon our most idle employments; and it is a reflection solemn and gratifying, that he found our Byron in no moment of levity, but contributing his fortune, and hazarding his life, in behalf of a people only endeared to him by their past glories, and as fellow-creatures suffering under the yoke of a heathen oppressor.”

In October, 1824, when young Charles Scott went to the University of Oxford, Mr. Williams of Lampeter, his tutor, was installed as rector or principal of the new classical academy then established in Edinburgh, in honorable rivalry with the old High School in which Scott and many of his friends were educated. An address to the directors, pupils, and friends of the new institution, was delivered by Sir Walter. Before the year closed, “The Tales of the Crusaders” was begun; Abbotsford was completed; and the Christmas party was larger than had ever before assembled within its walls, including Capt. Basil Hall, who kept a very copious journal, full of shrewd observation and minute details, which he subsequently placed in the hands of Mr. Lockhart as far as it might be available for the biography. There were, at one particular gathering on Jan. 7, 1825, “nine Scotts of Harden, and ten of other families; and at least half a dozen Fergussons, with the jolly Sir Adam at their head, Lady Fergusson, her niece, Miss Jobson, the pretty heiress of Lochore,” &c.; and indeed this party was given in honor of this young lady, who was particularly attended to by young Walter Scott. In fact, this, the first and last regular ball ever given in Abbotsford, was a family celebration of a treaty of alliance during life, the high contracting parties being the young officer and the pretty heiress. Her trustees did their duty to a young lady of large fortune by requiring, that, with reservation of Sir Walter’s

own life-rent, Abbotsford should be settled upon the young couple as her own Lochore was. The marriage took place in February, 1825; and the wedded pair went to Ireland, where the bridegroom's regiment was stationed. By this time, at the cost of three thousand five hundred pounds, the young man had been gazetted captain in the King's Hussars. Writing to his friend Terry about this time, Sir Walter said, "Every one grumbles at his own profession: but here is the devil of a calling for you, where a man pays three thousand pounds for an annuity of four hundred pounds a year and less; renounces his free will in almost every respect; must rise at five every morning to see horses curried; dare not sleep out of a particular town without the leave of a cross colonel, who is often disposed to refuse it merely because he has the power to do so; and, last of all, may be sent to the most unhealthy climates to die of the rot, or be shot like a black-cock. There is a *per contra*, to be sure, — fine clothes, and fame; but the first must be paid for, and the other is not come by by one out of the hundred." Now, too, Terry becoming joint lessee and manager of a London theatre, and wanting money or credit, James Ballantyne became his security for five hundred pounds, and Sir Walter for one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. Both sums, subsequently lost by Terry's bankruptcy, had eventually to be paid by Scott.

Then, too, Mr. Constable greatly interested Scott, Lockhart, and Ballantyne in a new and important project to revolutionize "the book-trade." He hoped, if he lived for half a dozen years, that there should be a good library in every decent house in Britain. "I have settled my line of operations," he said, — "a three-shilling or half-crown volume every month, which must and shall sell, not by thousands, or tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands; ay, by

millions!—twelve volumes in the year, a halfpenny of profit upon every copy of which will make me richer than the possession of all the copyrights of all the quartos that ever were or will be hot-pressed,—twelve volumes, so good that millions must wish to have them, and so cheap that every butcher's callant may have them if he pleases to let me tax him sixpence a week."

In this Sir Walter agreed. "Your plan," said he, "cannot fail, provided the books be really good; but you must not start until you have not only the leading columns, but depth upon depth of reserve in thorough order. I am willing to do my part in this grand enterprise. Often, of late, have I felt that the vein of fiction was nearly worked out; often, as you well know, have I been thinking seriously of turning my hand to history. I am of opinion that historical writing has no more been adapted to the demands of the increased circles among which literature does already find its way than you allege as to the shape and price of books in general." He then stated that he felt disposed to write the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. What afterwards appeared, with the title of "*Constable's Miscellany*," was the issue of this conference. Before Constable left Abbotsford, it was arranged that the first number of this collection should consist of one half of "*Waverley*;" the second, of the first section of a "*Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*, by the author of *Waverley*;" that this "*Life*" should be compressed in four of these numbers; and that, until the whole series of his novels should have been issued, a volume every second month in this new and uncostly form, he should keep the Ballantyne press going with a series of historical works, to be issued on the alternate months.

Not without foundation was Scott's fear that "the vein of fiction was nearly worked out:" for "The

Betrothed," in "The Tales of the Crusaders," did not satisfy James Ballantyne's practical and critical judgment; and though it was printed, all but a chapter or two, Scott was willing to cancel it, which would have involved considerable expense. But "The Talisman," on the other hand, was so good, that it was thought the other tale might venture abroad under its wing. When the work was published, "The Talisman" was exceedingly well received. The contrast between Saladin and Cœur de Lion was well marked. Indeed, this is the best of his shorter stories. There was an amusing Introduction, too, quietly satirizing the existing mania for joint-stock speculations. The announcement of Sir Walter's intention of turning to a new line in literature ran thus: "The world, and you, gentlemen, may think what you please," said the chairman, elevating his voice: "but I intend to write the most wonderful book which the world ever read; a book in which every incident shall be incredible, yet strictly true; a work recalling recollections with which the ears of this generation once tingled, and which shall be read by our children with an admiration approaching to incredulity. Such shall be the 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, by the author of Waverley.'"

As he never loitered over an undertaking, Sir Walter at once began to write a sketch of the French Revolution prior to the appearance of Bonaparte on the scene. Materials came in from many quarters. Constable, among other books, sent a wagon-load (about a hundred large folios) of the "Moniteur;" and, as the work went on, it soon was apparent that there could be no hope of completing it within the compass of four small volumes: it was resolved to print it separately, in four larger volumes; and it finally occupied *nine*.

CHAPTER XXII.

In Ireland.—By Boyne Water.—Reception in Dublin.—County-Wicklow Scenery.—Irish Wit.—Edgeworthstown.—At Killarney.—“The Athens of Ireland.”—Portrait by Macilise.—Scene at Fermoy.—A Full-dress Interview.—Lockhart, Maria Edgeworth, and Anne Scott.

1825.

SIR WALTER SCOTT could scarcely be said to have visited Ireland in the lighthouse voyage which he made in the summer of 1814; though he had landed at Port Rush and Dunluce, and sailed so close to the Giant's Causeway that he “could easily see that the regularity of the columns was the same as at Staffa.” He always had regretted having seen so little of a country in which he was much interested; but had no impelling inducement to go thither until the solicitation of his son and daughter-in-law, then residing in Dublin, and the earnest request of Miss Edgeworth, gave him a motive. Lady Scott, who considered that Ireland was a country of ragged savages, preferred to stay at home; and the party from Abbotsford consisted of Sir Walter, Miss Anne Scott (then a fine healthy girl of twenty-two, high-spirited and lively), and Mr. Lockhart. The party crossed from Glasgow to Belfast; visited the field on which the battle of the Boyne had been fought on the 1st of July, 1690; and reached Dublin on the 14th of July, 1825,—their head-quarters being St. Stephen's Green, in which Capt. and Mrs. Scott had rented a mansion. Mr. Lockhart truly describes

this Green as the most extensive square in Europe. I remember that the general opinion in Dublin was that the outer foot-path was an *Irish*, and the enclosed inner portion an *English*, mile in circumference.

The attention paid to Sir Walter in Dublin was very great. From the Viceroy to the street-sweeper, the utmost courtesy was shown. The heads of all the professions, civil, military, and clerical, vied with each other in the endeavor to honor and gratify him. Wherever his carriage moved, crowds followed it; when he entered a street, the word was passed on, and the shop-keepers and their wives stood at the doors bowing and courtesying as he went along; while attendant crowds of men and boys, as numerous and excitable as the lazzaroni of Naples, huzzaed as at the chariot-wheels of a conqueror. His morning *levées* at his son's house were crowded. In the Cathedral of St. Patrick's he paused before the monument of Swift (a bust by Roubilliac) and the pillar which marks the resting-place of poor Stella. To this hour, though Swift died in 1745, his memory is cherished in the hearts of the inhabitants of Dublin; for he fought and won a hard fight for the rights of the masses in Ireland: and the fact, which seemed generally known, that Sir Walter had written the *Life* of their favorite, contributed to swell his popularity. In the theatre, when he was recognized, the performances were suspended by order of the gallery gods, who have the reputation of being at once the wittiest and most free-spoken of play-goers, until he had spoken a few words of acknowledgment. In Trinity College, Dublin, he was presented with the degree of Doctor of Laws, *causâ honoris*, — a compliment always very charily paid by that university.

The beautiful scenery of the county of Wicklow, which lies at the very foot of Dublin, as it were, had

to be visited ; for the Dargle, the Vale of Avoca, St. Kevin's Bed, the Seven Churches, Powerscourt Fall, and other picturesque places, were not to be unregarded. A very original guide, known as Judy of Roundwood, attracted Sir Walter's attention ; for her interjectional remarks exhibited a natural, racy humor. After he had walked off, Lord Plunket, the great lawyer, who lived in the vicinity, told her that the lame gentleman was a great poet. "*A pote!*" she exclaimed : "divil a bit of it! — he's an honorable gentleman : sure, he gave me half a crown."

Sir Walter was fond in after-days, when he spoke of his Irish excursion, of repeating witty and sharp replies which even the beggars had made. One particularly charmed him. A mendicant, who was not to be refused, clamored for a sixpence on the strength of having picked up his walking-stick. Sir Walter handed him a shilling, saying, "You owe me sixpence." The coin was gratefully accepted, with the exclamation, "The Lord reward you, sir! *May you live until I bring you back the change!*"

Another specimen of wit, and something more, from the lips of a beggar-woman, deeply impressed him. A traveller in one of Bianconi's cars (this was before the railway time), who had been eating ham-sandwiches as he sat on the vehicle during the stoppage to change horses, made a motion as if he would bestow the untasted portion upon a pale-faced, hungry-eyed beggar who stood close by, with a baby in her arms. She cried out, just as the car was moving off, "May good luck follow you all the days of your life!" — the vehicle went off, the traveller putting the remainder of his lunch into his pocket with a smile ; and the disappointed woman shouted out in a shrill and clear voice the terrible commination, by way of *finale*, — "*and never overtake you!*"

Sir Walter remained over a fortnight in Dublin,

and then passed on to Edgeworthstown, in the school of which Oliver Goldsmith had been educated; having been born at Pallasmore, then and now part of the Edgeworth property. The very eccentric father of Maria Edgeworth had died in 1817; but her brother was one of the best and most popular landlords in Ireland. He was hospitable too, with ample means; and a succession of highly-educated friends, the *élite* of Irish society, contributed very much to Sir Walter's gratification. He was so much and so pleasantly occupied during the weeks he was in Ireland, that his letters were "few, and far between."

After a very happy week at Edgeworthstown, where Capt. and Mrs. Scott were of the party, Sir Walter continued his journey with the purpose of visiting the Lakes of Killarney, and prevailed on Maria Edgeworth to occupy the vacant seat in his carriage. Their journey literally was an ovation. The resident nobility and gentry were proud to receive two such lions as Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth (few at that time had heard of Lockhart); and certainly a great deal of the country was exhibited to such visitors. Scott, it may be added, was well content with what he saw of the place and the people, and had great hopes of both. He arrived at the conclusion, Tory as he was, that more harm was done by refusing, than could possibly occur from granting, Catholic emancipation. It was, as I well recollect, a season of great political agitation in Ireland; and Scott was afraid, that if the causes of this excitement were not removed, that terrible misfortune and evil, a civil war, might arise. He had some sympathy, too, with those who indignantly protested against the suppression of the Irish Parliament, — just as, had he lived in the time of Queen Anne, he would have objected to the suppression of the ancient Legislature of Scotland. He condemned as well as

mourned over the two-prevalent practice of Irish absenteeism, the evils of which had been so ably illustrated in one of Miss Edgeworth's tales. When Sir Walter arrived in Limerick, all the bells of that noble city pealed out a welcome. In Killarney, the whole population turned out to receive him; and an immense banner was extemporized, which was meant to be complimentary, — for it was inscribed with the legend, painted in letters six inches in length, —

“WELLCOM TO SCOT AND EDGEWUTH.”

But, as Sheridan has made one of his characters observe, “when affection guides the pen, [or the paint-brush?] he is a fool who would quarrel with the style,” or the spelling!

At Killarney, the great treat reserved for distinguished visitors is a hunt by the Upper Lake; which frequently ends in the stag taking to the water, and escaping from its pursuers. Sir Walter, in his young days, had seen so many similar performances, that he could readily have dispensed with another. Mr. John O'Connell of Grena, brother of the Great Agitator, who kept a pack of stag-hounds, would not consent to their running for the gratification of Scott, who, he declared, “had maligned the Irish character in his poetry, and was opposed to the Catholic claims.”

It is curious that Scott, like Shakspeare, never introduced an Irish character into any of his works. Redmond O'Neale, in “Rokeby,” despite his national name (which is properly O'Neill), is son of an English baron and an Irish lady. In “The Search after Happiness, or the Quest of Sultaun Solimaun,” the characteristics of various peoples are amusingly sketched, — Asian and African, Italian and French, English and Scotch; and at last the word is, —

“Now for the land of verdant Erin
The Sultaun's royal bark is steering, —

The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells,
The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
For a long space had John, with words of thunder,
Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy under;
Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogged unduly,
Had gotten something restive and unruly.
Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow, —
A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow;
His landlord, and of middlemen two brace,
Had screwed his rent up to the starving-place;
His garment was a top-coat, and an old one;
His meal was a potato, and a cold one:
But still for fun, a frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat."

There is nothing very anti-Hibernian in these sportive lines. "The Vision of Don Roderick," published in 1811, after paying a compliment to the English and Scottish soldiers who fought in the Peninsular war under Napoleon, included the Irish in the following stanza: —

"Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee!
Boast, Erin! boast, then, — tameless, frank, and free;
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known;
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:
And He, yon Chieftain, — strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle! — the Hero is thine own."

Some years after Scott's visit to Ireland, after he had signed his name to a parliamentary petition and made a speech in favor of Catholic emancipation, I asked Daniel O'Connell, "What will your brother think of this? Didn't he refuse to let Sir Walter Scott have a stag-hunt because he believed him an enemy to the Irish claims?" The answer was, "Not that; but because, in Constance Beverley's trial-scene, in 'Marmion,' Scott spoke very disrespectfully of the

religion of the great majority of Irishmen. It was *that* which set my brother John against Sir Walter: and I was sorry for it only once; and that was, ever since."

In Cork, the reception of Sir Walter Scott and his party was almost as enthusiastic as it had been in Dublin. At that time, the inhabitants designated Cork "the Athens of Ireland," because it had a very extensive and well-chosen public library, an academy of fine arts, and a philosophical and scientific institution of some importance. Scott was taken to see Blarney Castle, and, despite his lameness, insisted on climbing up to kiss the famous stone. What did *not* occur on that occasion was described, with wit, fancy, and erudition, in "The Reliques of Father Prout." Scott also sailed down the River Lee to Cove,—the Cove of Cork; which, in a spirit of adulation evidently created by its vicinity to the Blarney Stone, was renamed Queenstown on the occasion of a royal visit of a few hours to that port. The corporation of Cork would have given Sir Walter and his friends a public dinner; but time did not permit: they voted him the freedom of their city, which he received in a handsome silver box at Abbotsford.

Having gone into the shop of Mr. Bolster, the principal bookseller, to purchase a guide-book to Killarney, occasion was taken or made to detain him for some minutes in conversation; which gave an opportunity to a youth who stood behind the desk to make a rapid but excellent sketch. It was handed to Sir Walter for his inspection; and he expressed his surprise and admiration, inviting the young artist to call upon him at his hotel. Finally, a copy of this sketch, as carefully finished as the time permitted, and neatly mounted, was taken to Sir Walter, and the artist was presented to Miss Edgeworth and Mr.

Lockhart.* Soon after, when the latter was settled in London in charge of "The Quarterly Review," he was able to help the artist in more ways than one. It was the late Daniel Maclise, R.A., who sketched Scott thus (and also in the Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters in "Fraser's Magazine," and in the illustrations of the Prout Papers); and he hit off his face, figure, and *pose* more happily than, even in their more labored efforts, most other artists have done.

By the old mail-coach road from Cork to Dublin, the town of Fermoy is eighteen miles from the former city; one of the handsomest towns in Ireland, even then; well built, with broad and handsome macadamized streets; the noble River Blackwater, over which is a bridge of twenty-two arches, flowing through it; handsome public buildings, church, chapels, bank, barracks, court-house, hospital, theatre, markets, and suburban mansions; and a collegiate school, the best in the south of Ireland, the principal of which was Dr. Hincks, father of Sir Francis Hincks, lately financial minister in the government of Canada. My family had long resided in Fermoy, where my father had filled the office of postmaster, chief constable, &c.; and I had been educated there. At the time Sir Walter was in Ireland, I was in my seventeenth year.

* As these pages are leaving my hand, I find in Mr. O'Driscoll's *Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A.*, just published in London, the following account of the scene I have here described: "In the autumn of 1825, Sir Walter Scott made a hasty tour of Ireland, accompanied by Mr. Lockhart and Miss Edgeworth. Amongst other places, he staid a short time at Cork; and, whilst there, he visited the establishment of Mr. Bolster, an eminent bookseller. The presence of the illustrious author attracted crowds of literary persons there. Maclise, then a mere boy, conceived the idea of making a sketch of Sir Walter; and, having placed himself unobserved in a part of the shop which afforded him an admirable opportunity, he made in a few minutes three outline sketches, each in a different position. He brought them home, and, having selected that one which he considered the best, worked at it all night, and next morning brought to Bolster a highly-finished pen-and-ink drawing, handled with all the elaborate minuteness of a line engraving.

There is no necessity of reminding me that I am writing the story, not of my own life, but of Scott's. It is necessary, however, that I explain under what circumstances I probably saved his life.

It had come to my knowledge, that on a certain evening in August, 1825, Sir Walter Scott would arrive in Fermoy, and pass the night there. About six in the afternoon, as I was loitering on the sidewalk in front of my mother's house, I saw a light landau and four rapidly dash down Cork Hill; and I rushed down the street, placing myself in front of the King's-Arms Hotel, where Scott was to put up. This hotel occupied the greater part of one side of a large open square; and the postilions, who in Ireland appear as if (to use Miss Edgeworth's words) they always kept "a gallop for the avenue," turned the corner of the street at full speed, and suddenly drew up with a great crash, landing the carriage close to the foot-path. The postilions did not see, as I did, that between the carriage and the foot-path a space about four feet wide and ten feet deep had been excavated for the purpose of constructing a drain or sewer. Sir Walter, who sat on the left, leaving the place of honor to be occupied by Miss Edgeworth, his daughter and son-in-law sitting with their backs to the horses, prepared to descend; but, his lameness making him awkward, he turned round, with his

Bolster placed it in a conspicuous part of his shop; and, Sir Walter with his friends having again called during the day, it attracted his attention when he entered. He was struck with the exquisite finish and fidelity of the drawing, and at once inquired the name of the artist who had executed it. Maclise, who was standing in a remote part of the shop, was brought forward, and introduced to Sir Walter. The great author took him kindly by the hand, and expressed his astonishment that a mere boy could have achieved such a work, and predicted that he would yet distinguish himself. Sir Walter then asked for a pen, and wrote with his own hand, 'Walter Scott' at the foot of the sketch. That portrait was lithographed, and sold extensively; and Maclise found himself at once a successful portrait-taker in a humble way." This mainly corroborates my own version of the story which I had from Mr. Bolster, with whom I was well acquainted. He showed me two sketches, I think, — one a full-length, the other a head.

back to the hotel, as he stood upon the carriage-step. The next movement would have caused his fall into the gaping pit; which, as he stood, he could not see. Just as, gayly laughing, he had raised his foot to place it on the ground, I pushed him back with all my force as I stood upon *terra firma*, and he fell forward into the carriage. Rapidly recovering himself, he turned round, and angrily asked, in broader Scotch than I had ever heard before (though my father was a Highlander, and had many Scottish visitors), "What's that for, mon?" I pointed to the abyss below. He appeared to shiver, for the moment, as he looked down. He said, "I am vera much obleeged, young sir," and passed out of the carriage on the other and safer side, from which the rest of the party had already descended. I was at the door of the inn as he passed in; and, taking my hand, he grasped it very kindly, saying, "Yon might have been a bad accident." I followed him into the hall; and, as he went up stairs, he saluted me again, waving his hand. Then, as old John Bunyan has it, "I went my way rejoicing."

Two hours after this, after I had repeated for the hundredth time to my mother, and any others who would listen, how I had been thanked by Sir Walter Scott for having saved him from a bad fall, Mr. Henry Robinson, son of the hotel-keeper, came up, and said I must go with him at once, as Sir Walter Scott wanted and was waiting for me. As we walked down together, my *amour propre* was wounded by learning that Sir Walter did not know *whom* he had sent for. He had set down, on his memoranda of inquiries to be made, that Fermoy had been a mere hamlet, when a Scotch gentleman of fortune and enterprise had purchased it, and created a thriving and populous town, within living memory. He asked at the hotel who could give him the best information

on this subject, and, when "young Mackenzie" was named, sent his compliments, with the request that I would see him.

When I entered the room, in which he sat alone, I was struck with the change in his appearance. His travelling costume (such as he used daily to wear at Abbotsford) consisted of a green cut-away coat, or rather jacket, with short skirts and brass buttons; drab trousers, vest, and gaiters; a single seal and watch-key, attached to a watered black ribbon, dangling from his fob; a loose, and not very stiff, linen collar; a black silk neck-kerchief; and a low-crowned, deep-brimmed hat. He had no gloves; and his ungloved hands, large and almost clumsy, were thickly covered with red bristles. His feet were scarcely so large as one would have expected, his height being six feet. He was muscular, but not stout; and the breadth across his chest was very great. He walked very lame, using a stout staff, with a crooked handle, even in the room; but he was active and rapid in his movements. As he stood,—just as Maclise drew him in the Fraserian sketch,—only the toes and ball of his right foot touched the ground. It appeared as if the posterior tendons had shrunk: at any rate, his heel was raised when he stood.

When I saw him, this second time, he had changed his dress, and was attired in a full dinner-suit. I subsequently heard that at home, even when no stranger was at hand, he invariably changed his attire, saying that he did not feel comfortable in the evening in his "work-day claes." He had dressed for dinner immediately on his arrival, and in his ample suit of Saxony black, with velvet vest, and a neatly tied white camb'ic cravat, bore little resemblance to the carelessly-dressed, countrified-looking person I had seen two hours before. Then, too, I first saw him with

his head uncovered, and could not help noticing the unusually high pile of forehead. He looked in evening costume like a "fine old English gentleman" who had lived in the best society. His manners were unaffected; the expression of his face was almost benign; and there was a quiet and impressive dignity in his appearance which I have never seen in any other person.

Sir Walter rose when I entered the room, and, readily recognizing me, took me by the hand, and said that he was glad to see me, as it lay on his conscience that he had not thanked me enough for his escape from a great peril. "I thought of writing you a bit note," he said with a smile, "but did not know how to address it." At once recognizing that my accent and my name did not indicate the same nationality, he asked from what part of Scotland my father came; and when I mentioned the old place in Inverness, close by the fatal field of Culloden, he said, "I know the place well. One of that family wrote a book of Gaelic poems" (that was my father, who had died five years back). "I have the book," said Scott; "though I know the Gaelic only by sometimes hearing it spoken or sung; and that's no knowledge at all."

He was very curious, even particular, about Fermoy; first letting me tell him what I knew, and then, as if I were in the witness-box, closely cross-examining me. What I had to say was this: That about the year 1780, as my mother had told me, Mr. John Anderson, from Scotland, had settled in mercantile business in Cork, where he made a large fortune in about ten years; that, when he purchased the Fermoy estate, he found a few houses crowded together near the bridge over the Blackwater; that when it was determined to introduce the mail-coach system into Ireland, and the Government was unable or unwilling to go to the expense, Mr. Anderson offered to

do it, finding all the required funds; that he built carriages, provided horses, and, in many districts, converted mere horse-tracks into excellent roads; that he thus opened mail communication from Dublin to the principal districts of Ireland; that in 1796, when the French fleet anchored in Bantry Bay, and the Government found it necessary to have a large military force in the south of Ireland, and the principal landowners demanded extravagant terms, Mr. Anderson gave land on the Fermoy estate, on which the troops encamped; that he afterwards presented the Irish Government with forty acres, rent-free forever, on which, overhanging the town, were erected barracks able to accommodate from four to six thousand soldiers during the war with Napoleon; that the only recompense he received was a baronetcy for his eldest son; and that, after having given the greatest impetus to enterprise and patriotism in Ireland, he had failed, being a banker, in the commercial crash which took place not long after the downfall of Napoleon.

Sir Walter asked from what part of Scotland Mr. Anderson came. I did not know, but named several Scotchmen whom he had encouraged to settle in the town, all of whom had done well, and were from Dumfries. "Ay, ay," Sir Walter said: "there are many Andersons and Reids in auld Dumfries."

By this time it was nine o'clock; and Sir Walter, calling for what, in Ireland, are called "the materials," brewed two glasses of whiskey-punch, handing the smaller one to me. I nearly "put my foot into it," when, having discovered that I had read a great deal about the French Revolution, he said that "Napoleon, like Byron, and a certain personage not named to 'ears polite,' was not so bad as he was painted." I blundered out, "You are writing his Life, I see, Sir Walter;" alluding to the announcement, in the intro-

duction to "The Tales of the Crusaders," that such a work was to be executed by the author of "Waverley." The moment I uttered the words, I saw my mistake. He looked shrewdly at me from beneath those deep pent-houses of shaggy eyebrows which overhung the lamps by which his "dome of thought, the palace of the soul," was lighted, and seeing, I presume, only confusion and innocence in my face, smiled quietly, and changed the subject by noticing over the fireplace a portrait of an officer in a dark uniform, with death's-head and cross-bones embroidered on the cap. "That is a strange uniform," he said. "Have I not seen it before?" I explained that it was the portrait of a Dr. Waiblinger, who had married the prettiest girl in Fermoy, and carried her off to Germany. "His regiment?" He belonged, I said, to the Duke of Brunswick's Own Oels, who were quartered in Fermoy for some time during the war. "Yes," he said. "I ought to have recognized the dress. I saw that death's-head regiment in Paris in 1815. The duke was killed, fighting against France, soon after the Revolution broke out; and his regiment, entirely composed of his vassals, swore to avenge his death, and obtained leave to put the skull and bones on their caps." I said that in Ireland they were called the Black Brunswickers, and, eager to show my information, said the duke's son was killed at Waterloo. "Yes," said Sir Walter: "you would find that in 'Childe Harold.'" The line runs, —

"He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell."

After many inquiries as to my education, habits, ambition, future course of life, and course of reading, Sir Walter said, "The habit of reading every thing, in which I indulged very much in my youth, is to be avoided. You learn a great deal if you cultivate your

memory, but do not learn *exactly*. At the same time," he added with a smile, "I read every book, to this day, that falls in my way. Bad habits, young sir, are not got rid of in old age." Having asked me where I had got a particular date in French history, I answered, "In Philip de Comines;" I was about adding, "to whom I had been attracted by the mention of him in 'Quentin Durward,'" but suddenly pulled up before I had made a second allusion to a Waverley novel. I thought, by a certain nervous twitch of his unusually long upper lip, that he had discovered the current of my thoughts, and the sudden manner in which I had checked it.

One anecdote of his may be worth repeating. Having politely asked my permission to smoke, and strongly cautioned me against the use of tobacco in any form, Sir Walter lighted a cigar, in one end of which was inserted a reed, or straw, through which he smoked. I had never seen such a cigar, and probably my surprise was evident. "The straw," Sir Walter said, "prevents the tobacco from touching the lips, and you draw out only the flavor of the incense. I mind me" (he used this phrase repeatedly for "I remember") "of a trial which took place in our Exchequer Court at Edinburgh. An old offender, whom the custom-house officers had never been able to bring under the law, was caught at last, and tried for smuggling cigars,—made like this one, after the fashion of that time. He had smuggled in I know not how many boxes of cigars, and was proceeded against for the penalty of one hundred pounds for each box. The charge was proven; but one of our shrewd lawyers, who was defending the accused, demanded that the contents of each box, legally estimated at sixteen ounces, should be weighed. In almost every instance, there was the exact weight. Drawing the straws out of the cigars, he applied the test of the scales a

second time; and each box was then *under* the legal weight. The Chief Baron, my excellent friend, the Right Hon. Robert Dundas, immediately ruled that the Crown had failed to prove its case. 'Straws,' he said, 'are not liable to any customs duty; and, though a great quantity of tobacco has been smuggled, there is not a full pound weight of it in any box of cigars before the Court.'"

About half-past nine o'clock, Sir Walter's travelling companions came in to say good-night, as they had to rise early next morning, being bound for Lismore Castle, one of the seats of the Duke of Devonshire, so literally built on the banks of the Blackwater, that it was not uncommon for salmon to be taken with the fly from one of the drawing-room windows.

Miss Edgeworth, one of the most *petite* ladies I had ever seen, courteously invited me to visit her if ever business or pleasure should call me to the County Longford. Miss Anne Scott, natural and *naïve*, declared, as she checked a yawn, that she was terribly tired. Sir Walter saw the ladies to the door, which he held until they had quitted the room, with a low bow to each as she retired. Mr. Lockhart remained, smoking fiercely out of a huge meerschaum. As the town-clock struck ten, I rose to take my leave, and was hospitably entreated by both gentlemen, if ever I visited my father's land, to renew the acquaintance there and then begun. At six o'clock next morning, I was up and stirring, intent on having a last look of the party; and, at seven, had a kind greeting by voice and hand as they set off on their journey to Lismore, — a pleasant drive of twelve Irish, or about fifteen English miles.

It was never my good fortune to visit Scotland until after Sir Walter's death. When I went to London, some years after I had seen him in Ireland, I

met Mr. Lockhart, who was so good as to recognize me. In 1831, before Sir Walter started on his voyage to Italy, I met Mr. Lockhart in the street, not far from his house in Regent's Park; and he took me home with him to lunch. Sir Walter, though much changed, was not so much broken as I had been led to expect. He referred more than once to our conversation at Fermoy; but, for the most part, listened rather than spoke. His hair, white as the driven snow, was combed down all over his head, the apex of which, as it towered, had suggested to some one the remark, that Scott "had a *story* on his head more than any other man." Mr. Rogers the poet was of the party, — Scott's senior, yet surviving him over twenty-three years. As I held Sir Walter's hand at parting, I felt that I never again should see him.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Lockhart's Removal to London.—Thomas Moore at Abbotsford.—Scotch Fairies.—The Cluricaune.—Scott and Moore at the Theatre.—Tom Purdie takes Advice.—Scott begins a Diary.—Panle of 1825.—Failure of Constable and Ballantyne.—Scott becomes Liable.—In the Hands of Trustees.—Death of Lady Scott.—“Woodstock” published.—Visits to London and Paris.—“Letters of Malachi Malagrowth.”—Paying off the Debt.

1825—1826.

THE composition of the “Life of Napoleon” was resumed immediately after Scott's return from Ireland. It was the hardest work he ever had in hand. We have seen the rapidity, the ease, with which he had produced the poems which had made, and the novels which had extended, his reputation, until, as Byron wrote* in the presentation-copy of “The Giaour,” he was acknowledged, even by the most illustrious of his contemporaries, to be the true “monarch of Parnassus.” But writing history involved much reading; and this to a man, who, through life, had mostly read to entertain himself or others, and who, in fact, had to read a number of uncongenial works because he had to review them, was far from pleasant. For the first time, he experienced the difficulty of getting through the task-work of authorship. Mr. Gillies said, what Mr. Lockhart confirmed, that, from the time he became an author, he read comparatively nothing. In the “Life of Napo-

* The inscription was, “To the Monarch of Parnassus, from one of his subjects.”

leon" he had to collect, compare, and compile from a variety of sources. Lockhart says, "He had now to apply himself doggedly to the mastering of a huge accumulation of historical materials. He read and noted and indexed with the pertinacity of some pale compiler in the British Museum; but rose from such employment, not radiant and buoyant as after he had been feasting himself among the teeming harvests of Fancy, but with an aching brow, and eyes on which the dimness of years had begun to plant some specks before they were subjected again to that straining over small print and difficult manuscript which had, no doubt, been familiar to them in the early time, when (in Shortreed's phrase) 'he was making himself.' It was a pleasant sight, when one happened to take a passing peep into his den, to see the white head erect, and the smile of conscious inspiration on his lips, while the pen, held boldly and at a commanding distance, glanced steadily and gayly along a fast-blackening page of 'The Talisman.' It now often made me sorry to catch a glimpse of him, stooping and poring with his spectacles amidst piles of authorities, a little note-book ready in the left hand, that had always used to be at liberty for patting Maida." At this time, too, he was deprived of the assistance, counsel, and companionship of Mr. Lockhart, who, however cold, reserved, and proud he may have appeared in general society, was affectionate, cheerful, and kind in domestic life. The lad for whom, as "Master Hugh Littlejohn," Sir Walter wrote "The Tales of a Grandfather," was so feeble, that it was evident his only chance of life was removal to a more genial climate; and as, at that time, Mr. Lockhart was offered the editorship of "The Quarterly Review," — an office highly remunerative, and, as the event proved, one for which he was particularly well adapted, to say nothing of the status it would give him in the lite-

rary world, — he accepted it, and, at the close of 1825, quitted Scotland, with Mrs. Lockhart, and the much-loved, short-lived child of many and high hopes.

Thomas Moore, who had written to Scott, in Ireland, that he lamented he could not be at Abbotsford to introduce him to Killarney, had made up his mind, after the success of his “*Life of Sheridan*,” to visit Abbotsford, instead of taking a trip to Paris. Scott’s reply to the letter announcing this was characteristic. It began, “My dear Sir,” — then a line of erasure was drawn through these words, followed by “Damn Sir, — My dear Moore.”

Moore reached Abbotsford on one of the closing days of October, 1825, — a month which, in the rural parts of Scotland, is one of the softest, sunniest, and most lovely of the year, with the leaves changing their hues, but not yet falling. Fortunately, there was no visitor but himself, — even the Lockharts having gone to Edinburgh on that day. The two poets loitered on the banks of the silvery Tweed, listening to its musical ripple, and talking about fairies, which, Scott declared, were popularly believed to frequent the opposite bank, miniature as regarded size, and fancifully attired in green and gold. It turned out that these were only puppets belonging to a wandering showman, which some Galashiels weavers, *Bacchi pleni*, had stolen, in the hope that they were “the gude people,” and, finding them dull and dumb, had thrown them under a bridge, where a credulous shepherd, seeing them, had mistaken them for fairies! The facts had been sworn to before Scott as sheriff, and must have interested him a good deal, as he also had related them, with the solution of the mystery, in his letter to Mr. Crofton Croker six months before, on receipt of his “*Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*.” In this occurs the following passage: “The extreme simi-

larity of your fictions to ours in Scotland is very striking in this collection. The Cluricaune (which is an admirable subject for pantomime) is not known here. I suppose the Scottish cheer was not sufficient to tempt him."

The Cluricaune, sometimes called the Lepricaune, is the shoemaker of the Irish fairies. He is about as tall as a span; is an old-fashioned creature, always attired in a court suit, knee-buckles and three-cornered *chapeau* included; is discovered now and then by the tap-tap-tapping of his hammer on the lap-stone; and gives leg-bail with great celerity if not captured at once and detained with a firm grasp. The popular belief is, that, while you hold him, he will show you where to dig for buried treasure; but that, the moment you cease to look at him, he is sure to slip away. In one of Moore's Melodies ("The time I've lost in wooing"), this cunning little creature is referred to as

"The sprite
Whom maids at night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
But, while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me."

On the first day of Moore's visit, the dinner-party was very small; and the poets were alone for most of the evening, and talked of many subjects, in which they had almost equal interest, — Byron, Ireland, their own career, and literature. In complete novelty, Scott said, lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in these days. Macaulay, Bulwer, Thackeray, and Dickens have shown, by their works and in their success, the truth of this remark. At last, Moore wrote in his diary,

“To my no small surprise and pleasure, he mentioned the novels, without any reserve, as his own. He gave me an account of the original progress of those extraordinary works, the hints supplied for them, the conjectures and mystification to which they had given rise, &c., &c. He concluded with saying, ‘They have been a mine of wealth to me: but I find I fail in them now; I can no longer make them so good as at first.’” When Moore entered Scott’s room next morning, “He laid his hand,” said the lyrist, “with a sort of cordial earnestness on my breast, and said, ‘*Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life.*’”

Together they visited Melrose Abbey, and many other places near Abbotsford celebrated in romance or history. Moore’s singing charmed even Scott, who confessed that he hardly knew high from low in music. “His true delight, however,” Moore wrote, “was visible after supper, when Sir Adam Fergusson sang some old Jacobite songs. Scott’s eyes sparkled, and his attempts to join in chorus showed much more of the will than the deed. ‘Hey, tutti tatte,’ was sung in the true orthodox manner, all of us standing round the table with hands crossed and joined, and chorusing every verse with all our might and main. He seemed to enjoy all this thoroughly.” He told Moore, too, that, in speaking with George IV. about the hero of the Forty-five, the only difference was that the king spoke of him as “the Pretender,” while he (Scott) invariably called him “Prince Charles.” When the monarch and the minstrel first met at dinner, during the regency, their conversation — led by the illustrious host, of course — was chiefly about “Prince Charles.” Like most well-informed men, Scott would not be complimented on the extent of his acquirements; and said, “That sort of knowledge is very superficial.”

After spending four or five days with Scott, Moore left him, both feeling deep regret. On his way to Edinburgh, he sat outside of the coach for the last two or three stages to see the country, which he thought dreary and barren.

In Edinburgh, considering the fact that its people are not half so excitable as those of Dublin, the welcome extended to Moore at the theatre was very warm; and, the moment he and Scott took their seats in the centre box, "the whole pit rose," as Moore journalized, "turned towards us, and applauded vehemently." His name being repeatedly shouted out, he had to bow his acknowledgments more than once, the orchestra each time playing Irish melodies.* But for the shortness of his visit, Edinburgh would have given him a public dinner. Sir Walter was much gratified with the honors bestowed on him whom Byron had called "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." This was Moore's first and last visit to Scotland. In Sir Walter's diary, begun the week after this incident occurred, is the entry, "We went to the theatre together; and the house, being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them; for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."

In his diary, too, Scott says, "I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard: so I was curious to see what there could be in common between us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I

* When the Emperor of Russia, who visited London with the rest of the allied sovereigns in 1814, paid a state visit to Drury-lane Theatre, the leader of the orchestra, desirous of complimenting the country of the illustrious stranger, greeted him with the Scotch air, "Green grow the Rushes, O!"

none ; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note ; he a democrat, I an aristocrat ; with many other points of difference ; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humored fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as lions ; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people who walk with their noses in the air, and remind one always of the fellow whom Johnson met in the ale-house, and who called himself '*the great Twalmly, inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.*' He also enjoys the *Mot pour rire* ; and so do I."

Moore's democracy did not prevent his being remarkably fond of the society of aristocrats. In his journal, he duly chronicles with what untiring perseverance he went to the mansions of noble lords and lovely or fashionable ladies ; and how constantly he was inventing excuses for going to London, that he might mingle in their society, — they, to do justice to both, being as happy to receive him as he was to visit them. The compliment, in his case, was as much *bestowed* as *received*, if he only would have thought so. It was mean for Byron to say of Moore, as reported by Leigh Hunt on his return from Italy, "Tommy dearly loves a lord ;" but it was meaner still, besides being spiteful, for Hunt to repeat it. Nevertheless, it was true. Moore was, I will not say happiest, — for he was a domestic man in his way, — but very happy, in the society of the peerage. In his satirical poems is an "Epitaph on a Tuft-hunter," which, from any other pen, would at once have been accepted as a sly hit at his own well-known proclivity for high life. He speaks of one "who ne'er preferred a viscount to a marquis yet ;" who would quit Love's

own sister for an earl's; who, in the absence of a lord, would take, of course, to a peer's relations; and ends, —

“Heaven grant him now some noble nook;
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damned beside a duke
Than saved in vulgar company.”

On the other hand, instead of Scott courting the aristocracy, they courted him. It was usually very much against the grain that he ever went to London, where the attention he received; the actual adulation thrown at his feet; the extent of lionizing he had to submit to; the daily, almost hourly, engagements which he had to accept; the gay breakfasts, the lively luncheons, the grand dinners, the magnificent balls and concerts, — were literally, to him, sheer vanity, and vexation of spirit. In short, Sir Walter Scott, who was too proud to be vain, and too kind-hearted to be haughty, appeared as if he had been born to play the part of a grand nobleman, with great possessions and a stately mansion. It was said that Lord Chesterfield was a lord among wits, and a wit among lords; but Scott would not have worn his coronet, had he inherited one, among any but members of his own order. To his tenants and followers gentle and simple, the Lord of Abbotsford was always the same unpretending, unassuming, good-natured, and considerate man. One of his fine traits, which “make the whole world kin,” was noticed and chronicled by Lockhart. It seems that there had been some discussion between Scott and Tom Purdie, his forester and factotum, as to what trees in a particular hedge-row ought to be cut down. Scott, with some of his friends, had been walking through the grounds at Abbotsford; and, feeling a little fatigued, he laid his left hand on Purdie's shoulder, leaning heavily on it as they moved on, and familiarly chat-

ting with him. After they had got seated on the green in front of the house, Purdie asked Scott "to speak a word." They withdrew together into the garden, and Scott presently returned with a particularly comic expression of face. As soon as his man was out of sight, he said, "Will ye guess what he has been saying, now? Well, this is a great satisfaction! Tom assures me that he has thought the matter out, and *will take my advice* about the thinning of that clump behind Capt. Fergusson's." There is a great deal of good humor, as well as good nature, in this; but it is impossible to imagine Tom Moore in Scott's place, at Abbotsford, letting himself down (as he would have thought) to Tom Purdie's level, or allowing him even the *appearance* of an independent setting-up of his opinion. Like the centurion, he would have said "Do this," and probably have discharged the man on the spot if he presumed to question the wisdom or practicability of doing it. Moore, I am afraid, would have even considered it *infra dig.* to have leaned on the shoulder of his hired man, and to have familiarly chatted with him, even about thinning the plantations, in the company of visitors.

In November, 1825, the perusal of a transcript of Lord Byron's "Ravenna Diary" suggested to Sir Walter Scott the idea of keeping a journal. Accordingly, a thick quarto-book with lock and key was obtained. Mr. Lockhart has used it so freely, from its commencement in November, 1825, to May, 1831, that it constitutes nearly a fifth of his "Life of Scott," to which, indeed, it gives an important autobiographical character. Two copies of this diary were privately printed for Mr. Lockhart. From one copy he took the copious extracts which he transferred into the "Life:" the other, containing all of the original diary, is among the family archives at

Abbotsford. The extracts given in the "Life" throw a flood of light upon the character, conduct, motives, and feelings of its author. He became fond of this diary, writing in it morning and evening, keeping it by him in his study, and occasionally setting down any anecdote, reminiscence, reflection, or speculation, which might occur to him. Thus he was enabled to

• "Catch, ere they change, the Cynthia of this minute."

Journalizing in this manner is no novelty in our recent literature. Byron, Haydon, and Moore had indulged in it. Byron's diaries, like his letters from Italy, were written, it may be suspected, with the ultimate object of being read by the coterie at Murray's. Haydon's, which appear sincere, are too deeply imbued with self-adulation to be generally interesting. Moore's, continued over a period of nearly thirty years, tell us little more than the parties he had attended, and the fashionable people who praised his singing. Now and then he lets us see how he wrote his prose and verse, the mechanism of his art, the erection of the scaffolding, as it were; but, as a diarist, communicates little that is worth remembering, — gay anecdotes, lively remarks, witty retorts, and passing compliments to his own genius. Unlike Scott, who made a point of not reading the reviews, Thomas Moore, who sometimes wrote for them, was thin-skinned and sensitive to a degree about what they said or did not say. His idea evidently was, that a critic who knew and did not praise him very warmly must be an enemy and a traitor; and this feeling overflows in his diary. Scott, on the other hand, seems to have made an honest record, a true outpouring of his mind. He must have known that it was also a contribution to the inevitable future memoir of his career.

Journalizing thus, and engaged on the heavy biography of Napoleon, he also was writing the novel of "Woodstock," expecting and intending, as he told one of his friends, to make a great hit with some scenes in which Oliver Cromwell should take a prominent part; just as, in former romances, he had introduced *Cœur de Lion*, Louis the Eleventh, Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, James the First, Charles the Second, Queen Caroline, and Prince Charles Edward. He had been so successful in his delineation of these illustrious historical characters, that he had no doubt of producing an equally spirited portrait of that great Lord Protector, who made no vain boast when he said, "I shall make the name of Englishman respected throughout Europe as was the name of an antique Roman."

What is called a commercial crisis or panic afflicts England every ten years or so. There was one in 1825, from the mania for joint-stock speculations; from the excess of imports over exports, the value of which had to be paid in cash; from the drain of specie to work the mines of South America; from the failure of banks issuing notes, without capital to redeem them; and from the treasure of the Bank of England being so much exhausted, that it could only cash its notes by paying sixpences, so that Mr. Huskisson said England was within twenty-four hours of barter. Of course, from the natural sympathy between London and her provinces, between the heart and the limbs, all parts of the British islands severely felt this unexpected ruin.

Mr. Constable had begun life as a vender of old books. The establishment of "The Edinburgh Review" gave him, by its immediate and immense success, a high status as a publisher. With small capital, he had to use credit. He had seen from the first how rich was the genius of Walter Scott. It

became a habit for Constable and Ballantyne, publisher and printer, to draw accommodation-bills upon each other, for Constable to pursue the same system with his London agents, and for Scott (who, secretly, was Ballantyne's partner) to be paid by promissory-notes.

Constable believed that the panic of 1825 would blow over; and that, if it approached himself, there was *one* certain means of extrication. So he went on, not taking much trouble, but remaining chiefly in his country-house, organizing the plan of his "Miscellany;" an idea which, a little later and in more careful hands, originated cheap literature. In Edinburgh, the banks reluctantly renewed his outstanding bills, because their refusal must cause instant bankruptcy; but in London his agents could raise money only at usurious rates.

At the beginning of 1825, Scott had looked forward to realizing fifteen thousand pounds by "Woodstock," "Napoleon," and other works then in hand. A sum of ten thousand pounds, which he raised by mortgaging Abbotsford to relieve the publisher and printer, was as much lost as if he had cast it into the middle of the Atlantic. In the middle of January, he found that the ruin had come, "and proceeded," Mr. Lockhart has recorded, "according to engagement, to dine at Mr. Skene of Rubislaw's. Mr. Skene assures me that he appeared that evening quite in his usual spirits, conversing on whatever topic was started as easily and gayly as if there had been no impending calamity. But, at parting, he whispered, 'Skene, I have something to speak to you about: be so good as to look in on me as you go to the Parliament House to-morrow.' When Skene called in Castle Street, about half-past nine o'clock, next morning, he found Scott writing in his study. He rose, and said, 'My friend, give me a

'shake of your hand : mine is that of a beggar.' He then told him that Ballantyne had just been with him, and that his ruin was certain and complete; explaining briefly the nature of his connection with the three houses whose downfall must that morning be made public. He added, 'Don't fancy I am going to stay at home to brood idly on what can't be helped. I was at work upon "Woodstock" when you came in; and I shall take up the pen the moment I get back from court. I mean to dine with you again on Sunday, and hope then to report progress to some purpose.' When Sunday came, he reported accordingly, that, in spite of all the numberless interruptions of meetings and conferences with his partner, the Constables, and men of business, — to say nothing of his distressing anxieties on account of his wife and daughter, — he had written a chapter of his novel every intervening day."

Mr. Hary Donaldson, Writer to the Signet, Scott's confidential law-adviser and man of business for many years, died in September, 1822, and was succeeded by Mr. John Gibson. Since I commenced this book, Mr. Gibson has published some recollections,* which are chiefly connected with the crash of 1826. He says, "Mr. Donaldson was one of Sir Walter's intimate friends, and enjoyed much of his confidence in most matters; though I doubt if he was ever made aware of Sir Walter's unfortunate connection with mercantile business, as being actually a partner in the house of James Ballantyne & Co., printers. At least, he never mentioned it to me; and at Mr. Donaldson's death in 1822, when I became Sir Walter's law-agent, and necessarily enjoyed a good deal of his confidence, the fact of his being so involved in business was unknown to me till the

* *Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott*, by John Gibson, Writer to the Signet. Published by Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh; to whose attention I am indebted for an early copy.

catastrophe in January, 1826, when concealment was no longer possible." Neither was Mr. Lockhart in *this* secret until that catastrophe, though he was aware of the authorship of "Waverley." It also transpired, when it no longer could be concealed, that Scott was part owner of "The Edinburgh Weekly Journal," edited by James Ballantyne.

A slight suspicion on Scott's part was dispelled by Constable's sanguine "All's well," and by Mr. Cadell's bringing the good tidings that the London house, Constable's agents, "had stood the storm."

Mr. Robert Cadell was Constable's son-in-law, and became his partner, on a change in the firm, in 1810. He was less sanguine than Constable, who at last was compelled to look after his affairs in London. His one great idea of extricating himself was, to ask the Bank of England for a loan of from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand pounds on the security of the copyright of the Waverley novels! The system of accommodation-bills between Constable and Ballantyne had been carried on so long and so largely, that, when both houses failed, Sir Walter, as Ballantyne's secret partner, was responsible for every bill and note on which the name of the printing-firm appeared. Thus he found himself liable for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds; while his own private debts were thirty thousand pounds, for which Abbotsford would have been good security. The money he had received for works to be written was raised by accommodation-bills. Abbotsford, though now completed, was costly, because he had fallen into the habit of entertaining crowds, not according to his own rank and fortune, but according to theirs.

Lady Scott was not generally supposed to be a particularly sagacious or brilliant woman; but there was wisdom as well as wit in her remark, that "Abbotsford was very like a large hotel, except that people did not pay."

The Edinburgh banks did not like the bill system, especially when the panic was afoot; but when Mr. James Ballantyne stated to Sir William Forbes, the banker, that Scott was *his* partner, under a regular deed, he was satisfied. After this, Sir Walter called upon Mr. Gibson; explained how the houses of Constable and Ballantyne were affected; avowed that he was partner in the latter house; and said, as might be expected, that he disliked the idea of being publicly made a bankrupt, but, if allowed to execute a trust-conveyance for the benefit of his creditors, would let no man lose by him, if life were spared. "Time and I against any two" were his oft-repeated words. Within five years he did pay more than half the immense sum, with interest, for which he was liable. All his household debts were immediately paid in full; and, to quote Mr. Gibson's words, "Meeting with much sympathy from his creditors, — at least, with very few exceptions, — he continued to labor until all the creditors of the house of Ballantyne & Co., as well as his own private creditors, received large dividends during his life, and at his death received payment in full from the proceeds of some policies of insurance on his life, the premiums on which he had regularly paid, and from the sale of some of his copyrights."

Friends came to him with offers of assistance. The banks, his principal creditors, were kind and forbearing. Mr. Cadell, who saw the basis of future fortune in the Scott copyrights, was afraid of the evil to arise from their forced and hasty sale. As for Scott himself, he had made up his mind that he had seen Abbotsford for the last time, and, in a spasm of mental agony, wrote down, "My poor people, whom I loved so well!" But his work went steadily on in Edinburgh, with scarcely an intermission for exercise or conversation.

Several of Sir Walter's letters to Laidlaw, his factor, at this time, not given by Mr. Lockhart, convey the facts very clearly. "My present occupations completed," he wrote, "will enable me to lay down, in the course of the summer, at least twenty thousand pounds of good cash ; which, if things had remained sound among the booksellers, would have put me on velvet. The probable result being that we must be accommodated with the delay necessary, our plan is to sell the house and furniture in Castle Street, and Lady S. and Anne to come to Abbotsford with a view of economizing, while I take lodgings in Edinburgh, and work hard till the session permits me to come out. All our farming operations must, of course, be stopped so soon as they can with least possible loss, and stock, &c., disposed of. In short, every thing must be done to avoid outlay. At the same time, there can be no want of comfort. I must keep Peter and the horses for Lady Scott's sake, though I make sacrifices in my own case." After a few minor details (including "As for Tom [Purdie], he and I must go to the grave together"), Sir Walter, from a full and tender heart, added, "For you, my dear friend, we must part, — that is, as laird and factor ; and it rejoices me to think that your patience and endurance, which set me so good an example, are like to bring round better days. You never flattered my prosperity ; and, in my adversity, it is not the least painful consideration that I cannot any longer be useful to you. But Kaeside, I hope, will still be your residence ; and I will have the advantage of your company and advice, and probably your services as amanuensis. Observe, I am not in indigence, though no longer in affluence : and, if I am to exert myself in the common behalf, I must have honorable and easy means of life, although it will be my inclination to observe the most strict privacy, both to save expense and also time ; nor do we propose to see

any one but yourself and the Fergussons." The old sanguine hopes rebloomed: "Three or four years of my favor with the public, if my health and life permit, will make me better off than ever I have been in my life." He concluded, "Lady Scott's spirits were affected at first; but she is getting better. For myself, I feel like the Eildon Hills, — quite firm, though a little cloudy. I do not dislike the path which lies before me. I have seen all that society can show, and enjoyed all that wealth can give me; and I am satisfied much is vanity, if not vexation of spirit. I am arranging my affairs, and mean to economize a good deal; and I will pay every man his due."

Laidlaw, who saw the family at Edinburgh, wrote, "Miss Scott does not seem to be quite aware or sensible of any thing but that they are to reside in retirement at Abbotsford. Lady Scott is rather unwilling to believe it, and does not see the necessity of such complete retrenchment as Sir Walter tells her is absolutely necessary. I have dined three times there; and there is not much difference in their manner. Sir Walter is often merry; and so are they all, but, oftener still, silent. I think, that, if they were a week or two at Abbotsford, they would be more happy than they have been for many a day. I am sure that this would be the case with Sir Walter; for the weight of such an immense system of bills sent for his signature every now and then would be off his mind. I heard to-day that the Duke of Somerset and another English nobleman have written to Sir Walter, offering him thirty thousand pounds each, which he has firmly refused; and it is reported that the young Duke of Buccleuch has written him, offering to take the whole loss on himself, and to pay the interest of Sir Walter's debt until he comes of age." This is the nobleman properly selected to preside at the centenary cele-

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bration in Edinburgh.* Three gentlemen were appointed trustees, — two on the part of the banks, and Mr. Gibson, upon whom the chief labor devolved, on the part of Sir Walter Scott, who had resolved to devote his future works, as well as those then in progress, to pay all the creditors in full. When any doubt was expressed of his ability to perform this herculean task, he would quote his favorite Spanish proverb.

The house in Castle Street, which Scott owned and had so long inhabited, was sold by the trustees, and the furniture disposed of by auction. Sir Walter begged Mr. Gibson to buy in for him a painting of the Cave of Staffa, given to him by the *laird*; and "another trifling thing in the dressing-room, a mahogany thing which is called a *cat*, with a number of legs, so that, turning which way it will, it stands upright." He adds, "It was my mother's, and she used to have the toast set on it before the fire; and it is not worth five shillings of any one's money." Picture and cat, humbly representing friendship and filial affection, were secured, and are now in Abbotsford.

"Woodstock," completed about this time, and nearly printed off, was placed in the hands of the trustees, and sold to Longman & Co. of London. Ballantyne, who had seen it through the press, with his usual keen criticism, thought that some of the tricks were too much in the manner of Mrs. Radcliff's, but highly commended the work as a whole. Constable's assignees claimed, that, as bills of the late publishers had been given for "Woodstock" and "The Life of Napoleon," both belonged to them: and they also claimed the unwritten novels, for which Consta-

* In Scott's diary is this entry: "A most generous letter (though not more so than I expected) from Walter and Jane, offering to interpose with their fortune, &c. God Almighty forbid! That were too unnatural for me to accept, though dutiful and affectionate in them to offer."

ble & Co. had given acceptances ; but it was successfully argued that payment in worthless paper was no payment at all, and that there was no mode of compelling a man to give them a novel not yet composed. The case was legally decided in favor of Scott ; and the sale proceeds of " Woodstock," which was published in June, 1826, enabled the trustees to pay a first dividend to the creditors.

Before this occurred, Sir Walter sustained a heavy loss. Lady Scott, who left Edinburgh for Abbotsford in March, had been troubled with asthmatic complaints for two years, which finally terminated in hydropsy, the medicine for which was digitalis. She sank slowly and painlessly ; her mind, like her husband's, sadly affected by the incurable decline of their little grandson. She had intervals in which her system appeared to rally ; and, at all times, was serene and composed. Scott had to leave her for a short time to attend in his place in the Court of Session, and, though he saw that recovery was hopeless, did not think that death was near. In a few days he received news that all was over, and hastened to Abbotsford. He has recorded in his diary the deep emotion and sorrow created by the loss of his beloved companion of twenty-nine years. She died aged about fifty-one : Sir Walter was four years older. His younger daughter Anne alone was with him ; but his sons arrived in time for the interment in Dryburgh Abbey. A day or two after, when he was again alone, he wrote, " The solitude seemed so absolute ! My poor Charlotte would have been in the room half a score of times to see if the fire burned, and to ask a hundred kind questions."

Solitary and sad, still the endless work had to proceed, — articles for " The Quarterly Reviews " and " Blackwood's Magazine ; " " Napoleon " continued ; and " The Chronicles of the Canongate," now commenced.

"Woodstock" was well received. The tricks in the old Manor House are clumsy contrivances, but Cromwell and Charles the Second are placed in strong contrast; Sir Henry Lee is a noble old gentleman; Alice Lee was probably drawn from gentle and loving Anne Scott; and surely Bevis was a loving master's recollection of that noble dog Maida. Mr. Gibson has recorded that Messrs. Longman paid nine thousand five hundred pounds for nine thousand eight hundred and fifty copies of "Woodstock," which included printing and paper, and constituted the first edition. The ultimate copyright was retained, as also in all subsequent cases, and has yielded productive returns in the collective editions of Scott's works.

Mr. Robert Cadell's family connection with Mr. Constable had terminated in 1825, when his business connection was broken by the bankruptcy; and now he entered into business on his own account as publisher, and succeeded in placing Sir Walter Scott upon his clientage, chiefly in gratitude for his having given a timely hint in the dark days of January, which had probably prevented him from losing twenty thousand pounds more by becoming guarantee for that amount in favor of Constable. *He*, too, was trying to re-establish himself in business. Ballantyne, continued by his creditors as editor of the newspaper, and literary manager of the printing-office (which bears his name to this day, and is a prosperous concern), followed the example of his chief, and reduced his domestic establishment and expenses. There never passed an unkind word from Scott to Ballantyne. After the sale of his house, Scott lived in Edinburgh only during the official terms.

In Abbotsford, in the summer, some of the old friends often dropped in. Capt. Hamilton (author of "Cyril Thornton") then occupied Chiefswood, and was a new and good neighbor. The history steadily went

on. The intended *two* seemed likely to reach *seven* volumes ; but the work finally appeared in *nine*. At this time, when every hour was of importance to him, Sir Walter was appointed a member of a Royal Commission to inquire into the Scottish Universities ; an unpaid office, conferred by the Government as a high personal compliment.

It became necessary that he should visit London to examine the papers in the Colonial Office about Bonaparte's captivity in St. Helena ; and an inducement to visit Paris was a promise from Pozzo di Borgo, Russian minister there, to communicate some particulars of the early life of his great Corsican countryman. His reception in both capitals was triumphal. He may not have much increased his stock of materials ; and, indeed, four volumes of "The Life of Napoleon" were not only written, but printed, before he left home : but the change of scene and of society gave a wholesome fillip to him ; for, in solitude and sadness,

"The mind, o'erwrought,
Preys on itself, and is devoured by thought."

Accompanied by Miss Anne Scott, they reached London in the middle of October.

Besides spending a couple of days with George IV. at Windsor, where his welcome was gracious, and even warm, Sir Walter freely circulated in London as usual.

"Quentin Durward," which created a race of historical novelists in France, had made his name well-known in Parisian society. He saw a number of eminent personages in the French capital, gayer then than it has a prospect of being for some time ; and was taken to see the chief public buildings and institutions. One evening at the theatre, by some chance, a version of "Ivanhoe" was performed, —

superbly got up, with a crowd of soldiers, in helmets and hauberks of mail, instead of the little army of half a dozen ill-dressed "sticks" indigenous to the English and American stage. Charles X., whom Sir Walter had often seen in his exile when he lived in Holyrood House, gave him a few kind words *en passant*. Four years after, he was again an exile, and in Holyrood as before! Cooper, the American novelist, was one of Sir Walter's new acquaintances at Paris; but the two authors do not appear to have taken very kindly to each other. Scott also met his old friend William Robert Spencer, once the poet of fashion, rather than the fashionable poet, in London, crushed, like himself, by the panic of 1825, and living how he could in Paris, where he had once flourished almost *en prince*!

In this visit to Paris of seven or eight days, Sir Walter had little time or opportunity for collecting information. In London he was more fortunate; for he was shown the documents he required in the Colonial Office and the Admiralty. The Duke of Wellington presented him with "a bundle of remarks on Bonaparte's Russian campaign, written in his carriage during his late mission to St. Petersburg, and furiously scrawled." Sir Walter gave his last sitting to Sir Thomas Lawrence for the portrait which George IV. placed in Windsor Castle. By the end of November, he was home to resume his official duties.

It being impossible to leave his daughter by herself at Abbotsford, she now lived with him in a furnished house in Walker Street which he had taken. In his tour, he had received rheumatism into his system from the dampness of French beds; his lameness, always aggravated by bodily ailment, had painfully increased; his daily exercise was gradually diminished to a walk to the Court of Session and

back; and hence the sluggishness of his circulation induced chilblains, which so much affected his fingers, that his writing became almost illegible. His Saturday visits to Abbotsford were nearly suspended: he could not spare the time. The year 1826, however, was welcomed out, if I so may say, in the stately hall which he had raised; and he saw a few friends, — not in the old grand style, but with the old good welcome. Here too, not being able to proceed with his “Napoleon” for want of the numerous and bulky authorities, he paid up his arrears of correspondence. He could not keep up with the world, he said, “without shying a letter now and then.”

No evil is without some alleviation; and this was Scott’s experience now. He had no pecuniary provisions to embarrass him; he was freed from many public duties forced upon him as a man of consideration; and was relieved from the expense of a great hospitality, and the waste of time connected with it.

How hard he worked at this time may be judged from the fact, that he had written a volume of “Woodstock” in *fifteen* days, including attendance in court, and some days’ idleness to let imagination brood on the task a little; and thought, that, for a bet, he could have done it in *ten*. “A volume at the cheapest,” he calculated, “is worth a thousand pounds. This is working at the rate of twenty-four thousand pounds per annum.” The day-dream of Alnaschar, in “The Arabian Nights,” was akin to this.

Early in 1826, important debates took place in the British Parliament on the monetary system, or want of system, which had caused the panic of 1825; and the Government introduced a measure prohibiting any bank from issuing notes of less value than five pounds, and preventing private banks from issuing their own notes as money. This did not extend to Ireland. There arose in Scotland — where very little specie has

at any time been in circulation, small notes being universally circulated — a general feeling of resistance, which might be called insurrectionary. On one hand, the banks saw a future diminution of business and profits; on the other, merchants and traders of all degrees saw a future of limited monetary accommodation. Sir Walter went to the rescue, and wrote three letters of "Malachi Malagrowther," first published in Ballantyne's paper, and then in a pamphlet by Blackwood. They expressed the unanimous feeling of Scotland, and were acutely and promptly answered by Mr. J. W. Croker, Secretary of the Admiralty, in the government organ in London. The end was, that the Scotch banks were not meddled with, and thereby a heavy blow at Scottish trade was warded off. Scotland acknowledged that it was her great master of fiction who had thus successfully arrayed facts, figures, and argument against an unwarrantable interference with the safe banking system under which her sons had so well thriven. Scotland, methinks, might then have done honor to herself by presenting her gifted son and champion with some substantial mark of gratitude.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Large Profits of Scott's Authorship. — Cost of Abbotsford. — Description of the Mansion. — Ancient Relics. — Portico. Hall, Drawing-Room. Dining-Room. Armory. Library, Study, Breakfast-Parlor. — Portraits. Relics. and Curiosities. — Ways of the House. — Mr. Cadell clears off the Debts. — Present Ownership. — Miss Mary Morrice Hope-Scott. — Heir Presumptive.

1826.

THE question may be asked, “By what enchantment did Walter Scott, born to no inheritance, and who all but failed in the profession to which he belonged, — for his official appointments came to him entirely through the favor and patronage of powerful friends, — purchase the land and build the mansion of Abbotsford?” Moore — who was always in difficulties, getting money in advance from his publishers, and more than once compelled to stay at a nobleman's house some days over the time he was invited for, because he had no cash to pay for the carriage which was to take him away — must have looked with admiration at “the outward and visible signs” of Scott's prosperity. His joint expenditure in Edinburgh and Abbotsford cannot have been less than ten thousand pounds a year. From his two public offices, and the interest upon property inherited by himself and wife (she had over twenty thousand pounds on the death of her brother in India), he had a large certain income, independent of the proceeds of his authorship.

Mr. William Howitt, an author who once was a

publisher, has calculated pretty closely the aggregate amount realized to Sir Walter Scott by his writings:—

“He made about fifteen thousand pounds by his poetry; but by his prose he made by a single work his five thousand pounds, his ten thousand pounds, his twelve thousand pounds. His facility was equal to his success. It was no long and laborious task to complete one of these truly golden volumes: they were thrown off as fast as he could write; and, in three months, a novel worth eight or ten thousand pounds in the market was finished.” The calculation by author and publishers was, that Scott cleared four hundred pounds by each thousand copies. Therefore, as there were fifty-one thousand copies of “Waverley” sold when Lockhart published the “Life” in 1836, this work alone produced twenty thousand pounds to the author; “Rob Roy” and “Guy Mannering” being still more profitable. Sixty-five thousand pounds by these three works alone! Then there were the “Napoleon;” twelve volumes of “Tales of a Grandfather,” very popular,—this epitome of Scottish history being a text-book in the Scottish schools; fifteen hundred pounds for a history of Scotland for Lardner’s “Cabinet Cyclopædia;” editions of Dryden and Swift; “Demonology and Witchcraft” for “The Family Library;” “Paul’s Letters to his Kinsfolk;” three hundred pounds for three essays for “The Encyclopædia Britannica;” five hundred pounds for a semi-German drama written at the beginning of his career; one thousand pounds for a dramatic sketch written in two mornings; thirty-five articles for the “Edinburgh,” “Quarterly,” and “Foreign Quarterly” Reviews,—paid fifty pounds for each, at the lowest estimate. The amount actually received by Scott himself cannot have been less than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Set against this the cases of Lord Byron, who thought his publisher very liberal, and received fifteen thousand pounds from him during his brilliant career; and Moore, who in forty years made an aggregate of about thirty-five thousand pounds, including five hundred pounds a year which Mr. Power of London paid him for his songs. When Scott, poet and romancist, found that the purse of Fortunatus was in his hand, his imagination revelled in the dream of obtaining an estate, building a castle, and founding a titled family which should rank among the ennobled Scotts of the border (Buccleugh, Montagu, and Polwarth), with whom he

“ Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed.”

When I visited Abbotsford, for the first and last time, thirty years ago, permitted through Mr. Cadell's kindness to employ two days in seeing every thing, an estimate of the cost of the estate and mansion was put into my hand, with the assurance that it was correct. I have compared it with the amounts mentioned in Lockhart's book as paid for several of these purchases, and the sums agree. Here is the list:—

Abbotsford, or Clarty Hole	£4,000
Kaeside	4,100
Outfield of Toftfield	6,000
Toftfield and Parks	10,000
Abbotslee	3,000
Field at Langside	500
Shearing Flat	3,500
Broomieles	4,200
Short Acres and Scrabtree Park	700
Planting, draining, &c.	5,000
House and Garden	30,000
Total	£71,000

If this money had been invested in the Funds at three per cent, it would have yielded a clear income of over two thousand pounds per annum. When I was at Abbotsford, in 1840, the rental of the estate was not seven hundred pounds, — about *one* per cent on the money expended. Since then, the growth of the trees, allowing sales of timber and bark, may have increased the income to a thousand pounds a year. Land and building were not profitable to Scott; but he had his hobby like most men, and it was costly.

The greatest practical romance of Scott's life was the improvement of the almost sterile soil, and the construction of the quaint, picturesque edifice, as much castle as mansion, of Abbotsford. The most fascinating scheme among all the wild dreams of his fancy, it has been said, was to purchase lands; to raise himself a fairy castle; to become, not the minstrel of a lord, as were many of those of old, but a minstrel-lord himself. The practical romance grew. On the banks of the Tweed then began to rise the fairy castle. Quaint and beautiful as one of his descriptions it arose: lands were added to lands, over hill and dale spread the dark embossment of future woods, and Abbotsford began to be spoken of far and wide. The poet had chosen his seat in the midst of the very land of ancient poetry itself. Every man of any note called him friend. The most splendid equipages crowded the way towards his house; the feast was spread continually as if it were the feast of a king; while on the balcony, ranging along the whole front, stalked to and fro, in his tartans, the wild piper. Arms and armor were ranged along the walls and galleries of his hall. There were portraits of the most noted persons who had figured in his lays and stories, — as of Claverhouse, Monmouth, the Pretender, the severed head of the Queen of Scots;

with those of brother-poets, — Dryden, Thomson, Prior, and Gay. There were the escutcheons of all the great clan-chieftains blazoned round the ceiling of his hall, and swords, daggers, pistols, and instruments of torture, from the times and scenes he had celebrated.

The mansion, as regards its architecture, is a mixture of the castellated, Gothic, and domestic. It occupies considerable ground, but is deficient in massiveness and loftiness. If you expect a great castle, you will be disappointed. It resembles more than any thing else an old French château, with its miniature towers and small windows grafted upon an Elizabethan mansion. On a castellated gateway is hung an iron collar (Scotticé, “the jugs”), used for holding culprits by the neck, brought from Thrieve Castle, the ancient seat of the Douglasses, in Galloway. Within is the house, with portico, bay windows of painted glass, battlemented gables, and turrets. There is a good deal of carved work on the corbels and escutcheons; and through a light screen of freestone, finely carved and arched, the garden and greenhouse may be seen. On all sides, except towards the river, the house connects itself with the garden, — according to an old picturesque fashion. The house, built of the dark whinstone of the district, with sandstone doorways, windows, and cornices, has not a very new appearance. On the right hand of the portico is a carved image of Scott’s favorite dog Maida; on the other, a Gothic fountain from the old Cross of Edinburgh. A square tower is ascended by steps from the outside: at the other end is a round tower covered with ivy, on which the flag-staff stands. The house is over a hundred and fifty feet long in front, and its walls abound in heraldic and other carvings. The porch is copied from the old ruined palace of Linlithgow. I should say that there

is an outside gallery, through which John of Skye, the piper, used to strut, playing Scotch airs, during dinner.

The porch, upon which gigantic stag's horns are fastened, opens into a fine hall, forty feet long and twenty feet wide and high, which is lined with dark oak wainscot, richly carved, which, as Scott said, was "a haul from the old Abbey of Dumferline," presented to him by the magistrates and the elders of the parish. The ceiling is a series of arches, also of carved oak, with an armorial shield, emblazoned in colors and metals, upon the centre of each beam. There are sixteen of these shields, displaying the arms of Scott's family,—three or four of which are blank, the poet not being able to trace the maternal as high as the paternal line. Around the cornice are two rows of escutcheons, bearing the arms of thirty to forty of the old chieftains of the Border. A running inscription all round, in black-letter, reads thus: "These be the Coat Arms of the Clannis and Chief Men of name wha keepit the marchys of Scotland in the auld time for the Kynge. Trewe were they in their tyme, and in their defence God them defendit." There are from thirty to forty shields thus distinguished, every name having figured in "The Border Minstrelsy." Over and round a doorway are the shields of Scott's particular personal friends. The room is crowded with curiosities, — ancient armor, cuirasses and eagles from Waterloo, helmets and spurs, swords with a history to each, Indian chain mail, and massive chairs from Scone Palace.

The other show-apartments are the drawing-room, dining-room, breakfast-room, armory, library, and study. Raeburn's portrait of Scott (sitting by a ruined wall with two dogs) is in the drawing-room,—dark, as all that artist's pictures are, but a good likeness, though the original was a fair man,

with sandy hair. Lady Scott's portrait is also there. Mr. Hawthorne was struck with it, and says it shows "a brunette, with black hair and eyes, very pretty, warm, vivacious, and un-English in her aspect."

The dining-room, a plain, well-proportioned apartment, contains a number of historical portraits, the most remarkable of which represent Lord Essex, the Parliamentary general; Nell Gwynne, still lovelier than that in Hampton-Court Palace by Lely; Thomson and Dryden; Oliver Cromwell when young; the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, his mother, and wife; Charles the Twelfth of Sweden; Sir Walter Raleigh; the wives of Charles I. and James II.; Prior and Gay, by Jervas; Hogarth, by himself; and Old Beardie, one of the Scotts who allowed his beard to grow after the "martyrdom" of Charles the First. In this room, also, is what Mrs. Hemans, who saw Abbotsford in 1827, characterized as "a sad, *fearful* picture of Queen Mary." It was painted by Amias Cawood, on the day after the decapitation, in the hall of Fotheringay Castle, which took place on the eighth day of February, 1587; and was presented to Sir Walter by a Prussian nobleman, whose family had possessed it for two centuries. It is "a most death-like performance," resembling the coins, but not the portraits, of Mary Stuart. The head is on a charger; and a good deal of black hair falls in masses around the neck, so as to conceal not entirely the manner of the death. In his "English Note-Books," speaking of the pictures at Abbotsford, Mr. Hawthorne says, "The one that struck me most, and very much indeed, was the head of Mary, Queen of Scots, literally with the head cut off, and lying in a dish. The hair curls or flows all about it: the face is of a death-like hue, but has an expression of quiet after much pain and trouble,—very beautiful, very sweet and sad; and it affected me strongly with the horror

and strangeness of such a head being severed from the body. Methinks I should not like to have it always in the room with me." This portrait does not in the slightest degree realize the startling and painful description of Mary's execution given in Froude's "History of England." He tells how, after the second blow, "at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off, and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head as usual to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman." In fact, she was only forty-four years old; but care had aged her. No doubt the ladies who attended her, — Elizabeth Kennedy, and Barbara Mowbray, wife of her Secretary Curle, — and who prepared her corpse for interment, replaced the flowing hair. They could easily have done so, inasmuch as her recently-published wardrobe-accounts show that her Majesty possessed over one hundred perukes of various hues and fashions!

The dining-room, when fully lighted, presented a magnificent appearance. From the ceiling hung a large and handsome chandelier, which had formerly adorned some stately palace. The rule, when dinner was served in this apartment, — which rarely occurred unless more than six or eight partook of it, — was, in spring and autumn, to light this lustre beforehand, though invisibly. On the approach of darkness, instead of the usual interruption and parade of having wax-candles brought in, a single touch outside would produce a full and sudden blaze of light from the oil-gas made on the premises, which could be moderated to any degree, and made the scene brilliant beyond description. The ordinary

family-dinner was usually served in the breakfast-parlor with less state and more snugness. In social intercourse, Scott did much fancy the "halls where comfort dies in vastness." Except on state occasions, Sir Walter imitated the example of Napoleon, and did not sit long at table. The custom was to adjourn to the library, where conversation, alternated by Scotch songs from his daughters, made the time rapidly pass on. There was always supper about ten; soon after which the party broke up for the night.

The armory is a narrow, low-arched room, lighted by a blazoned window, and crowded with curiosities like a museum. Chief among these are Roman spears discovered in the neighborhood; matchlocks of the fifteenth century; Queen Mary's offering-box, — a small iron coffer, found in Holyrood House; the rifle of Hofer, the Tyrolean patriot, presented by his widow to Sir Humphry Davy, and given by him to Scott; the old wooden lock of the Tolbooth of Selkirk; the purse of Rob Roy (with pistol inserted in the lock, as described in the novel), and his gun, with the initials R.M.C. (Robert Macgregor Campbell) engraved round the touch-hole; the sword of Charles I., presented by him to the Marquis of Montrose; and the pistols of Napoleon, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo. There also are some swords of German executioners; the iron crown of the martyr Wishart; the pistols of Claverhouse, all of steel, and inlaid with silver; thumbkins and the "boots" with which the Covenanters were tortured, as described in "Old Mortality;" and the two great keys of the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, found after the burning of the doors by the mob who seized and hung Capt. Porteus, the incident upon which much of the interest of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian" turns. There was a modern Scottish claymore, in a magnificent silver sheath, presented to Sir Walter, either by the City of Edinburgh

or the Highland Chieftains, for his successful exertions during the royal visit in 1822. Mrs. Hemans was struck with the number, variety, and personal as well as historical interest of the swords in this armory, which Sir Walter took pleasure in exhibiting to her. "Oh the bright swords!" she said in one of her letters. "I must not forget to tell you how I sat like Minna in 'The Pirate' (though *she* stood or moved, I believe, the very 'queen of swords'). I have the strongest love for the flash of glittering steel: and Sir Walter brought out I know not how many gallant blades to show me,—one which had fought at Killiecrankie; and one which had belonged to the young Prince Henry, James the First's son, and which looked of as noble a race and temper as that with which Cœur de Lion severed the block of steel in Saladin's tent."

The library, lighted by windows looking out upon the Tweed, contains over fifty thousand volumes,—many upon Scottish history, magic, and antiquities. Over the fireplace is Sir William Allan's full-length portrait of the poet's eldest son. The copy of the Stratford monumental bust of Shakspeare presented by Mr. Bullock (as I shall presently more particularly mention), also Chantrey's marble bust of Sir Walter, and one of Wordsworth, are there. The silver urn presented by Lord Byron stands on a porphyry table. There are a set of beautiful ebony chairs, which, with a corresponding cabinet in the drawing-room, were presented by George IV. Two boxwood chairs, exquisitely carved, brought from Italy, and once belonging to some ancient cardinal, were gifts from Constable.

Sir Walter's study, or writing-room, contains books of reference; and, by a staircase in one of the towers, there was access to his bedroom. In a closet attached to this study are arranged his uniforms as

yeomanry-officer and member of the Celtic Society, and the last suit he ever wore, — a bottle-green coat, plaid waistcoat of small pattern, gray plaid trousers, and white hat. “Near these,” Mr. Howitt adds, “hang his walking-stick and his boots and walking-shoes.” In the winter, he usually wore a shepherd’s large woollen bonnet, with a *boss* or cut-down tassel in the centre of the crown. There is also on the chimney-piece a German light-machine, which did not often work well, and was placed on the retired list; the old-fashioned steel and flint (this was before friction-matches were invented) being employed to strike a light on each morning when he wished to light his own fire.

In the study, which really was the author’s workshop, there is only a simple table, upon which still remains the massive silver inkstand always used by Scott, and constantly kept clear of ink-stains, almost as bright as if it were a recent acquisition. Sir Walter was neat, even methodical, in his habits, and eschewed all literary litter. He kept his papers in most exact and regular order, each document duly inscribed with its date and the name of its writer or subject, and professionally tied with red tape. He was careful, even particular, with his books, — the majority, which he considered worth the honor and cost, being handsomely bound and lettered; and, almost every summer, he had a handy book-binder at Abbotsford, who made necessary repairs, re-touching the gilding, and re-pasting the loosening title-labels. When he lent a book out of the house, — which was seldom, — he took a piece of wood the size of the volume, quarto, octavo, duodecimo, as the case might be; pasted on one of the edges a slip of paper, on which were written the title of the work, borrower’s name, and place of abode, date of lending, and day on which it ought to be returned; and put this upon the shelf

in the place whence the book had been removed ; and there it stood, a record and a reminder, until the volume was returned.

This was a great check upon borrowing, and may be advantageously applied in any latitude. There are only two chairs in Sir Walter's study, one of which has a sort of historical reputation. It was a present from Mr. Train, already mentioned, who may be said to have devoted himself to Scott in many ways. Robroyston, in the county of Sterling, was the house in which Sir William Wallace was betrayed to the English by Monteith of Ruskie. The walls alone remained, in which some butts of the rafters were visible when Mr. Train visited the place. As the ruin was about to be removed, Mr. Train purchased these remnants, and had a chair of antique fashion, after the model of one in Hamilton Palace, made out of the sound parts of the wood, which, being as hard as bone, was covered with emblematic carvings ; and a brass plate is inserted, bearing an appropriate inscription, with the donor's and receiver's names. How highly Scott valued it may be judged from his having placed it in his own private room. This is connected, of course, with the library. In the breakfast-parlor, when there were few or no visitors, Sir Walter often read : it contained a pyramidically-shaped handy table, with room for many books to lie open upon it at once, and turning upon a pivot. There were books here also for lighter reading. It need scarcely be said that the number of presentation-copies received at Abbotsford was very great. It was said, that, when Scott got a book from an unknown author, he acknowledged it at once before reading it, and thus evaded any allusion to its contents. Frequently, after perusal, he would write at length to the author, giving his own views upon the subject, and usually complimenting him ;

but he would not commend a work unless he thought it was well designed or well executed. He liked to encourage young writers if he could. After Lady Scott's death, in 1826, Miss Anne Scott, the second daughter, had charge of the domestic *ménage*, and quietly introduced a more orderly system into the household than had previously existed. She devoted herself to her father; and he always appreciated her care and affection. Almost always, at Abbotsford, she joined him at breakfast; if not, disdaining the proxy service of any "neat-handed Phillis," he made breakfast himself, and then went back into his study and resumed writing. In this cheerful breakfast-parlor — most things at Abbotsford are left as *he* had left them — is a series of beautiful water-color drawings, made by Turner, the great landscape-painter, and other eminent English artists, to illustrate the Provincial Antiquities of Scotland, and presented by the publishers to Sir Walter Scott, who had edited that attractive work. Over the fire-place is a large oil-painting by Rev. John Thompson of Duddingston, the subject being Fast Castle, which is popularly supposed to have been the Wolf's Craig so well described in "The Bride of Lammermoor." There is also a bust of Henry Mackenzie.

In Abbotsford, one special accommodation was provided, which is rarely to be found in country-houses, whether of high or low degree. The bed-rooms were numerous, and generally the reverse of spacious; but there was a Bible upon every bureau, a tolerably well-filled book-shelf, and a writing-table, well supplied with paper, good pens, constantly-replenished ink-stands, and red and black sealing-wax. Every table in the recesses of the noble library was supplied in a similar manner. Elsewhere, as many of my readers may have experienced, many a letter is unwritten by visitors in large mansions from the difficulty of

obtaining even an ink-bottle. So those who knew the ways of Abbotsford had no occasion to hunt for tinder-box and taper; for most of the bed-rooms were lighted with oil-gas, which was lighted at dusk, though at so low a degree, that, unless the stop-cock were touched, the consumption was exceedingly small, and the flame scarcely perceptible.

I hope that I have not too tediously described the more noticeable points of Abbotsford; but considering the time and labor which Sir Walter Scott bestowed upon its construction and embellishment, — putting it together, one might say, as if he were building up a romance, — and the fearful price he paid for it, I could not pass it by with mere mention. The man was identified with his dwelling; and we can well understand Miss Edgeworth's quick appreciation of this, when, as he received her at the arch which gave admittance, she exclaimed, "Every thing about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream!" Mr. Hawthorne, though Abbotsford impressed him, "not as a real house, intended for the home of human beings, — a house to die in and be born in, — but as a plaything, something in the same category as Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill," says, "In a certain way, however, I understand his romances the better for having seen his house, and his house the better for having read his romances. They throw light on one another."

My sketch of Abbotsford may properly conclude with a brief account of its present ownership and occupancy.

Sir Walter Scott's anxious desire was fulfilled. Land and mansion which he left are the property of his great-granddaughter, Miss Morrice Hope-Scott, born in 1852, now nineteen years old. In 1832–33, after Sir Walter's death, his son-in-law and executors, taking counsel together, ascertained that fifty-four

thousand pounds of the debt remained unpaid. A life-insurance for twenty-two thousand pounds, and some money in the hands of the trustees, reduced this to thirty thousand pounds. Mr. Robert Cadell, Scott's publisher and friend, advanced this large sum, simply on being allowed the profits to be derived from Sir Walter's copyrights and literary remains until this advance was paid off. But, besides the above commercial debt, there was a further liability for ten thousand pounds more, which Scott had raised by a mortgage upon Abbotsford, to sustain Constable, in December, 1825. The library, furniture, plate, curiosities, antiquities, &c., which the creditors had handsomely presented to Scott at Christmas, 1830, in acknowledgment of the wonderful and successful efforts he had made for *them*, had been bequeathed to his son, the second Sir Walter Scott, burthened with a payment of five thousand pounds, for his younger children, Anne and Charles. It was a condition of Sir Walter's will that the Abbotsford mortgage should be "lifted," by the profit of his literary property, whenever the commercial debts were discharged, and that whatever remained should be divided equally among his four children. There also was a subscription in London to raise a fund for the preservation of Abbotsford in the family of its illustrious founder. I have the "second London list" before me, commencing with, "Amount already advertised, £3,064. 9s." This second list contains over £1,100 more. On the whole, nearly £8,000 was thus raised to pay the debt on the library and museum, — the balance to go towards the mortgage on the estate. In 1839, the second Sir Walter Scott had to go to India in command of his cavalry regiment, and died on his return to England in 1847. It appeared, then, that notwithstanding the large sale of his father's writings, though the creditors had all been paid off by means of Mr.

Cadell's liberal advance in February, 1833, much of this loan and part of the old debt on the estate remained unpaid. At this time (1847), Charles Scott and his two sisters (Mrs. Lockhart and Anne Scott) also were dead. There remained two grand-children of Sir Walter's, — Walter Scott Lockhart, his actual lineal descendant and successor; and Charlotte Lockhart, who, in August, 1847, married Mr. James Robert Hope, barrister (now Queen's counsel), who, taking the poet's name, is now Mr. J. Hope-Scott.

Mr. Cadell offered to cancel his own large claim, and pay off the mortgage, on condition that Sir Walter's share in the copyrights should be transferred to himself, possessor of the other moiety. This was done; and in May, 1847, the estate and house of Abbotsford, free of encumbrance, passed into the proprietorship of Cornet Lockhart. On his death, unmarried, his rights were inherited by his sister, Mrs. Hope-Scott. On her death, her only daughter, Mary Morrice Hope-Scott, became possessed of Abbotsford. The estate is administered by her father, who, having become a Roman Catholic since his second marriage, in 1861, to Lady Victoria Howard, has brought his daughter up in that faith, and erected a Catholic chapel as an addition to the mansion of Abbotsford. In the event of Miss Hope-Scott's marriage, her husband must take the name of Scott. Should she die without issue, the property — but not the baronetcy, which was limited to "heirs male of his body lawfully begotten" — will descend to Sir Walter's nephews, sons of his elder brother, Major Thomas Scott, who died in Canada in 1823. The eldest of these has resided in the United States for many years.

It is gratifying to record that Mr. Cadell did not finally lose by his generous consideration for the heirs of Abbotsford. He cleared off all the debts, and

died rich ; having, before his death in 1849, disposed of his interest in the copyrights to Adam & C. Black, the well-known Edinburgh publishers, who have given Scott's works a more extensive circulation than they ever had received in their author's lifetime. .

CHAPTER XXV.

Authorship of "Waverley" acknowledged.—Thirty-five in the Secret.—
"Life of Napoleon" published.—Affair with Gen. Gourgaud.—Compliments from Goethe.—"Chronicles of the Canongate."—"Waverley" Copyrights.—Scott's Religious Discourses.—Greenshields the Sculptor.—Opus Magnum.—"Fair Maid of Perth."—"Anne of Geierstein."—William Laidlaw.—"Tales of a Grandfather."—"Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft."

1827—1830.

ON the 23d of February, 1827, a confession was publicly made, which was noticed, I suppose, not alone in Great Britain, across the Atlantic, and in the greater Britain of the United States and the Colonies, wherever the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken and read, but in every civilized country where a newspaper was published.

A charitable fund established by Mr. Murray, manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, in behalf of decayed performers, was about being introduced to the world by a public dinner. Douglas Jerrold, it may be remembered, said, that, if London were overthrown by an earthquake, the survivors would assemble next day among the ruins, and have a dinner to celebrate the catastrophe, or their own escape. Sir Walter Scott was requested to preside at the first dinner in aid of this fund; the custom "across the water" being, after appeals from the chairman and other well-known or noted speakers, to call upon the guests to contribute. This is so general a practice, that he who pays a guinea for his dinner-ticket knows that it carries with it an understanding that an equal amount,

at least, shall be subscribed for the charity when the list goes round.

Sir Walter Scott, though to a great extent retired from notice in Edinburgh since the cloud had obscured his fortunes, consented to take the chair, because he had a great liking for the drama, and great sympathy for all in want. The dinner took place on the 23d of February; and Lord Meadowbank, a Scotch judge, and one of Scott's oldest friends, took him aside in the ante-room, and asked him whether he would object to a distinct and discreet reference to the authorship of the Waverley novels? It had, in fact, ceased to be a secret after the creditors' inspection of the account-books of Constable and Scott. "Do just as you like: only don't say much about so old a story."

So authorized, Lord Meadowbank, in the course of the evening, proposed the health of the author of "Waverley." Long before the judge had ceased speaking, the company had got upon chairs and tables (for, on occasion, the grave Scotch become enthusiastic beyond all idea of those who have not witnessed such demonstrations); but, when he finally identified "the Great Unknown" with Sir Walter Scott, then before them a most remarkable excitement arose. When it had at last subsided, Sir Walter made this reply:—

"I certainly did not think, in coming here to-day, that I should have the task of acknowledging, before three hundred gentlemen, a secret, which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, has been remarkably well kept. I am now at the bar of my country, and may be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; and so quietly did all who were *airt and pairt* conduct themselves, that I am sure, that, were the *panel* now to stand on his defence, every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of '*Not proven.*' I am willing, however, to plead *guilty*; nor shall I detain the Court by a long explanation why my confession has been so long deferred. Perhaps

caprice might have a considerable share in the matter. I have now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, are all entirely imputable to myself. Like another Scottish criminal of more consequence, one Macbeth,

‘ I am afraid to think what I have done:
Look on’t again I dare not.’

“ I have thus far unbosomed myself; and I know that my confession will be reported to the public. I mean, then, seriously to state, that, when I say I am the author, I mean the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there is not a single word that was not derived from myself, or suggested in the course of my reading. The wand is now broken, and the book buried. You will allow me further to say, with Prospero, it is your breath that has filled my sails, and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of these novels. I would fain dedicate a bumper to the health of one who has represented several of those characters, of which I had endeavored to give the skeleton, with a truth and liveliness for which I may well be grateful. I beg leave to propose the health of my friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie: and I am sure, that, when the author of ‘ Waverley ’ and ‘ Rob Roy ’ drinks to Nicol Jarvie, it will be received with the just applause to which that gentleman has always been accustomed; nay, that you will take care, that, on the present occasion, it shall be PRO-DI-GI-OUS ! ” (Long and vehement applause.)

MR. MACKAY. — “ My conscience ! My worthy father the deacon could never have believed that his son would hae sic a compliment paid to him by ‘ the Great Unknown ’ ! ”

SIR WALTER SCOTT. — “ The Small Known, now, Mr. Bailie,” &c., &c.

In my own experience as a journalist, extending over forty years, I never found any purely personal subject cause so great a sensation as this. “ Meadowbank taxed me with the novels; and, to end that farce at once, I pleaded guilty: so that splore is ended. As to the collection, it has been much cry and little woo, as the Deil said when he shore the sow,” was Scott’s quaint record in his diary. It is probable that the disclosure was far from being a disadvantage to him in a commercial point of view. The mystery had been revealed; and the next Waverley novel,

avowedly Sir Walter's, would be read with a particular and personal interest. The taking off the mask must, by that time, have been a relief to himself.

The secret had been kept by "upwards of twenty persons," Scott said; but there were many more. I can count up Sir Walter's wife, four children and daughter-in-law, mother, and brother Thomas, James and John Ballantyne, Archibald Constable and Robert Cadell, Daniel McCorkindale and Daniel Robertson (two persons employed in the printing-office), Daniel Terry, William Laidlaw, George Huntly Gordon, Joseph Train, Charles, Duke of Buccleugh, Lady Louisa Stuart, Lord Montagu, Lord and Lady Polwarth, Lord Kinnedder, Sir Adam Fergusson, Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, Mr. and Mrs. Skene of Rubeslaw, Mr. William Clerk, Mr. Hay Donaldson and Mr. John Gibson (his men of business), Mr. Thomas Shortreed, Mr. John Richardson of London, Mr. Thomas Moore, and Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, his son-in-law, literary executor, and biographer.

It may be suspected that some of the married gentlemen in this list might have communicated the secret to their spouses, "in strict confidence;" but as, though suspected, it was not disclosed, a verdict of "Not proven" might be returned in their case.

Thirty-five persons, then, — twenty-seven men and eight women, — certainly *knew*, and for a longer or shorter time *kept*, the most interesting, if not the most important, literary secret of the present century!

"The Life of Bonaparte" was published in June, 1827. From its commencement to its completion, about two years had elapsed; but Mr. Lockhart thought, that, deducting the time given to his visits to Ireland, London, and Paris, and general literary work, this historical task had occupied hardly more than twelve months. A portion of the ground, however, Sir Walter had already covered, several years

before, when historiographer for "The Edinburgh Annual Register." Its nine volumes contained five times as much letter-press as "Waverley" or "Guy Mannering." The preliminary view of the French Revolution, taken *per se*, is accurate, well sustained, and philosophical. The style, it was said, was too rhetorical and flowery; but he could not disencumber himself of his poetical expression. It was conceded that his narrative of events was faithful; and his estimate of the character of Napoleon was far more favorable than was to be expected from the author of the angry diatribe in "The Vision of Don Roderick," sixteen years before. His researches in the Colonial Office, during his last visit to London, had made him acquainted with the fact, that Gen. Gourgaud, when one of Napoleon's suite at St. Helena, had privately written to the English Government that his complaints of ill usage there were utterly unfounded; yet that, after the emperor's death, Gourgaud had declared in France that he had been harshly treated by Sir Hudson Lowe, his jailer. It was stated in the French papers, after Scott's "Napoleon" was published, that Gen. Gourgaud denied the truth of the statement respecting himself, and was going to England to call the author to account. Inasmuch as Sir Walter had written with copies of the St. Helena despatches on his table, he determined to adhere to his statement, but had no objection to show or even give Gourgaud copies of the official documents on which it was founded. Thinking it probable that he might receive a challenge, he engaged his old friend Mr. William Clerk to act as his second. There was no expenditure of powder. The French officer published a letter, in which he charged the Scotch author with conspiring with the British Government to injure his character. Sir Walter had this "Refutation" reprinted in an Edinburgh journal,

with a long reply from himself, fully stating the case, and daring Gen. Gourgaud to the proof that the correspondence, preserved among the official records of the Colonial Office, was false and forged. Nothing more was heard of the duello.

A correspondence far more gratifying took place about this time. The "Napoleon" elicited a gratifying criticism, in a private letter to Scott, from the illustrious Goethe, then nearly eighty years of age. Scott, who drew his earliest inspiration from the poetic Muse of Germany, and whose first literary labor of any consequence was a translation of Goethe's drama of "The Iron-handed Goetz," noted in his diary the receipt of this letter from the veteran of Weimar, — Goethe, "the Ariosto at once, and almost the Voltaire, of Germany," as he called him; and asked, "Who could have told me, thirty years ago, that I should correspond, and be on something like an equal footing, with the author of the 'Goetz'?" The letter from Weimar concluded with this paragraph: "Can I remember that such a man in his youth made himself acquainted with my writings, and even (unless I have been misinformed) introduced them in part to the knowledge of his own nation, and yet defer any longer, at my now very advanced years, to express my sense of such an honor? It becomes me, on the contrary, not to lose the opportunity now offered of praying for a continuance of your kindly regard, and telling you how much a direct assurance of good will from your own hand would gratify my old age." This led to a courteous and graceful reply, the receipt of which gave exceeding pleasure to Goethe. In "The Life of Napoleon," he of Weimar subsequently said, he looked, not to find dates sifted and countermarches analyzed, but to contemplate what could not but be the broad impressions made on the mind of Scott by the marvel-

lous revolutions of his own time in their progress. Goethe greatly admired the breadth of that historical work.

The first edition of "Napoleon," consisting of eight thousand copies (or seventy-two thousand volumes), was sold for eighteen thousand two hundred pounds, — the copyright retained, of course, by Sir Walter's trustees.*

Before the close of 1827, the first series of "The Chronicles of the Canongate" (containing "The Highland Widow," "The Two Drovers," and "The Surgeon's Daughter") was published, in two volumes. Each of these tales was literally "founded on fact;" but the introduction, or framework, in which they were set, was the best portion of the work. Mrs. Bethune Baliol was drawn from his old friend Mrs. Murray Keith, with some of his own mother's traits "glazing" the portrait. The scenery of Mr. Croftangry's estate was visible at Carmichael, once the mansion of the noble family of Hyndford. The story of the deserter, on which "The Highland Widow" is founded, was derived from Mrs. Keith. "The Two Drovers" was an incident within Scott's personal knowledge. Mr. Gideon Gray of Middlemas, in the story of "The Surgeon's Daughter," was recognized as Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson of Selkirk. After the work was completed and named, it occurred, curiously enough, that Scott was almost compelled, by threat of arrest at the suit of one of Constable's London money-lenders, to take shelter within the sanctuary of the Canongate itself. But

* The "Napoleon" was republished in this country, in three octavo volumes, from early sheets, for which three hundred and fifty pounds — a large sum at that time (1827) — was paid. The ordinary payment for the sheets of a Waverley novel was seventy-five pounds, — twenty-five pounds a volume. There was the drawback, in those ante-ocean-steamer times, of the regular copies arriving before the advance-sheets; and there was the certainty of rival editions appearing, often at reduced prices, within forty-eight hours. *Nous avons changé tout cela.*

this cloud passed by, as previously mentioned. His friend (and formerly successful rival) paid the money, content to rank only as an ordinary creditor; and doing this with so much delicacy, that Sir Walter had not even a suspicion of this generosity and regard on the part of Sir William Forbes, and did not hear of it, indeed, until some time after his friend's death in 1828. "Chronicles of the Canon-gate" was published by Mr. Cadell. In July, the death of Mr. Constable was a great shock to Sir Walter. Many friends departed about this time, — the Duke of York, William Gifford (original editor of "The Quarterly Review"), Sir George Beaumont, and Mr. Canning: to use a sentence I once heard from the lips of Robert Southey, "they fell through the broken arches of the bridge of life."

On the day that Sir Walter finished "Napoleon," he conceived the idea of writing a series of stories on the history of Scotland for his little grandson, who, in somewhat improved health, was with him during part of the summer at Abbotsford. He had partly written this work ("Tales of a Grandfather") while finishing his Canongate series, and now proceeded with it, together with a new novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth:" the scene, as the name denotes, is in Scotland; and the time, the beginning of the fifteenth century. He resided during this winter, and while he continued a Clerk of Session, in Shandwich Place, Edinburgh, — very near to which dwelt the aged mother of his first love. I have already mentioned his sad visits to this poor lady. Before the year ended, he received intimation that his good friend George IV. had personally commanded Lord Dudley to appoint his younger son, Charles Scott, to the first eligible vacancy in the Foreign Office.

Early in December, the first series of "Tales of

a *Grandfather*” was published, its success at the time exceeding even that of “*Rob Roy*” and “*Ivanhoe* ;” and its continued popularity, whether in the library, the boudoir, the schoolroom, or the nursery, proves the excellence of its design and execution. This success, arising from the fact that Scott had made history not only readable, but attractive, encouraged Mr. Cadell the publisher to undertake a project over which he long had brooded.

It had been resolved, at this time, to dispose by auction (Scotticé, “by public roup”) of the copyright of Scott’s novels, from “*Waverley*” to “*Quentin Durward*” inclusive, and a majority of the shares of his poetical works. The friends of author and publisher were anxious that these copyrights should be secured to both. Constable’s creditors exposed them for competition; what is called “the upset price” being five thousand pounds. They brought eight thousand five hundred pounds, — one-half for Sir Walter, one-half for Mr. Cadell. The impression from the immense stock of Sir Walter’s works on hand, in editions of various sorts and sizes, was, that these copyrights were worn out. Mr. Cadell’s idea was to publish a uniform edition of the *Waverley* novels, with new prefaces and notes by the author, with original illustrations on steel by the first painters and engravers, and so arranged that the novel originally issued at a guinea and a half should be sold in its better form for ten shillings. It was rightly calculated that cheapness, elegance, good print, fine paper, cloth binding, and superb illustrations, with the author’s new introductions and copious notes, must supersede all ordinary editions. Mr. Cadell admitted Sir Walter into the partnership on condition of his giving his name, influence, and literary assistance. The first two volumes, containing “*Waverley*,” with illustrations, at once established the success of the

undertaking, which Scott, in his diary and letters, usually calls the *Opus Magnum*. The scheme was subsequently extended so as to include the whole of his works; and in 1849, when Mr. Cadell died, — exactly twenty years from its beginning, — it had realized a sum estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

In the two years ending January, 1828, Scott realized — for I will not say *his* creditors — the sum of forty thousand pounds. The heavy labor of compiling history ended, his health improved, he proceeded, in good spirits and with his usual industry, to prepare the *Opus Magnum* for the press, and wrote several articles for the *Reviews*. There appeared too, early in this year, a volume of “*Sermons by the Author of Waverley.*”

Some years before, he had written two religious discourses for a young man, George Huntly Gordon, who, intended for the Church, said he felt unable to write his own probationary sermons. Scott, to whom he was a sort of amanuensis for several years, kindly offered to write them, and did. Mr. Gordon, being incurably deaf, did not venture into the pulpit, but kept the sermons. This was in 1824. When Scott's troubles came, in 1826, he provided for Gordon by getting him a government-office in which his infirmity would not be a disqualification. In London, as often occurs, he got into debt, and was enabled to get out of it by obtaining Scott's consent to sell the sermons for two hundred and fifty pounds to Mr. Colburn, a publisher of fashionable novels! Mr. Gordon, who rose in the course of years to a high and lucrative situation in the Stationary Office, ought not, most persons will think, to have thus taken advantage of Sir Walter Scott's good nature.

Like Sir David Lyndesay of the Mount, it might be said of Scott that “still his name had charms:”

for he sold his juvenile drama of "The House of Aspen," with two little tales which Ballantyne thought too poor for the second "Chronicles of the Canongate," for five hundred pounds, to appear in Heath's annual, "The Keepsake;" and refused an offer from a London publisher, of one thousand five hundred to two thousand pounds, to conduct a literary journal. It would have occupied too much of his time: he wanted to clear his debts, which could be done only by writing what he could retain as property.

"The Fair Maid of Perth" was completed and published in the spring of 1828. The character of Connochar, the Highland chief, constitutionally timid, sustained in the strife by a sense of honor, and finally giving way and flying from peril, though disgrace was sure to follow, was very curiously worked out.

Before the tale appeared, its author was in London, where he remained six weeks. There he met both his sons, — the younger installed in a clerkship in the Foreign Office. Sir Walter took a circuitous route, so as to visit Charlecote Hall, the seat of Mr. Lucy, a descendant of that game-preserving Sir Thomas who is said to have driven Shakspeare from Warwickshire to London. He had to pass through much of the old routine, — the usual lionizing; but Mr. Lockhart, whose guest he was, judiciously warded off a great deal of this on the truthful plea of his shattered health. Those who saw him at Mr. Lockhart's on this occasion were shocked to perceive the great alteration which toil, rather than time, had made. However, he saw many of his old friends, — Rogers, Joanna Baillie, Coleridge, Morritt, Lord Holland, Mr. Adolphus, the Duke of Wellington, Moore, and Wordsworth; besides dining with the King, the Duchess of Kent, and the little princess (now Queen Victoria), and sitting to Chantrey for a bust ordered by Sir Robert Peel, and for his portrait to Haydon and North-

cote. What he probably gained by this visit, independent of the relaxation it gave him, was the highly-valued permission to dedicate the *Opus Magnum* to the King. On his way home, he took his daughter Anne into the Cathedral at Carlisle, that he might stand once more on the spot where he married her mother; and in the Castle they were shown, according to custom, the *very* dungeon which Fergus Mac Ivor had occupied! So, in years gone by, happening to visit Stirling Castle, which commands a view even finer than that from Edinburgh Castle, and not being recognized, he was taken to see the very dungeon in which Roderick Dhu had been imprisoned, and where, as in "The Lady of the Lake," he had died!

By Christmas, Sir Walter had written several reviews, completed the second series of "The Tales of a Grandfather," and executed a large portion of a new novel, "Anne of Geierstein." This tale did not quite come up to James Ballantyne's standard. One objection was, that Scott was describing Switzerland, a country which he had never seen; but it was replied, that he was well acquainted with mountain-scenery at home, and that he had "seen pictures and prints *galore*." In previous works, when he placed the scene in France, the Low Countries, and Syria, his want of personal knowledge of those countries had not prevented their being correctly, and even vividly, described.

At the beginning of 1829, during a visit to Milton Lockhart in Clydesdale, Sir Walter Scott first met John Greenshields, literally a self-taught sculptor, in whom he became highly interested. They met again two years after; and the result was, that sitting statue in free-stone (the *pose* copied from Francis Bacon's effigy at St. Alban's, and Chantrey's noble monument of James Watt in Handsworth Church, near Birmingham) which I saw in Mr. Cadell's premises, No. 4,

St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh, in 1840. On the pedestal is carved, as on Bacon's, the inscription, "SIC SEDETAT." Mr. Greenshields, dying in 1836 at the age of forty, had

"The doom
Heaven gives its favorites, — an early tomb."

The prospectus of the *Opus Magnum*, now published, had a remarkable result. Its promise of a new, uniform, handsome, and low-priced edition of the *Waverley* novels, with autobiographical introduction, prefaces, and notes, almost entirely stopped the sale of the numerous other editions in the market. It had been intended to begin with an edition of seven thousand; but twelve thousand were issued. Before the close of 1829, eight volumes were published, and the monthly sale had reached thirty-five thousand. This gave assurance of early liberation from all pecuniary embarrassment, and of subsequent independence, as one-half of the copyright belonged to the author. It was now resolved to produce the poems uniform with the novels. One-fourth of the copyright of "*Marmion*," however, was the property of Mr. Murray, the London publisher, who, when asked what he would sell it for, wrote to Sir Walter Scott, that so highly did he estimate the honor of having been *his* publisher, that no pecuniary consideration whatever could induce him to part with it. "But," he added, "there is a consideration of another kind, which until now I was not aware of, which would make it painful to me if I were to retain it a moment longer: I mean the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request." This was a liberal act, gracefully performed, worthy of the honorable profession of publisher, in which Mr. Murray had so long been a distinguished member.

Sir Walter's visit to Ireland had persuaded him that it would be safe policy to concede what were called the Catholic claims; and I remember having heard him say, that, if this had been done (as Pitt desired, though George III. objected) at the Union in 1800, Ireland would probably have been as prosperous and contented as Scotland. Early in 1829, having to choose between concession and civil war, Wellington and Peel, then at the head of the Government, startled all classes by announcing that they adopted the former. Their course was commended by the liberals of all classes. Scott, strong Tory though he was, felt bound by his conviction to support the Government on this question. He wrote in its favor in Ballantyne's newspaper; proposed a resolution in its favor at a public meeting in Edinburgh; and, when a petition from that city was presented in the Commons, the first signature read by the clerk of the House was that of "Walter Scott." There was a burst of enthusiasm such as has rarely been exhibited in that deliberative assembly.

"Anne of Geierstein" went on but slowly; for Cadell and Ballantyne were not satisfied with the third volume. If it had not been put into type as fast as it was written, it would probably never have been published. It was completed, however, by the end of April; and next morning Sir Walter began another task-work, — a history of Scotland, in two volumes, for which he was to receive fifteen hundred pounds. It was written for "The Cabinet Cyclopædia," edited by Dr. Dionysius Lardner, an ingenious scientific gentleman, who, several years later, wrote an article in "The Edinburgh Review" to prove that steam navigation across the Atlantic was impracticable, but had his theory refuted, immediately after it was published, by the intelligence that the steamers "Sirius" and "Great Western," one from Cork, and the other from

Bristol, had crossed the Atlantic safely and easily, one in seventeen, and the other in fifteen days.

When it was first proposed to write this compendium of Scottish history, Sir Walter said in a letter to Lockhart, "I really can't think of any Life that I could easily do, excepting Queen Mary's; and that I decidedly would not do, because my opinion, in point of fact, is contrary both to the popular feeling and my own."

"Anne of Geierstein," published in May, 1829, was received, like "The Fair Maid of Perth," without much enthusiasm. The circulating-libraries had to purchase it, because it was Scott's; and these are so numerous in "the old country," that a large edition is requisite to supply their demand. Not until long after was the phenomenon witnessed, — now no longer wondered at, — of one London librarian taking a thousand copies of a work!

In the autumn, Sir Walter lost a valued friend, — Tom Purdie, his forester, — who had dropped his head on his arm as he sat by the table one evening, and fell into that "sleep which knows no waking." He felt this loss, and wrote to William Laidlaw, who had left Kaeside, but was within walking distance of Abbotsford, "Poor fellow! — there is a heart cold that loved me well, and, I am sure, thought of my interest more than his own. I have seldom been so shocked." Laidlaw's comment on this was, "He was in very great distress about Tom, and will miss him continually, and in many ways that come nearest to him. Sir Walter wants us to return to Kaeside at Whitsunday. *Kindness of heart is positively the reigning quality of Sir Walter's character.*" As in "The Antiquary," Monkbarrow, in the case of young Mucklebackit, the drowned fisherman, "carried his head to the grave" as his landlord and master; so did Sir Walter perform the same last office for

Tom Purdie, and erected over his remains, close to the Abbey of Melrose, a modest monument, with inscription of name, age, and station, "in sorrow for the loss of an humble and sincere friend."

The death of Purdie enabled Sir Walter to perform an act very agreeable to him, which brought with it its own reward. This was the recall of his faithful friend William Laidlaw, who, resuming his residence at Kaeside, became general manager of the estate, — grieve, land-steward, factor, and factotum, all in one; besides acting as amanuensis some hours in each day, — in the forenoon and evening. Laidlaw, naturally intelligent, had received the ordinary education, plain but solid, which Scotland freely gives to her sons and daughters in her excellent parish-schools. He had read a great deal of miscellaneous literature, and had digested and remembered what he read. He wrote rapidly and legibly from dictation, and Sir Walter had great confidence in his judgment. Even as early as 1817, when Laidlaw first went to reside in Kaeside, he had been intrusted with one department of "The Edinburgh Annual Register," and employed by Mr. Blackwood to compile "The Chronicle" in the magazine, then recently begun. For such profitable occupation of his time he was indebted to the good word of Scott, who had personally known and appreciated him since their first meeting in the beginning of the century. His skill as an amanuensis was first exercised during Sir Walter's first severe illness. He said that Scott did not like to speak about his novels after they were published, but was fond of canvassing the merits and peculiarities of the characters while he was engaged in the composition of the story. He was particularly anxious respecting the success of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe." "One morning" (Mr. Laidlaw says in a private letter), "as we were walking in the woods, after our forenoon's labor, I

expressed my admiration of the character; and, after a short pause, he broke out with, ‘Well, I think I shall make something of my Jewess.’”

After his return to Kaeside, on Purdie’s death, in the autumn of 1829, William Laidlaw remained there until after Sir Walter’s death. He became so necessary to Scott in these latter days of duty task-work, that his coming was eagerly looked for every morning after breakfast; and there is more than one petulant entry in Scott’s diary, noting that “Willie” (as he always called him) was a few minutes after time. It gave Sir Walter evident delight to see leaf after leaf added to the accumulating pile of manuscript. In dictation, as Mr. Laidlaw observed, he seemed “not to attend to the expression, but to the continuity of his tale or dialogue. He had obviously arranged his plot and incidents for the day ere he descended from his bedroom, and the *style* he left to chance.” This agrees with his own statement, that he allowed his ideas to *simmer* in his mind for half an hour or so, before he arose, every morning; and that, while he was in his plantations thinning the trees with his axe, he was thinking how he should carry the next chapter. Southey, it will be remembered, declared that his finest ideas came to him when he was shaving, before breakfast.

It may be laid down as a general rule, that, when an author has decided *how* he ought to do any thing, the mere execution is rarely difficult. As the old proverb has it, “A good beginning is half way to a fair ending.” Latterly, it was a source of gratification to Sir Walter to reflect that his writings had been useful as well as entertaining. Laidlaw told him one day that his novels “had the power, beyond any other writings, of arousing the better passions and finer feelings; and the moral effect of all this, when one looks forward to several generations,

—every one acting upon another,—must be immense.” At these words, Laidlaw added, “Sir Walter was silent for a minute or two; but I observed his eyes filled with tears.”

More than once Sir Walter said to Laidlaw, that, had his father left him an estate of five hundred to six hundred pounds a year, he would have spent his time in miscellaneous reading, not writing. He may have *thought* so; but a mind like his surely must have relieved its own fulness by an overflow of some kind.

When Sir Walter was in Edinburgh, Mr. Laidlaw was doing three men’s work on the Abbotsford estate,—planting, planning, thinning the woods, looking after the laborers, attending to the farm and the garden. Before the dark days came, Scott, who had the genuine taste and practical eye of a landscape-gardener, often wrote to him about the new scenic effects to be produced by improvements. In one of these letters (not published by Lockhart) occurs this passage: “Get out of your ideas about expense: it is, after all, but throwing away the price of the planting. If I should buy a picture worth five hundred pounds, nobody would wonder much. Now, if I choose to lay out one hundred or two hundred pounds to make a landscape of my estate hereafter, and add so much more to its value, I certainly do not do a more foolish thing. . . . We are too apt to consider plantations as a subject of the closest economy; whereas beauty and taste have even a marketable value after the effects come to be visible.”

Whatever his circumstances, prosperous or otherwise, Sir Walter Scott was most considerate for the cotters and laborers upon his estate. He contrived to *make* a great deal of work for them in the seasons when there is little farm-labor; and, when the snow and frost put a stop to this, still contrived ways of keeping them occupied. His ordinary plan, in the win-

ter months, was to employ them in draining; and he did not grudge one hundred pounds extra expended in this manner. The poor, he wrote to Laidlaw, "are the minors of the State, and especially to be looked after; and I believe the best way to prevent discontent is to keep their minds moderately easy as to their own provision." Is it necessary to add, that Scott's laborers and tenants, thus cared for, not merely loved, but venerated him?

Early in 1830, Sir Walter had a third severe paralytic seizure in Edinburgh, where medical assistance, instantly accessible, soon relieved him. In the words of an article in "The Quarterly Review," January, 1868, written by the Rev. George R. Gleig, author of "The Subaltern," "Though the outer world heard nothing of the incident, and he was able to go about as usual, submitting to the most rigid diet, and otherwise living by rule, he was never the same man again." He covered day by day innumerable pages of manuscript, producing almost simultaneously his "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft" for Murray's "Family Library," and a further series of "Tales of a Grandfather." But even in the former of these, "The Letters on Demonology," evidence of the failing powers is perceptible; and, in the stories from French history which make up the latter, both words and arrangement are cloudy. He persevered, however, and wrote at the same time his "Scottish History" for Lardner's "Cyclopædia," a work certainly not worthy of its high parentage.

The third series of "Tales of a Grandfather" was completed, in fact, in December, 1829, and brought the Scottish history down to the extinction of the house of Stuart, in its direct line, by the death of Cardinal York (Henry Benedict Stuart), brother of the Young Pretender, as the hero of "Waverley" was called, which took place in 1807 at Rome, where he

had long lived, mainly supported by a pension of three thousand pounds a year allowed him by George III. The monument over his remains in St. Peter's was erected at the expense of George IV. (then Regent) in 1816. The gratitude of this last of the Stuarts bequeathed to George IV. "all the crown-jewels, some of them of great value, which King James the Second had carried along with him in his retreat to the Continent in 1688, together with a mass of papers tending to throw much light on British history." Some of these jewels are now among the Regalia of Scotland, open to public view (without a fee, I believe), in Edinburgh Castle. When in Rome, a few months before his death, Sir Walter mentioned that he was walking over the field of Preston-Pans, near Edinburgh, in June, 1830, musing on the unexpected victory which the Young Chevalier had obtained there in September, 1745, when he was suddenly startled by the sound of the minute-guns proclaiming the death of George IV. He was thereby reminded, he said, "that the whole race of Stuarts had passed away, and was now followed to the grave by the first of the royal house of Brunswick who had reigned in the line of legitimate succession." Surely, as Cardinal York, who claimed to be Henry IX. of England, had died in 1807, George III. had been the first "legitimate" successor of the Stuarts. To the very last, Sir Walter retained his Jacobite predilections.

"Tales of a Grandfather," containing an admirable *résumé* of Scottish history in its more picturesque and general points, was written for and dedicated to John Hugh Lockhart, Sir Walter's eldest grandson; and, as noticed in the preface, was at first "written down" to the comprehension of a very youthful reader (the poor boy died on the last day of 1831, before he had completed his eleventh year). But he soon found that a style considerably more elevated

was more interesting to the lad ; and confessed that “ there is no harm, but, on the contrary, there is benefit, in presenting a child with ideas somewhat beyond his easy and immediate comprehension. The difficulties thus offered, if not too great or too frequent, stimulate curiosity, and encourage exertion.”

In March, 1830, a few weeks after the paralytic seizure above mentioned, Sir Walter commenced writing a fourth series of “ The Tales of a Grandfather,” being stories taken from the history of France : at the same time, he was composing the volume on “ Demonology and Witchcraft.” The annals of France were brought down to A.D. 1413, when Charles VI. had reigned thirty-four years, and Henry V. of England had just ascended the throne. The intention was to continue them to the close of the French Empire in 1815 ; but this purpose was never carried out. The dedication to his eldest grandson by name, as “ a young person who wears masculine garments and will soon be nine years old,” is dated July, 1830 ; and the work was published that autumn.

The first volume of “ The History of Scotland,” for Lardner’s “ Cyclopædia,” was written and published towards the close of 1829. The second, closing in 1603 with the accession of James VI. to the British crown, appeared in May, 1830. Mr. Lockhart confessed that these historical works “ can hardly be submitted to a strict ordeal of criticism : there is in both a cloudiness both of words and arrangement.” It can scarcely be true, however, what Dr. Lardner told Thomas Moore when talking of Sir Walter’s rapid and careless manner of writing, that, in sending him the manuscript of his “ History of Scotland,” he begged he would be so kind as to “ throw in a few dates and authorities.” It *cannot* be true ; for Scott was so familiar with the subject, that he could almost have written a history of Scotland

from mere recollection. There is something ludicrous, from its utter absurdity, in Sir Walter Scott relying on Dr. Lardner for "dates and authorities" on a subject which he (Scott) certainly knew more intimately than any other man of that time.

"The Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," written in 1830, was published in December of that year. Sir Walter appears to have lost his patience over it; probably feeling that the subject was one to which he could have done justice in former days, when health and hope were strong. In the opening sentence, he spoke of it as "the history of a dark chapter in human nature;" the book itself being the chapter, and not a history. In his diary it is more than once mentioned as "that infernal Demonology." Nevertheless, it is a very entertaining volume, containing many anecdotes and stories, told in the racy old manner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Retirement from the Court of Session. — Presentation of Library and Museum. — Maltreated at Jedburgh. — “Count Robert of Paris” and “Castle Dangerous.” — Capt. Burns at Abbotsford. — Voyage to Italy. — Graham’s Island. — Malta. — Naples. — Rome. — Last Tales. — Return to Abbotsford. — Death. — Funeral. — Autopsy.

1830—1832.

THE year 1830 witnessed great mental labor, in spite of more than one severe attack of illness. His father and elder brother having died of paralysis, he had ample cause for alarm; and, indeed, had repeatedly declared, long before his health failed, that he had no fear of death, but was afraid of outliving his faculties; which, indeed, had been the case with his father, who, for two years before he died, had been entirely unconscious. He often alluded to Swift’s simile of a tree apparently flourishing, but with its top withered; and would sadly repeat Johnson’s forcible lines:—

“From Marlborough’s eyes the tears of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show.”

It was resolved by the Wellington government, in the summer of 1830, that two out of the six principal Clerks of Session in Scotland should be reduced; and, apparently with his own consent, Sir Walter Scott was superannuated upon an allowance of eight hundred, instead of one thousand three hundred pounds per annum. He believed that he could

save considerable by giving up town residence, and gain health and time. Intimation was made by the Home Secretary (his old friend Peel) that ministers were ready to grant him a pension covering the large reduction in his income. He scrupled to accept it, but submitted the subject to his creditors, who, with the kindness they had exercised throughout, enjoined him not on their account to do injury to his own feelings in a matter so delicate. Thus authorized, he respectfully declined the proffered pension. In July, 1830, he attended the court for the last time. He was a little alarmed, however, at the idea of changing the habits of a long life all of a sudden and forever (he had been Clerk for twenty-four years); and did not like to feel, with Othello, that his occupation was gone. In June he heard of the death of George IV., who, almost immediately before, had suggested that he should be placed at the head of a commission to examine the Stuart Papers which had been bequeathed to George III. by Cardinal York. An offer to elevate Sir Walter to the position of privy councillor, made at the same time, was declined, on the plea that diminished fortune and failing health must prevent his accepting such a high distinction.

During that summer, during which the Revolution of July, 1830, occurred in Paris, his daughter Mrs. Lockhart, with her husband and children, were again at Chiefswood. Sir Walter passed much of his time with them, or rather with their children, being much out of doors for the advantage of their health, and to the manifest improvement of his own. He visited around a little also, and was much oppressed by visitors; the idea having become general, that he had worked through his difficulties. To say nothing of the expense, which he could ill bear, there were the occupation of his time, and the fatigue, mental and bodily, from the task of entertaining them. Some of his

old friends came ; but with them it was different. There was assurance from Mr. Cadell, that, in October, the debt would be reduced one-half. Sixty thousand pounds produced in little more than four years !

This assurance, it was hoped, would induce him to limit his work to the composition of prefaces and notes for the new edition of the *Waverley* novels, — the *Opus Magnum*, as he generally called it, — the large sale of which continued, despite the strong political excitement of the time. But he had resolved to return to historical romance, and commenced “*Count Robert of Paris*,” which, with “*Castle Dangerous*,” was published in November, 1831, after its author had sailed for Italy.

Following the accession of a new monarch, there was a general election, as usual. Sir Walter, residing in the county of Roxburgh, went to Jedburgh, where the eldest son of his friend, Mr. Scott of Harden, was re-elected without opposition. His nomination was seconded by Sir Walter ; and Mr. Adolphus, who was with him, reported, that, at the dinner which followed, he made a characteristic speech, rich in humor and feeling. He was not, however, what is called “eloquent ;” but, when his feelings were touched, spoke with energy and expression.

The French Revolution having exiled Charles X., who once more found an asylum in Holyrood House, Sir Walter Scott wrote an appeal to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, entreating them, whatever their political sentiments, to respect the “gray, discrowned head” of an unfortunate sovereign ; and the effect of this admirable and affecting address was to secure more than tolerance for the French exiles from the people of the Scottish capital.

Ere winter set in, the Lockharts had returned to London ; and except his daughter Anne, his friend

William Laidlaw, who was always near at hand, and the necessary (many of them old) domestics, Sir Walter was very much alone at Abbotsford. One of his servants, John Nicolson, who had been in the household since childhood, and was now at its head, was privately instructed by Mr. Clarkson, the surgeon of the district, in the use of the lancet: in the case of an apoplectic attack, he might thus give immediate relief, without the delay of sending for the doctor, whose residence was three miles distant, and who might be at the other end of the parish when required.

Well or ill, the new romance went on. Mr. Laidlaw, then writing to a friend, said, "What he dictates of 'Robert of Paris' is, much of it, as good as any thing he ever wrote. He does not go on so fast; but I do not see that he is much more apt to make blunders — that is, to let his imagination get ahead of his speech — than when he wrote 'Ivanhoe.'" Mr. Ballantyne and Mr. Cadell, who read the manuscript more critically, did not like it, and felt compelled to say so to Sir Walter, but in the gentlest manner: at the same time, except that the writing was cramped and straggling (his hand being rendered almost useless by chilblains), his letters to them were full of business tact, shrewdness, and the old pleasantries. At the close of the year, the Wellington administration having quitted office, their successors announced parliamentary reform on a large scale as the principal item in their programme. Laidlaw, always a Whig, rejoiced in this new promise. Ballantyne began to lean that way. Cadell was also a reformer. Sir Walter, an old Tory, adhered with great tenacity to the anti-reform party, which formed a great minority throughout the British islands. He had another apoplectic seizure in November; after which he first conceived the idea of leaving the country, and sojourn-

ing in the south of Europe for a year or two. When urged to discontinue writing, he emphatically answered, "I foresee distinctly, that, if I were idle, I should go mad. In comparison with this, death is no risk to shrink from."

Just before Christmas, 1830, there was a meeting of the creditors, at which a further dividend on the Ballantyne estate, of three shillings on the pound, was declared; thus reducing the debt from a hundred and twenty thousand to about fifty-four thousand pounds. With renewed thanks to their debtor, the creditors unanimously passed this resolution: "That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linens, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honorable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make, for them." This liberal act was most grateful to Sir Walter's feelings. He considered the library and museum, thus secured to him, as worth ten thousand pounds; which would enable him to make some provision for his younger children. Mr. John Gibson (in his "Reminiscences") estimated it at twelve thousand pounds, — equal to a dividend of two shillings per pound on a hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

It is to be regretted that he who alone could have done it properly did not compile a *catalogue raisonné* of the Abbotsford museum and library. It had been begun in the autumn of 1830, to be published in the usual novel shape, with the title of "*Reliquiæ Trot-tosienses*, or the Gabions of Jonathan Oldbuck;" but, after dictating a portion of this for a few mornings to William Laidlaw, it was discontinued, in order that "Count Robert" should be commenced. With every separate article in the museum, and with at

least two out of every three books in the library, there was some anecdote or association, known only to himself. This is one of the many books that scholarly readers must lament was never written, and which now can never be produced.

To ease his mind during the political agitation, Sir Walter dictated a fourth "Letter of Malachi Malagrowth," in which the principle of parliamentary reform was vehemently condemned, and a raising of public revenue by means of an income-tax suggested; which, indeed, was the plan resorted to, in 1842, to get rid of a great public financial deficiency. This manifesto was never printed; Mr. Cadell's opinion being, that its publication would array a hundred active pens against any new work Sir Walter might produce, and might even interrupt the splendid success of the *Opus Magnum*. Sir Walter submitted, put the manuscript into the fire, and was very much annoyed. He went on with "Count Robert" (even in Edinburgh, where he made his will in February, 1831), met a few old friends, and, on his return to Abbotsford, resumed his labors, — writing with his own hand, or dictating.

A self-imposed and thankless labor, at this time, was a manifesto against the reform bill, which the freeholders of Ettrick, in whose name it was written, did not adopt, preferring a shorter one from a country gentleman who had often represented them in Parliament. Mr. Laidlaw's brief account of this is: "The worst business was that accursed nonsensical petition in the name of the magistrates, justices of the peace, freeholders of the extensive, influential, and populous county of Selkirk. We were more than three days at it. At the beginning of the third day, he walked backwards and forwards, enunciating the half-sentences with a deep and awful voice, his eyebrows seemingly more shaggy than ever, and his eyes more

fierce and glaring, — altogether like the royal beast in his cage. It suddenly came over me, as politics was always Sir Walter's weak point, that he was crazy, and that I should have to come down to Abbotsford and write on and away at the petition until the crack of doom." After that, he gave up the thankless job of writing political addresses on the losing side. It would have been well if he had also ceased to appear personally as a partisan.

On the 21st of March, 1831, there was a meeting of the freeholders of Roxburghshire to pass resolutions against the reform bill. Despite his resolution recorded in his diary, and of a promise to his daughter Anne, he allowed himself to be persuaded by the two Scotts he had most regard for — young Buccleugh and Scott of Harden — to attend and make a strong anti-reform speech, which (for he spoke low, and his utterance had been much affected by his recent attacks) either the multitude did not hear, or did not like. He was interrupted by violent hissing and hooting, and calmly stood until silence was obtained. He spoke another sentence or two; when (Mr. Lockhart reports) "he was again stopped by a confused Babel of contemptuous sounds, which seemed likely to render further attempts ineffectual. He, abruptly and unheard, proposed his resolution, and then, turning to the riotous artisans, exclaimed, 'I regard your gabble no more than the geese on the green!' His countenance glowed with indignation as he resumed his seat on the bench. But when, a few moments afterwards, the business being over, he arose to withdraw, every trace of passion was gone. He turned round at the door, and bowed to the assembly. Two or three, not more, renewed their hissing. He bowed again, and took leave in the words of the doomed gladiator, which I hope none who had joined in these insults understood: '*Moriturus vos saluto.*' "

Two months after this, Sir Walter insisted on going to the county election at Jedburgh (Scotticé, "Jeddart"); and his carriage was pelted with stones, one or two of which fell into it, but none struck him. The record in his diary is: "May 18. — Went to Jedburgh, greatly against the wishes of my daughters. The mob were exceedingly vociferous and brutal, as they usually are now-a-days. The population gathered in formidable numbers, — a thousand from Hawick also, — sad blackguards! The day passed with much clamor, and no mischief. Henry Scott was re-elected, — for the last time, I suppose. *Troja fuit*. I left the borough in the midst of abuse, and the gentle hint of '*Burke Sir Walter!*' Much obliged to the brave lads of Jeddart!"

This maltreatment sank deeply into his mind; for on his death-bed he was heard to repeat, "Burke Sir Walter!"

A similar scene was anticipated at the Selkirk election, where Sir Walter had to preside as Sheriff. All went off peaceably. He was loved as well as known in his county; so much so, that when, about that time, the authorities were swearing in special constables at Melrose, the men said, "We will not fight against reform; but, if any one meddles with Sir Walter Scott, we will fight for *him*."

"Castle Dangerous," intended to accompany "Count Robert" in the fourth and final series of "Tales of My Landlord," was begun on July 2, 1831, — a story of the Douglas blood, with the scene in Lanarkshire. He proceeded to examine the locality; but, seized with alarm on hearing that a Border friend whom he had met at Milton-Lockhart had been smitten with paralysis on his return home over-night, he returned to Abbotsford without delay, accepting the warning. He concluded both stories, and resolved to write no more; working only at his prefaces and

notes, and occasionally at the "Reliquiæ of Jonathan Oldbuck," — the catalogue of his books, manuscripts, antiquities, and curiosities.

His desire, in accordance with the advice of his medical friends, to spend the winter amid new scenes, in a more genial climate, and with complete avoidance of literary labor, became known to Capt. Basil Hall, the well-known author, who communicated it to Sir James Graham (himself a Border-man, on the English side), then First Lord of the Admiralty, suggesting that a frigate belonging to the royal navy should be placed at his disposal for the voyage to the Mediterranean. Although Sir James was a member of that reform ministry whose policy Sir Walter Scott had so vehemently opposed, he laid the suggestion before the King, kind-hearted William IV., with a favorable recommendation, and received instruction to assure Sir Walter Scott, that, whenever he found it convenient, a frigate should be prepared for his reception and conveyance. This high compliment, as well as the gracious and kind manner in which it was conveyed, very sensibly affected "the Ariosto of the North."

With the Lockharts again at Chiefswood, and the usual circle of near and dear friends in whose society he so much delighted, Sir Walter now maintained daily and pleasant intercourse. There were a few visitors from the South, among whom were Mr. Adolphus, who, ten years before, had lifted the veil from "the Great Unknown;" Mr. James, whose novel of "Richelieu" had appeared not long before, with high commendation from Sir Walter; and Turner the painter. Then, in September, when Capt. James Glencairn Burns, son of the poet, being home on furlough from India, came to spend a day with Scott, a large party of the neighboring gentry was invited to meet him in Abbotsford, — on that occasion set forth to the utmost advantage; and Sir Walter was able to preside, assisted by

his stalwart eldest son, who had been allowed leave of absence from his regiment that he might accompany Sir Walter to Italy. Never since have the halls of Abbotsford been filled with such a gay and brilliant company. Two or three days after, Wordsworth and his daughter came to say "Good-by." What *he* thought is expressed in the poem entitled "Yarrow Revisited," and in a farewell sonnet of great beauty.

Sir Walter Scott reached London on the 28th of September, 1831, while the reform struggle was at its height. He remained as quiet as possible at Mr. Lockhart's house, Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Those who saw him noticed that he was weaker than before, that his articulation had become thick, that his lameness had manifestly increased (in fact, he moved with great pain in the whole limb), but that his eye had not lost any of its brightness. He made some calls on old friends; partook of a few quiet dinners, chiefly at Lockhart's; and went out a few times in the evening to small parties. He worked a little in the mornings on the notes to the *Opus Magnum*. At the request of Dr. Robert Fergusson, — a brother of Sir Adam at Huntly Burn, who, taking great interest in him, constantly saw him, and carefully observed all the minutiae of his ailments, — he consented to receive a visit from Sir Henry Hallford and Dr. (now Sir Henry) Holland, then the most eminent physicians in London. Their opinion was, there was inherent disease in the brain; but that, if he wholly suspended mental labor for a considerable time, the malady might be arrested. This decision greatly relieved his mind: he was thankful: he promised to adhere to their instructions as to diet and repose; and he confessed that "he had feared insanity, and feared them."

Among the persons he met in these last days were Lord Mahon, Mr. Croker, Sir John Malcolm, Lord Sidmouth, Lady Davy, Lord Montagu, Samuel Rogers, Sir

James Mackintosh, Lord Melville, Sir David Wilkie, Thomas Moore, and Washington Irving. Among the last things which he did, before leaving England, was to write an inscription for the monument which he had erected over Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, and to complete the preface for the forthcoming "Last Tales of My Landlord." In this he stated, surely with pardonable self-complacency, that he "is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship-of-war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the author of 'Waverley' to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country:" and he expressed a hope, "that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark, that

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'

At Portsmouth, where he was to embark on "The Barham," — one of the finest frigates in the British navy, commanded by Capt. (afterwards Sir Hugh) Pigot, — he was delayed a week, during which he excited the greatest interest in that lively port. All the public functionaries, government and civic, paid him the utmost attention. The First Lord and the Secretary of the Admiralty (Sir James Graham and Sir John Barrow) came from London expressly to ascertain, that, in the royal ship-of-war, nothing that could contribute to his comfort or care had been neglected. On the 29th of October, 1831, the unfavorable wind having changed, "The Barham" went to sea. The voyage was extremely pleasant. In the Mediterranean they came up to Graham's Island, sud-

denly created four months before by a marine volcano, and rapidly disappearing. He landed upon it, though it crumbled away under his tread. He sent a sketch of the island, executed by the captain's clerk, with some speculations on its formation, to his friend Mr. James Skene at Edinburgh, to be communicated to the Royal Society there, or to their own Club. On arrival at Malta, "The Barham" was placed in quarantine (it was during the first cholera season); and Sir Walter's party was detained for some days in Fort Manuel, an old Spanish palace.

At Malta he met Mr. John Hookham Frere and Sir John Stoddart, both high officials there and old friends, with Dr. John Davy (Sir Humphry's brother) at the head of the medical staff. It appears from memoranda made at the time by Mrs. Davy, an Edinburgh lady, that he saw every thing worth seeing in the island, and almost every person. He appeared to pay little attention to what he ate or drank, and was sometimes a little obstinate when his daughter attempted to regulate his diet. The consequence was, he had a slight paralytic attack. He paid a long visit to St. John's Church, the beautiful temple and burying-place of the Knights; said of Valetta, "This town is really quite like a dream," and, as he left it, said, "It will be hard if I cannot make something of this." At all events, he tried; for, soon after he arrived at Naples, he began, and nearly finished, a new romance, "The Siege of Malta," and a shorter tale, entitled "Bizzarro," the hero of which is a brigand-captain. These are unpublished.

When "The Barham" arrived at Naples, on Dec. 17, the King ordered it to be relieved from the quarantine restriction. Charles Scott was an *attaché* to the British embassy at Naples: so that Sir Walter now had his two sons and Miss Scott with him. The higher English residents or visitors showed him

all respect and kindness, and the foreign courtesies similarly extended to him were many and gratifying. When Sir Walter appeared at court, he wore the uniform of a brigadier-general in the ancient Body Guard of Scotland (a gay dress of light green, with gold embroidery), because the loose trousers enabled him to cover his lame limb, with metallic machinery now attached to it, which it would have been impossible to put into a court-dress.

With Sir William Gell, an acquaintance of former years, who also was very lame, he visited all the notable places in and near Naples, — the Lago d'Agnano ; Pozzuoli ; Cumæ ; the Roman villa on the extremity of the peninsula of Posilipo ; Pompeii, "the City of the Dead," as he kept repeating ; Pœustum ; the Monastery of La Cava ; and the Lake of Avernus. All his letters from Naples to relatives and friends at home conveyed his idea that he already was out of debt. All this time too, from fatigue in sight-seeing, — he drove fifty-four miles on one day, — and want of attention to his diet, his health did not improve. Late in March, he heard of the death of Goethe, twenty-two years his senior, which greatly moved him : and his course was homeward now, by way of Rome ; his son Charles obtaining leave to accompany him, the Major being compelled to rejoin his regiment. Miss Scott believed that his stay at Rome, which was brief, was the result of his desire that *her* natural curiosity should be gratified.

In Rome, where he was so fortunate as to find an admirable cicerone in Mr. Edward Cheney, a young countryman of his own, well acquainted with some of his friends and connections at home, he limited his own curiosity to seeing places more memorable in modern than in classical history. He saw the house where Benvenuto Cellini says that he slew the Constable de Bourbon with a bullet fired from the Castle

of St. Angelo; he went into St. Peter's to behold the tomb of Cardinal of York, last of the Stuarts; he spent a day in the Castle of Bracciano; he visited the Villa Muti at Frascati, once the residence of the Cardinal of York, and then occupied by Mr. Cheney; he saw the house of Rienzi, the tribune; he examined Cæsar Borgia's sword; but did not enter the Vatican, because his bodily infirmity would prevent his walking through its numberless galleries, halls, and rooms.

Sir Walter's stay in Rome was for little more than three weeks. He left it on May 11, and proceeded to England as rapidly as his failing strength permitted. A hasty glance at the Falls of Terni; a look into the Church of Santa Croce at Florence. He was three days in Venice, but only cared to see the Bridge of Sighs, and scramble down into the adjoining dungeons (the Pozzi). On, on, through the Tyrol, Bavaria, Würtemberg, Heidelberg, Frankfort, and Mayence; down the Rhine (with another serious attack, relieved by the use of Nicholson's lancet); and at last, after sometimes travelling seventeen hours a day, embarkation at Rotterdam, and arrival in London on the evening of June 13, 1832.

He had travelled so rapidly, that Mrs. Lockhart had received no notice to expect him (this was several years before Morse had invented and applied the electric telegraph to "annihilate both time and space"); and he was taken to St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, near the Haymarket. He recognized his daughter, son-in-law, and the three friendly doctors, — Halford, Holland, and Fergusson, — but, after this, was in possession of his faculties only by fits and starts, and that was all. Dr. Fergusson was scarcely ever absent from his pillow; and, during the next three weeks, the other two visited him daily. His eldest son was soon by his bed-side. He recognized for a moment Mrs. Thomas Scott (his sister-in-law),

Mr. Cadell, and his old friend Mr. Richardson, a Scotch lawyer, long settled in London.

So matters continued for some weeks. There was no lack of sympathy in London. High and low, rich and poor, from the royal family to the hackney-coachman flying in the streets, from the noble to the mechanic, — all classes of persons were earnest in their inquiries about him. There was a prevailing idea, from a newspaper paragraph, that, in addition to his bodily prostration, the means of defraying the expenses of his detention, with a numerous suite, in a London hotel, were very insufficient; and it was communicated to his family on the part of the Government, that, if this were so, Sir Walter's family had only to say what sum would relieve him from embarrassment, and it would immediately be given out of the treasury. The reply was a grateful acknowledgment of such thoughtful liberality, with an assurance that Sir Walter was not so circumstanced as to render its acceptance necessary.

The stupor which oppressed him was easily dissipated, for the moment, when he was spoken to. All through this helplessness, he generally appeared to have retained some consciousness. It was evident that his earnest desire was to return to Abbotsford. He continued in this condition during his voyage from London to Leith, and throughout the brief interval of his rest in Edinburgh. He was accompanied by his two daughters, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Cadell, Dr. Thomas Watson, and the faithful and devoted attendant, Nicolson.

Early on the morning of July 11 he was placed in his carriage, and the journey to Abbotsford began. For a time, he was torpid: but descending the Vale of Gala, familiar and beloved scenery, he recognized various places by name; and when, turning himself on the couch, his eye caught at length his own

towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. It required all the strength of Lockhart, Dr. Watson, and Nicolson, to keep him in the carriage. William Laidlaw had prepared every thing at Abbotsford for the reception of his friend, its master. Upon him lay the responsibility of this ; because, before Sir Walter quitted Abbotsford, he had given Laidlaw a mandate or letter of authority to represent him as a land-owner at county-meetings, and a full and particular paper of directions as to keeping the house, the books, and the garden in order."* As Mr. Laidlaw's memoranda are more in detail, on the interesting point of Sir Walter's return to Abbotsford, than Mr. Lockhart's, I shall preferentially use them here. Mr. Laidlaw wrote, "I was at the door when he (Sir Walter), Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, and Miss Scott, arrived. They said he would not know me. He was in a sort of long carriage, that opened at the back. He had an uncommon stupid look, staring straight before him ; and assuredly he did not know where he was. It was very dismal. I began to feel myself agitated in spite of all my resolution. Lockhart ordered away the ladies ; and two servants, in perfect silence, lifted him out, and carried him into the dining-room. I followed, of course. They had placed him in a low arm-chair, where he reclined. Mrs. L. made a sign for me to step forward to see if he would recognize me. She said, 'Mr. Laidlaw, papa.' He raised his eyes a little ; and, when he caught mine, he started, and exclaimed, 'Good God, Mr. Laidlaw ! I have thought of you a thousand times !' and he held out his hand. They were all very much surprised ; and, it being quite unexpected,

* Two items of these instructions are characteristic: "The dogs to be taken care of; especially to shut them up separately when there is any thing to quarrel about. . . . When Mr. Laidlaw thinks it will be well taken, to consult Mr. Nicol Milne; and not to stop young Mr. Nicol when shooting on our side of the hedge."

I was much affected. He was put to bed. I had gone into one of the empty rooms; and, some little time after, Nicolson came to tell me that Sir Walter wished to see me. He spoke a little confusedly, but inquired if the people were suffering any hardship, if they were satisfied, &c."

Mr. Laidlaw has omitted to mention, what Mr. Lockhart observed, that the dogs, with that fine instinct noted by the Prince of Poets when he made Ulysses recognized by *his* faithful dog Argus, assembled about his chair, fawning upon him, and licking his hands; and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them until sleep oppressed him.

It was a sound sleep, out of which he awoke next morning perfectly conscious and collected. He wished to go into his garden; and was drawn in a Bath chair for some time over the turf before his door, and among the rosebeds of his garden, then in bloom. After this he was wheeled through the principal rooms of Abbotsford hall and library for an hour; frequently saying, "I have seen much, but nothing like my ain house: give me one turn more." Next day he was even better, and asked Lockhart to read to him. "Out of what book?" He answered, "Need you ask? there is but one." He listened to the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. John, and expressed his delight at having followed the reader distinctly. The third day, part of Crabbe's poem of "The Borough" was read to him; but he listened to it as if it were a new poem. Sunday arrived, and he heard the church-service read; asking, at the close, why the prayers on the Visitation of the Sick were omitted. These were then read. So went on a few days, until he chafed at his own "sad idleness," and desired to have his desk opened that he might write. Refusal was vain. He was moved into his study: a pen was placed in his hand, and he desired to be left

to himself for a little. His hand had lost the power of holding the pen, which dropped on the paper. "He sank back on the pillows," Mr. Lockhart says, "silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but, composing himself by and by, motioned me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropped into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, 'Sir Walter has had a little repose.' — 'No, Willie,' said he: 'no repose for Sir Walter but the grave.' The tears again rushed from his eyes. 'Friends,' said he, 'don't let me expose myself. Get me to bed.'"

After that day, Sir Walter never left his room, and scarcely his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and, after another week, he was unable even for this. He recognized some friends from Edinburgh, — one by her voice, — but gradually declined, apparently suffering no pain, and seeming occupied with serious thoughts, and repeating verses from Isaiah and the Book of Job, a petition from the Litany, a verse from the Scotch metrical version of the psalms, or a chant, such as the "Stabat Mater" or the "Dies Iræ," from the Roman ritual. All this time, while his strength slowly wasted, he recognized his daughters, son-in-law, and William Laidlaw, when they spoke to him. Mr. Gibson inquired of Laidlaw, after all was over, whether he recollected any thing particular that had fallen from Sir Walter on his death-bed. "No," he said. "Only I remember that one fine afternoon, when the sun was shining bright into his bedroom, but he was very low, I said, 'Cheer up, Sir Walter; you used to say, 'Time and I against any two:' upon which he raised himself on his elbows, pushed back his nightcap, and merely said, 'Vain boast!' fell back on his pillow, and relapsed into silence."

Meanwhile, as he was incapable of performing his duties as Sheriff, which had been increased by the provision for parliamentary elections under the new reform bill, and his sheriff substitute, not educated for the law, felt himself incompetent to execute these novelties, an act of Parliament was passed, authorizing the Crown to appoint a new Sheriff of Selkirkshire "during the incapacity or non-resignation of Sir Walter Scott." Mr. Jeffrey introduced this bill into the Commons in language so graceful and touching, that Peel and Croker, his political opponents, went across the House to thank him.

At last came the great conclusion. Let me tell it in Mr. Lockhart's own simple and pathetic words: —

"As I was dressing, on the morning of Monday, the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm, — every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.' He paused; and I said, 'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?' — 'No,' said he: 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!' With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep; and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts; and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one, P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day, — so warm, that every window was wide open; and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

The funeral took place on the 26th September, and, though intended by the family to be strictly private, was attended by a very large concourse of friends and admirers from all parts of Scotland. By their own request, Sir Walter's old domestics and foresters bore the coffin to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave in Dryburgh Abbey. The pall was borne by his two sons, his son-in-law, and his little grandson; also by six cousins, and Hugh Scott of Harden, chief of his family. Prayers were offered up in the house, before the coffin was removed, by two ministers of the Presbyterian Church. From early manhood, Sir Walter was a member of the Episcopal Anglican Church; and its fine burial-service was read over him at the grave by his friend Archdeacon Williams.

Sir Walter's mortal remains were deposited by the side of his wife, in the lady-aisle, in the north transept of the old Abbey of Dryburgh, on Tweed-side. This particular space, which had been the burial-place of the Scotts of Haliburton in by-gone days, had been presented to Sir Walter by the eccentric Earl of Buchan, owner of the ruins.

There is no solemn monument, neither "storied urn or ornamented bust," over Sir Walter's grave in Dryburgh. A solid oblong block of Aberdeen granite, shaped after a design by Chantrey the sculptor, covers his remains, and bears the simple inscription: —

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,

DIED SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1832.

In that place, too, were subsequently interred John Hugh Lockhart, Scott's beloved grandson, who died in December, 1831; his eldest daughter Sophia, who died in May, 1837; his eldest son, the second Sir Walter, who died at sea, near the Cape of Good

Hope, in February, 1847, leaving no child; Charles Scott, the second son, died at Teheran, in Persia, whither he had been sent on diplomatic service, in October, 1841; Miss Anne Scott, the youngest daughter, on whom, immediately after her father's death, a grant of two hundred pounds per annum was conferred out of the privy purse of William IV., died in London in June, 1833, literally broken down by her long and dutiful attendance on her mother and father in the lingering sickness of each, and was buried in the Harrow Cemetery, near London.

On the second day after Sir Walter's death, there was a surgical examination, which showed, as had been anticipated by the London physicians, that there was softening of the brain. The cranium was found to be thinner than usual; and the brain was not large.

Lastly, of the leading persons connected with Sir Walter Scott's career a few words have to be said. Constable died in 1827; John Ballantyne, in 1821; James Ballantyne, in 1833; Robert Cadell, in 1849; Lord Byron, in 1824; Henry Mackenzie, in 1831; Crabbe the poet, in 1832; Joseph Train, in December, 1852; the Ettrick Shepherd, in 1835; George Thompson, "the Dominie," in 1838; Mr. Morritt of Rokeby, in 1843; William Laidlaw, in 1845; Robert Southey, in 1843; William Clerk of Eldin, in 1847; Maria Edgeworth, in 1849; William Wordsworth, in 1850; Thomas Moore, in 1852; Samuel Rogers, in 1855; Sir Francis Chantrey, in 1841; Allan Cunningham, in 1842; Prof. Wilson, in 1854; William Blackwood, publisher, in 1834; and John Gibson Lockhart, in 1854.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Scott's Monument. — Statues, Busts, and Portraits. — Personal Peculiarities. — Shakspeare and Scott. — Horsemanship. — Singing. — Painting. — "Waverley" Manuscripts. — Dramatic Adaptations. — Character of his Works

ON the 15th of August, 1840, the foundation-stone of a monument to Sir Walter Scott was laid within the pleasure-grounds on the open north side of Prince's Street, opposite the foot of St. David Street, Edinburgh. An inscription upon the stone, prepared by Lord Jeffrey, stated that a votive building was to be erected over it to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, "whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight, and suggested better feelings to a larger class of readers in every rank of society, than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakspeare alone; and which, therefore, were thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude, on the part of the first generation of his admirers, should be forgotten." The monument was completed on Aug. 15, 1846, by the placing within it, in public view, a sitting statue of Scott, with pedestal, executed by Mr. Steel, a native artist. The entire cost was fifteen thousand six hundred and fifty pounds, of which two thousand pounds were paid for the statue. Most of this money was subscribed in Edinburgh.

The Scott Monument was designed by George M. Kemp, who had begun life as a carpenter, but had so enthusiastically and successfully studied the details of Roslin Chapel, near Edinburgh, that he became

an architect. His idea was to construct a grand Gothic cross, with most of its details taken from the choicest portions of Melrose Abbey, piled up into a Gothic spire. Something like this, only on a smaller scale, and with yet more delicate carvings, is the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford, a contemporary work. Four large basement arches are connected together, exactly in the same manner as those beneath the central tower of any cruciform Gothic cathedral. Four other large arches spring diagonally from the outer side of the piers of these arches, and rest externally on isolated buttressed piers, which are surmounted by lofty pinnacles. A contracting series of galleries, arches, turrets, and pinnacles, soars aloft from the summit of the four grand basement arches, stage after stage, until it attains a height of over two hundred feet from the ground, and terminates in a single finial. The capitals, mouldings, niches, parapets, crocketings, and other carved ornaments, are all in the style of decorated Gothic, closely after the pattern of Melrose. A stair of two hundred and eighty-seven steps ascends to a gallery, within a few feet from the summit; and from this is a magnificent bird's-eye view of Edinburgh.

From the ground, easy steps on all the four sides converge to a platform beneath the four grand basement arches; and there, upon a pedestal in the centre, is the sitting statue of Sir Walter Scott, with his dog Maida by his side, executed in Carrara marble. The likeness is excellent: but the proportions and position of this statue relatively to the vault around it are thought to be much too small, causing the figure, though really large in itself, to look almost dwarfish; or rather, perhaps, makes the monument appear larger than it is. My own opinion is, that the monument is placed in too low a situation; at the same time, it certainly stands near the greatest thoroughfare in Edinburgh.

Over the arch, beneath which is the statue, is a small square chamber, about fifteen feet in diameter and twenty feet high, originally constructed to contain a museum of articles connected with Scott and his writings. One of the Centenary results will be to line the walls of this chamber, to the height of thirteen feet, with carved oak. In two recesses will be placed bookcases, to contain various collections of Scott's writings, together with such Lives of him as have been or may be published. There will also be glass cases for the safe exhibition and custody of manuscripts and other relics.

In each front of the monument, above the archivolt of the basement, are six small niches, making twenty-four there; and there are thirty-two others in the piers, abutment-towers, and other prominent positions, of the first and second stages; making fifty-six within clear view from the ground. The intention was, that in each niche should be placed a sculptured impersonation of the principal characters, historical and imagined, presented in the writings of Sir Walter Scott. As yet, the only statues so placed are those of Prince Charles Edward, Meg Merrilies, the Lady of the Lake, the Last Minstrel, and George Heriot. It is expected that all the other niches will soon be occupied.

Mr. Kemp, who designed Scott's monument, did not live to see it completed. On the 6th of March, 1844, he fell into a canal basin one dark evening as he was walking home, and was drowned. The only personal communication he ever had with Sir Walter was in this wise: Travelling on foot, one hot day, from Peebles to Selkirk, with his carpenter's tools over his back, a carriage drove up; and the gentleman who occupied it, seeing that the young mechanic looked fatigued, invited him to take a seat with the coachman, and conveyed him into Selkirk. After

this characteristic act of kindness, the two never met again.

In Glasgow, ere the close of 1832, steps were taken to honor the author of "Rob Roy;" and in St. George's Square, where there are also statues of James Watt and Sir John Moore, is a lofty pillar, sustaining a statue of Sir Walter Scott.

In front of the Court House in Selkirk, where Sir Walter had his office as sheriff for thirty-two years, his statue in free-stone was placed, in August, 1839, at the expense of local friends and neighbors. The artist was Mr. Alexander H. Ritchie of Musselburgh. A letter now before me, dated "Selkirk, 22d November, 1838," and written by Mr. Andrew Lang, informs the sculptor that "it was mentioned in the committee meeting that Sir Walter's shirt-neck was always very open, and lying over his neck-cloth; also that his staff had a large nib, or handle, for the holding and resting on." Mr. Lang adds, "As you, fortunately for yourself, are perhaps not much acquainted with the shape and figure of a sheriff-court process, I send an actual process (Blackhall agt. Elliot & Govenloch, 1824); and as the size of it is, I think, scarcely enough, I have added some blank papers, making it up to what I think a proper size; and you will be so good as to return the whole, — Process 12 Nos., besides Roll. It is one which, from the interlocutors on it, you will see had been repeatedly through Sir Walter's hands." The souters of Selkirk were resolved, it appears, that the artist should be accurate in details.

In the year 1871, statues of Sir Walter Scott will be erected in Boston; and in the Central Park, New York; perhaps, also, in Philadelphia.

The only statue of Sir Walter executed in his lifetime was that by John Greenshields in free-stone; previously mentioned as having had its station, for

many years, in Mr. Cadell's publication-house in Edinburgh, where, at the same time, most of the manuscripts of Scott's poems and romances were preserved. The well-known bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, in 1820, was executed in marble for the Duke of Wellington in 1820, and is now in Apsley House, London. In 1828, Chantrey made two other busts from the life: one, which he presented to Sir Walter, is now in Abbotsford; the other, also in marble, was purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel, and is now in the family mansion at Drayton Manor, Staffordshire.

Mr. Joseph and Mr. Lawrence McDonald, Scottish sculptors, respectively made busts of Sir Walter Scott, — the former in 1822, the latter in 1830. Mr. Lockhart does not eulogize either of these productions.

Mr. Lockhart concludes with a *catalogue raisonné* of the various portraits of Sir Walter executed at various times. These are, — 1. A miniature taken at Bath before he was six years old: the profile has the well-known long upper lip. 2. A miniature, now at Abbotsford, presented to Miss Carpenter in 1797, a few weeks before her marriage, by Scott. 3. Portrait by Saxon, three-quarter size, taken in 1805, the year when "The Lay" appeared, and now in the possession of Longman & Co., publishers, in London. 4. Full length, by Sir Henry Raeburn, painted in 1808 for Mr. Constable the publisher, and now the property of the Duke of Buccleugh. 5. A copy of this, with some slight alterations, in 1809, now at Abbotsford. 6. A head in oils, by Thomas Phillips, R.A., who made the best known portrait of Lord Byron, painted in 1818 for Mr. Murray the publisher. 7. Sir Walter Scott and his family, by Wilkie. 8. A bold profile-head by Mr. Geddes of Edinburgh, in 1818, for his portrait of "The Finding of the Scottish Regalia." 9. The portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, a commission from George IV. in 1820, the time

when the baronetcy was conferred, and now in Windsor Castle. 10. A head, Raeburn's last work, done in 1822 for Lord Montagu. 11. A small three-quarter size, by Gilbert Stuart Newton, for Mrs. Lockhart in 1824. 12. The half-length by C. R. Leslie, for the late Mr. George Ticknor of Boston, also done in 1824. 13. A small head by Mr. Knight, a young artist, painted in 1826, for which Sir Walter did not sit. 14. A half-length by Mr. Colvin Smith of Edinburgh in 1828. 15. A half-length by Mr. John Graham, for the Royal Society of Edinburgh. 16. A half-length by Sir James Watson Gordon in 1830. 17. A cabinet picture of Scott, with armor and stag-hounds, by Mr. (now Sir Francis) Grant, also painted in 1830. 18. A head of Scott in Wilkie's "Reception of George IV. at Holyrood" in 1822. 19. A head in Sir William Allan's picture, "The Ettrick Shepherd's House-heating," in 1819. 20. "The Author of 'Waverley' in his Study," also by Allan, in 1831; now in the National Portrait Gallery, London. 21. A full-length by Sir Edwin Landseer, with the scenery of the Rhymer's Glen introduced, — painted some years after Sir Walter's death.

There are several other portraits which Mr. Lockhart has not enumerated. Among these, nearly all of which I have seen, are, — a head and standing figure of Scott, rapidly sketched by the late Daniel Maclise, R.A., on Bristol board, when a youth, in the book-shop of Mr. Bolster at Cork, during Sir Walter's visit to Ireland, and without his knowledge. One of these was then presented to him: the other was long in the possession of the Rev. John A. Bolster, Rector of Watergrass Hill, between Cork and Fermoy, of which "Father Prout" once was P.P. The lithographed full-length of Sir Walter, with two dogs, and in his easy country garb, even to the

blue bonnet, which forms No. 6 of the now very scarce "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," drawn by Maclise, which long formed the principal attraction in "Fraser's Magazine." This was published in the number for November, 1830. G. S. Newton's head of Sir Walter, sketched in London in 1827 for Mr. John Inman, and engraved for "The New-York Mirror" in 1835. The late Mr. John Henning, a Scottish artist, long settled in London, who arranged and modelled the Elgin marbles, and afterwards drew and cut them in *intaglio*, made a medallion of Sir Walter. He made a pen-and-ink drawing of the head for me, which is bold and massive.

In an English magazine, "The Leisure Hour" for July, 1871, is engraved a good profile-portrait of Scott, sketched between 1816 and 1820, by Mr. Robert Scott Moncrieff. In 1820, Chantrey the sculptor made a sketch, also in profile (already mentioned), which very much resembles Sir Walter as I first saw him in 1825. When he was in London in 1828, Scott sat to Haydon for a sketch of his head. The painter duly journalized, that this sitting occupied "an hour and a half; and a delightful sitting it was." "Scott," he wrote, "has certainly the most penetrating look I ever saw, except in Shakspeare's portraits." This sketch was never finished. Haydon wrote after the first (and I believe the only) sitting, "I hit his expression exactly." In 1845, when I first saw the sketch in Haydon's studio, he said, "It is not good. I was painting 'Chairing the Member,' as a companion to 'The Mock Election in the King's-Bench Prison,' which George the Fourth had just purchased, and thought only of *that*. Besides, I do not always succeed with portraits." This sketch never reached Abbotsford. At the same time, James Northcote, then in his eighty-second year, desired to

present himself as engaged in the act of painting Sir Walter Scott after the manner of some pictures of the Venetian school. This was for Sir William Knighton, private secretary of George IV., and a "mutual friend" of painter and poet. The picture was a success; though Allan Cunningham declares there was a little timidity in the poet's head. Northcote introduced himself, wearing his Titian cap of velvet, and palette in hand, putting the finishing touch to the head of the poet. The likenesses were so good, that Northcote executed a *replica*. Mr. Faed, a Scottish artist, in a conversation-piece entitled "Sir Walter Scott and his Friends," which is well known by engraving, represented Scott reading a manuscript to a party consisting of Henry Mackenzie, James Hogg, John Wilson, Rev. George Crabbe, J. G. Lockhart, William Wordsworth, Thomas Moore, Francis Jeffrey, Sir Adam Fergusson, Thomas Campbell, Sir William Allan, Sir David Wilkie, Archibald Constable, James Ballantyne, Sir Humphry Davy, and Thomas Thompson. The likenesses are generally good, though scarcely any of them original.

Of all these portraits, the best are those by Raeburn, Newton, Leslie, Chantrey, and Maclise. The Fraserian sketch by the latter might be marked "*Sic stet*;" for it literally shows him standing in the open air, unbonneted, in company with two dogs. Wilkie's well-known "Sir Walter Scott and his Family" was painted in 1818 from sketches made at Abbotsford in the preceding summer. It is on panel, cabinet size. Scott wrote, "It has something in it of a domestic character. The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted was to represent our family group in the garb of South-country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merry-making, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Kaeside, commanding an extensive view towards the

Eildon Hills. The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, I believe represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few-score volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford, in the county of Roxburgh." In front, and representing, we may suppose, a country wag somewhat addicted to poaching, stands Sir Adam Fergusson, keeper of the Regalia of Scotland. There are three female figures, — Scott's wife and two daughters, Sophia and Anne. The elder (afterwards Mrs. Lockhart), wearing a dress embroidered after the German fashion, holds a cap or bonnet in her right hand, while she pats Maida, the famous Highland stag-hound, with the other. Anne Scott, barefooted, with a gypsy bonnet which bears a peacock-feather in front, is tripping along, a little mountain maiden, milk-pail (a *liglin*) in hand; while by her side runs a little Highland terrier called Ourisk (goblin). These two figures, engraved in line, are the frontispieces to the sixth and seventh volumes of Osgood's illustrated household edition of the Waverley novels. Scott's two sons, and Thomas Scott, a shepherd, then eighty-four years old, complete the group. Wilkie's own account, in a letter to his sister from Abbotsford, says, "The Misses Scott are dressed as country girls, with pails, as if they had come from milking; Mr. Scott, as if telling a story; and in one corner I have put in a great dog of the Highland breed, a present to Mr. Scott from the Laird of Glengarry." I have seen this picture, and two engravings of it, — one in a London annual, and the other as a frontispiece in the Abbotsford edition of the Waverley novels, — and must confess that Scott, as painted by Wilkie, is rather the *miller* than the *poet*. The idea of such a group may have been suggested by the picture of the Primrose family in "The Vicar of Wakefield," where stout Mrs. Primrose was represented as Venus, with her two little boys as Cupids by her side, one daughter

as an Amazon, and the other as a Shepherdess, while the good Vicar was presenting his wife-controversy. None of the family was satisfied with the portrait of Mrs. Scott, which the painter often retouched without being able to produce likeness or character; and, after she obtained her title, the Lady of Abbotsford less than ever tolerated the idea of being represented as — a miller's wife!

Wilkie, it must be confessed, was not happy in his portraits. His great picture, "The Reading of the Will," painted for the King of Bavaria in 1819, was taken from a scene in "Guy Mannering," where relations and legacy-expectants assemble after Lady Singleside's funeral. He also painted a scene from "Old Mortality" for George IV.; a sketch from "Peveril of the Peak" for Sir William Knighton; and Mary Queen of Scots' Escape from Lochleven, — a large picture, "full of beauty and chivalry," Allan Cunningham reports, — for which Mr. E. Dunno gave him six hundred guineas. In the last fifty years, Scott's writings have supplied subjects to artists in many lands, — between two and three hundred, I suppose.

Having a perfect recollection of Sir Walter's features, and having seen most of the portraits which I have mentioned, my impression is, that, for the most part, painters did not sufficiently notice the peculiar formation of his head. Well might Lord Robertson have exclaimed, as he saw him advancing in the outer hall of the Court of Session, his tall, conical head towering above the crowd of young barristers there, "Hush! here comes old Peveril! I see the peak!" In the Fraserian portrait by Maclise, the head towers up in a cone-like manner; so much so, that, except by those who had noticed the peculiar formation, it might be considered as bordering on exaggeration. In the sketch by Newton, it was less strongly marked.

Often, as I sat opposite Lord Brougham, reading proof-sheets for him, I noticed how the top of his head appeared as if the organ of veneration had been planed off, so flat was it. What a remarkable contrast it presented to the vast height of Sir Walter's!

The extreme length of the upper lip was another personal characteristic of Sir Walter Scott. Dr. Robert Carruthers of Inverness, biographer of Pope, and a recognized authority upon Scottish literature, has said this "is by no means uncommon among the stalwart men of the Border, but is unquestionably a defect as respects personal appearance. It is noticeable in the miniature of Scott, taken in his sixth year, engraved as an illustration in Osgood's household edition of the "Life" by Lockhart. In connection with this, I beg to relate an anecdote which I heard from the lips of the late Mr. John Britton of London, distinguished by his numerous and accurate illustrated works on the architectural antiquities and cathedral antiquities of England.

Mr. George Bullock of London gave valuable assistance in the construction, fitting-up, and furnishing of Abbotsford. What he did in this matter was entirely a labor of love. Mr. Bullock was a great collector of curiosities; and Abbotsford owed much to his fine taste, great zeal, and large liberality. He died suddenly, in 1818; and among his sincerest mourners was Walter Scott.

One of Mr. Bullock's enterprises was to take a cast of Shakspeare's monument in Stratford Church. He produced a fac-simile, of which he gave a copy to Sir Walter Scott, who placed it in a niche in the library at Abbotsford, where it stood upon a marble stand, which had the letters W. S. in large rilievo on its front. After Scott's death, his eldest son removed this Shakspeare monument, and placed in the

niche the marble bust made in 1820 by Sir Francis Chantrey, and presented by him to Scott.

Previous to the public view of the monumental effigy of Shakspeare, there was a private inspection at a breakfast given by Mr. Bullock to several of his friends. There were present Sir Walter Scott, Sir Francis Chantrey the sculptor, Allan Cunningham (the Scottish poet, who managed Chantrey's business), Mr. Britton, and perhaps one or two more. The repast, which resembled the famous matin-meal of Rogers, extended from nine until noon, during which there was an intermittent current of conversation. At last the Shakspeare monument was examined with interest by all, with critical care by Chantrey, who, having been called upon to give his opinion, declared that the face afforded in itself internal evidence of being an accurate resemblance, probably copied from a posthumous cast; it had unfortunately been painted soon after it was cut in stone, and at a later period was whitewashed by Malone (the literary Goth who edited Shakspeare in the year 1790), so that the finer lines were effaced or indistinct; but there were such inequalities in the features as are common enough in life, one side of a face rarely being an exact fac-simile of the other; that he believed, chiefly from this, that the artist, however rude his execution, had copied, and not invented. Chantrey showed the points of difference which had at once been perceived by his practised eye. The general opinion of the party was, that he had established his theory; but Scott observed that the head was high beyond all proportion, and that the upper lip was much too long. Chantrey's answer was, that Scott's own head was, at least, as high. "As for the lip," he said, "we can measure it, and settle that point at once." Drawing a little case of instruments from his pocket, he brought out a measure in which each inch was divided into minute

lines, and, applying it to the effigy, said, "I fancy, Sir Walter, that this inordinate upper lip is not longer than your own." On careful measurement, it appeared that Scott's upper lip was several lines longer than Shakspeare's, and exactly the length, as noted down in Chantrey's memorandum-book not long before, of the Duke of Wellington's. "I have noticed," said Chantrey, "and my experience in bust-making has been large, that a long upper lip generally indicates great power of mind. There are exceptions, of course; and such as Lord Byron, Dr. Johnson, Napoleon, Moore the poet, Sheridan, and most of their countrymen, show the contrary." When Miss Seward first saw Walter Scott (it was in 1807, after he had won his first great triumph with "The Lay"), she described him as "tall, and rather robust than slender, but lame in the same manner as Mr. Hayley, and in a greater measure. Neither the contour of his face, nor yet his features, are elegant; his complexion healthy, and somewhat fair, without bloom. We find the singularity of brown hair and eye-lashes, with flaxen eyebrows, and a countenance open, ingenuous, and benevolent. When seriously conversing or earnestly attentive, though his eyes are rather of a lightish gray, deep thought is on their lids. He contracts his brow, and the rays of genius gleam aslant from the orbs beneath them. *An upper lip too long* prevents his mouth from being decidedly handsome; but the sweetest emanations of temper and heart play about it when he talks cheerfully or smiles: and in company he is much oftener gay than contemplative. His conversation is an overflowing fountain of brilliant wit, apposite allusion, and playful archness; while, on serious themes, it is nervous and eloquent; the accent decidedly Scotch, yet by no means broad." Her woman's quick eye had noticed the "too long" upper lip. Lame herself, she seems to have had a strong

natural sympathy with the stalwart man of genius, who suffered under a like affliction with Byron and Talleyrand.

With the massive frame and bold spirit of a Border mass-trooper of the olden time, — and his own ancestry was crowded with such, — Sir Walter Scott was a fearless and skilful rider. He delighted in coursing, and was built for athletic sports and exercises. In the country, he passed half his time in the open air, — as often on foot as on horseback; for his lameness did not prevent him from taking a great deal of exercise on foot. His official duties detained him above five months in each year in Edinburgh, where his life was almost sedentary; but he endeavored to make up for it by out-of-door life in the country.

Scott had as much incapacity for music and painting as for Greek. His own account is simple enough: "My mother was anxious that we should learn psalmody; but the incurable defects of my voice and ear soon drove my teacher to despair. The late Alexander Campbell, a warm-hearted man, and an enthusiast in Scottish music, which he sang most beautifully, had this ungrateful task imposed on him. . . . He would never allow that I had a bad ear; but contended, that, if I did not understand music, it was because I did not choose to learn it. But, when he attended us in George's Square, our neighbor, Lady Cumming, sent to beg that the boys might not be all flogged precisely at the same hour, as, though she had no doubt the punishment was deserved, the noise of the concord was really dreadful. Robert was the only one of the family who could sing; though my father was musical, and a performer on the violoncello at the 'gentlemen's concerts.' It is only by long practice that I have acquired the power of selecting or distinguishing melodies; and although now few things delight or affect me more

than a simple tune sung with feeling, yet I am sensible that even this pitch of musical taste has only been gained by attention and habit, and, as it were, by my feeling of the words being associated with the time." According to this confession, he might have paired off with the mayoress of an English provincial town, who (Lord Byron tells the story), fatigued with the difficult ornamentation of foreign singing, broke through the general plaudits of would-be *connoisseurs* with the unsophisticated exclamation, "Rot your Italianos! For my part, I loves a simple ballat!"

Mr. Gillies, who knew Scott very well, says, "He delighted in music; and there were many Scotch airs for which he had an enthusiastic predilection, and which, without any pretensions to any musical voice, he could strike up in convivial parties with perfect correctness; though, for the sake of entertaining his auditors, the performance was generally grotesque, and the ditty comic." It was chiefly in the chorus, I have heard, that Scott exhibited his vocal powers, such as they were.

Mr. John Vandenhoff, the latest good actor of the Kemble school, who had been a steward of the theatrical-fund dinner at Edinburgh in 1827 when Scott acknowledged the authorship of the *Waverley* novels, who had frequently met him in private, and who, though a tragedian, could give burlesque imitations with great spirit and success, did me the favor, more than once, to represent Scott towards the close of a symposium in Edinburgh. There is a familiar Scottish song with the refrain, "Bannocks o' bear-meal, bannocks o' barley;" and, after hearing a stanza or two (it seemed to have as many verses as the hundredth and nineteenth Psalm has alphabetical divisions), Scott would strike in, quietly at first, and rather *sotto voce*, but, soon growing excited,

would finally lead the chorus in Highland fashion, the company following suit, with every variation of voice and tone, and unlimited movements of head and hand.

Washington Irving, Edward Everett, "Peter Parley," and others, have recorded with what intense delight Sir Walter listened to his daughter when she sang Scottish songs for him. Mr. Adolphus, Thomas Moore, and Julian Young, gave similar testimony. Soon after Moore's visit to Abbotsford in 1825, Sir Walter wrote in his diary, "Tom Moore's is the most exquisite warbling I ever heard. . . . I do not know, and cannot utter, a note of music; and complicated harmonies seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds. Yet simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, have as much effect on me as on most people. But then I hate to hear a young person sing without feeling and expression suited to the song. I cannot bear a voice that has no more life in it than a piano-forte or a bugle-horn." All accounts unite in agreeing that Scott dearly loved such music as from association, feeling, memory, and affection came home to his heart; loved it all the better because it was sung by his own daughter with an exquisite simplicity which soared far, far above the intricacies and tricks of concert or operatic execution.

As regards painting, he proved wholly incapable. He took lessons from a Prussian, who did not succeed even in teaching him how to draw ("Nature," he afterwards diarized, "denied me the correctness of eye, and neatness of hand"), but told him long stories about the battles of Frederick. The desire to become a draughtsman at least was strong, and the effort was very great; but the result was a failure. A year or two later, he placed himself under a good teacher named Walker; but the most favorable issue

was, that he "did learn to take some vile views from Nature." It grieved him all his life that he never was able to make sketches of those places that interested him. But, in the absence of all skill in drawing, he had a habit, from the first time that scenery interested him, of impressing upon his mind all the points that struck him; and, by the aid of that memory which was almost as remarkable as his genius, of so describing each place, either in poetry or in prose, that the reader very often could recognize in Nature what he had read in print.

Nor was it scenery alone that he thus retained and reproduced, but castles, towers, cathedrals, ruins, antiquities of all sorts, and persons. In 1815, when he visited Paris, he noticed, that, on close inspection, the face of Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks, was reticulated, as it were, by multitudinous minute wrinkles; and in 1823, when writing "St. Ronan's Well," having to describe a certain Mr. Touchwood on his entrance into the hostelry of Meg Dods, he said, "His face, which, at the distance of a yard or two, seemed hale and smooth, appeared, when closely examined, to be seamed with a million of wrinkles, crossing each other in every direction possible, but as fine as if drawn by the point of a very small needle." Scott's way, we are told, on a journey among the hills, especially if the district were new to him, was, to fall at times into fits of silence, revolving in his mind, and perhaps throwing into language, the ideas that were suggested at the moment by the landscape; and hence those who had often been his companions knew the origin of many beautiful passages in his future works.

In his own Abbotsford many paintings are to be seen, some by renowned artists; but he valued these, not because of their pictorial merit, but because the subject represented, animate or inanimate, was of in-

terest to him, or because he had a personal regard for the painter. In this, as in many other things, he was impressed and influenced by association. He prized his picture of Fast Castle far above any landscape by Claude Lorraine, because it represented a Scottish scene, and had been painted by his friend the Rev. John Thompson of Duddingstone; and had no appreciation of the genius of Turner until he saw it employed in painting the loved localities which his own pen had made celebrated. As for scenery in general, he scarcely minded any, however grand or beautiful, with which some historical or poetical or personal feeling was not associated. Thus Washington Irving was not a little disappointed when on the banks of the Tweed—which would have been considered in this country as a petty creek of no account—he was shown scenes, almost barren, which “The Minstrel” had made known throughout the world; and gave utterance to the thought. Scott said, after a pause, “It may be partiality; but to my eye these gray hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land: it has something bold and stern and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden-land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest gray hills; and, if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die!*”

There is one picture at Abbotsford which its owner highly valued. No mention of it has been made by Mr. Lockhart, or any other biographer. It is the original sketch of a painting which owed some of its details to Scott himself. Edward Bird, an English artist, who for a short time (1809–1810) was the rival of Wilkie in the painting of humble and domestic life, aspired to what is called “high art,” and expended much labor upon such subjects as “The Field

of Chevy Chase," "The Death of Eli," "The Surrender of Calais," "The Departure of Louis XVIII. for Paris," *et cætera*. Of these, only the first, now owned by the Duke of Sutherland, has any particular merit. In December, 1811, Mr. Eagles, brother of the Rev. John Eagles of Bristol (the sketcher of "Blackwood's Magazine"), wrote to Walter Scott, whom he did not know, informing him that Mr. Bird intended to paint a picture on the heroic ballad of Chevy Chase, which Sir Philip Sidney said roused him like the sound of a trumpet, and which Ben Jonson affirmed was well worth all his own dramas; and solicited the Minstrel to give him some information respecting the costume of his Border countrymen towards the end of the fourteenth century,—the era of the great battle between the retainers of the powerful houses of Douglas and Percy. The good nature of Scott was almost as great as his knowledge; and his reply to Mr. Eagles, which occupies nearly two pages in "Blackwood's Magazine," gave full and minute details as to armor, weapons, helmets, costume, &c., of the time and place. Two of these items are of interest now: first, that the tartan or Highland plaid was never in use among the Borderers, though the shepherd's *maud* was and is; and next, that the leading features of the Douglas family are "an open, high forehead, a long face, and a very dark complexion." The time chosen by the artist was the day after the battle; the text being, —

"Next day did many widows come
 Their husbands to bewayle:
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears;
 But all would not prevayle.

Theyr bodies, bathed in purple blood,
 They bare with them away:
 They kist them dead a thousand times
 Ere they were cladd in clay."

Mr. Bird derived so much advantage from the antiquarian information communicated by Walter Scott, that, in gratitude, he presented him with the original sketch in oils, as well as an impression of the mezzotinto engraving by Mr. Young. I have long been in possession of the poet's letter acknowledging these gifts. No previous biographer of Scott has seen it; and I print it *verbatim*, with the exception that I have punctuated it, — a point which the great author usually omitted. This inedited letter runs thus : —

TO MR. BIRD, ARTIST, BRISTOL.

Dear Sir, — I cannot refrain from troubling you once more to express my extreme satisfaction with "The Battle-Field of Chevy Chase," of which, being a Borderer, I may perhaps be allowed to be in some degree a judge. Upon comparing the sketch with which you honored me with the engraving which I received the other day by Lady Stafford's kindness, my admiration of both is, if possible, increased, and convinces me that my curiosity to see how the painting itself should correspond with the highly-spirited sketch ought to have been accompanied with no shadow of doubt as to your power of bringing out and finishing the details of an undertaking so happily imagined in the first conception.

I have heard with pleasure that your distinguished talents are at present engaged in embodying for posterity a representation of the departure of the King of France for his own dominions, and arrival at Calais. The modern dress is not favorable for the artist : but your genius can surmount greater obstacles ; and every one must rejoice in the prospect that events so highly honorable to this country are likely to be given to the eyes of those who had not the advantage of seeing the reality. Once more, sir, accept my best thanks for the valuable present you have made. Lady Stafford's print graces my cottage upon Tweed-side ; and your sketch is to hang over my library chimney-piece in this place, surrounded by broad-swords, battle-axes, and targets which may have been at Chevy Chase themselves, for any thing I know.

I am, sir, very truly, your much-obliged, humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

EDINBURGH, 20 May, 1814.

Although he could not draw, and was not particular as to the character of the paintings in his house as works of art, — their chief value to him being derived from association, — Sir Walter had a correct idea of the art. Sir Thomas Lawrence* had objected to persons criticising works of art who were not themselves artists. Scott, taking a wider range, said, "Nay, consider. Art professes but to be a better sort of Nature, and, as such, appeals to the taste of the world: surely, therefore, a wise man of the world may judge its worth, and feel its sentiment, though he cannot produce it. He may not know how it is produced; yet I see not that he may not estimate its beauty."

Lastly, Walter Scott had one accomplishment, of great value in authorship. Owing to several years' copying legal documents, which are nothing if not legible, he wrote singularly well. In 1840, I was kindly permitted by the late Mr. Robert Cadell, his excellent friend and publisher, to examine that very curious and interesting collection, the original manuscripts (since dispersed by public auction), once belonging to Archibald Constable. All of these manuscripts up to 1814, when "Waverley" was published, show a "hand o' write" bold, clear, and round. After

* As I have mentioned Lawrence, may I be allowed to rescue from one of his letters to a lady a brilliant pen-portrait of Byron, who greatly admired, but never sat to him as an artist? — "Lavater's system never asserted its truth more forcibly," Lawrence wrote, "than in Byron's countenance, in which you see all the character, — its keen and rapid genius, its pale intelligence, its profligacy, and its bitterness; its original symmetry, distorted by the passions; his laugh of mingled merriment and scorn; the forehead clear and open, the brow boldly prominent, the eyes bright and dissimilar, the nose finely cut, and the nostril acutely formed; the mouth well made, but wide, and contemptuous even in its smile, falling singularly at the corners, and its vindictive and disdainful expression heightened by the massive firmness at the chin, which springs at once from the centre of the full underlip; the hair dark and curling, but irregular in its growth. All this presents to you the poet and the man; and the general effect is heightened by a thin, spare form, and, as you may have heard, by a deformity of limb."

that, Scott seemed to have become careless : perhaps he wrote too rapidly and too much. Part of "Ivanhoe," and of some other of the novels, had been written by an amanuensis, to whom, in the intervals of anguish from bodily suffering, the author had dictated them. More confiding than Lord Byron, who, in England, actually paid a person to complete his poetry by putting in the necessary punctuation-marks, Scott left every thing to those experienced gentlemen of the printing-office, the compositors and reader. "Waverley" and all the rest of that series were carefully transcribed for the press by confidential persons, it being an important object to prevent the discovery of authorship by handwriting ; but all the acknowledged poetry and prose was sent to the printers in Scott's own (scarcely punctuated) manuscript. He had little patience with correspondents who did not write legibly ; and often declared, what I believe to be incorrect, that one man could write as well as another, if he would only take the trouble. He might as well have said that there was a similar potentiality among human beings as to composition. If, as has been said, "punctuality is the virtue of princes," surely legible writing ought to be considered the duty of all others.

In his later years, Scott wrote very illegibly ; running the words into each other, and sometimes only half forming them, particularly the terminations. I have before me now several of Sir Walter's letters, of various dates, from 1814 to 1828 ; and the gradual change, year after year, from a full and clear into a feeble and scarcely legible hand, can readily be traced. Scott, it may comfort some persons to know, committed not a few mistakes in spelling in his earlier manuscripts.

In March, 1822, Sir Walter Scott presented the manuscripts of the Waverley novels to Mr. Con-

stable, his publisher. After the financial disaster of 1826, these autographs were sold, Mr. Cadell being the principal purchaser. Mr. Gibson says that they "are now partly at Abbotsford, and partly in the British Museum. The manuscript of 'Waverley' is in the Advocates' Library; and that of 'The Bride of Lammermoor' is now the property of my friend Mr. Christopher Douglas, W.S."

The manuscript of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" was not saved in the printing-office after the compositors had used it.*

Although Sir Walter Scott was familiar with the acting and written drama, he did not succeed when he wrote for the stage. His early play, "The House of Aspen," was at one time under consideration at Drury-lane Theatre; but Mr. John Kemble's verdict was, that there was "too much blood, too much of the dire catastrophe of 'Tom Thumb,' where all die on the stage." There is another piece, "The Doom of Devorgoil," written expressly for the Adelphi Theatre, London, which the manager (Mr. Terry, Sir Walter's particular friend) was compelled to declare unactable: it contains "Bonny Dundee," one of Scott's latest and best ballads. In the last act, Owlspiegle, a spectre-barber, chants a song, the oft-repeated refrain of which is, —

" Cockledemoy !
My boy, my boy !
What wilt thou do that will give thee joy ? " —

which would strike a keen London audience as the height of absurdity.

Yet in his poems, as well as in his novels, Sir

* There are as extravagant notions in the minds of some people about the value of autographs as there formerly was as to the value of a Queen Anne's farthing, once supposed to be worth a thousand pounds. A curious

Walter Scott has many characters and scenes of the highest dramatic effect; and the plots are so well developed, that very little labor was necessary to adapt them to the stage. Of the poems, "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" were converted into good acting plays. "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "Peveril of the Peak," "Quentin Durward," and perhaps others, were thus adapted, generally with great success; and half a dozen Italian operas were constructed out of Sir Walter's romances in prose and verse. It was thought by many of his friends, — Southey among them, — that, if he had devoted himself in his later years to dramatic composition, his success might have been as great as it had been in other departments of literature; but, in one of his letters to Miss Edgeworth, he expressed the strongest objection to writing for the stage.

It would appear that Scott had not only meditated, but partly executed, an edition of Shakspeare. At least, Dr. Wynne mentions that in the library of the late Mr. Thomas P. Barton are "three volumes in 8vo, without titles or dates, but printed by James Ballantyne & Co., containing twelve plays; being all those which are called 'Comedies' in the folios, with the exception of 'Tempest' and 'Winter's Tale.'" They were obtained from Mr. Rodd (a well-read London bibliographer), who has written in one of them a long and interesting note, commencing with

instance of this occurred in Philadelphia since I began to write this book. In June, 1834, a highly-respectable tradesman in that city, Scotch by birth, was presented at Abbotsford with three lines, which, he was told, had been cut from the manuscript of "The Crusaders." It is very probable that these lines were written by Sir Walter Scott; but there is no proof, not even the slightest, that they were. There is neither signature nor date: but the enthusiastic owner offered them for sale for three hundred dollars; which is one hundred dollars per line! Even if proof of authenticity could be given, two or three dollars would have been a high price.

these words: "I purchased these three volumes from a sale at Edinburgh. They were entered in the catalogue as 'Shakspeare's Works, edited by Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, vols. ii., iii., iv. (all published), *unique*.' That Scott entertained the design of editing Shakspeare, I know from A. Constable, who mentioned it to me more than once; and I sent him a little book of memoranda for Scott's use." In no biography of Scott, nor yet in his published correspondence, is there a hint of this edition of Shakspeare; nor can I think that he would have been able to give such a work the necessary time and care. If the three volumes in question *were* partly Sir Walter's work, it must have been previous to the summer of 1825, while Mr. Lockhart was still in Scotland.

It befits me now to conclude this story of Sir Walter Scott's life. I have written in vain, if in these pages the reader has not learned, better than I could now tell in a labored summing-up, what was the character, personal and literary, of the author of "Waverley." His genius was finely balanced by his goodness of heart and his plain common sense: the last, it may be said, ought to have kept him out of worldly misfortunes; but these, which arose out of a business connection entered into for the purpose of helping an old school-fellow, exhibited his character even more fully than his writings did. Until long after he had passed middle age, his condition in the world had been truly enviable: he seemed to have secured fame and fortune. The worldly prosperity passed away: but the glory died not; for he devoted the remainder of his life to clearing off the heavy amount of debt which had been incurred by his *name*,

and not by his *person*. He succeeded ; but his life was the sacrifice.

Exemplary in all the relations of domestic life, Sir Walter Scott had "troops of friends," and no enemies. He bore his great faculties meekly ; and this good, great man,

"High placed in courts a welcome guest,"

was beloved and honored on his own Tweed-side by the peasantry and the laborers as if he indeed were their acknowledged chief. He was better : he was their friend. In the king's palace, in the nobles' stately halls, there was honor and there were compliments for the mighty Minstrel ; but at home, where every peasant was sufficiently well educated to understand his writings, there was pride in the fact that *their* friend "the Shirrá" was considered worthy to mate with princes, and towered over them in mind as well as in body. His particular temperament and his High-Tory principles, together with his poetical leaning towards the by-gone days of chivalry, with feudalism as its basis, made him strongly in favor of rank and possessions inherited from ancestors who had won both by head or hand. But it is a mistake to say that Sir Walter courted the aristocracy : it was the aristocracy who courted him.

We have seen how easily, how hopefully, he passed away, cheered, while consciousness remained, by the assurances which faith finds in the inspired writings ; and how his latest words were those of a humble, trusting Christian. As he lay on his death-bed, the scenes of his long life may have passed through his mind, one by one ; but there could not have been, in that sad array of memoried incidents, any regret at talent neglected, wasted, or ill-directed. In Rome, a few months before his death, he said, thoughtfully and earnestly, "I am drawing near to

the close of my career: I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have perhaps been the most voluminous author of the day; and it is a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principle, and that I have written nothing which, on my death-bed, I should wish blotted."

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